VOL. X, No. 1. APRIL, 1901. 10 CENTS.

THE JUNIOR MUNSEY And THE PURITAN

The Puritan has been consolidated with *The Junior Munsey.* This is the first number of the combination, and I think the result is a much better magazine than either *The Junior Munsey* or *The Puritan* was in its independent entity.

Frank A. Munsey.

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THE JUNIOR MUNSEY.

VOL. X. APRIL, 1901. No. 1.

Queen Victoria and Her Wealth.

BY FRITZ CUNLIFFE-OWEN.

THE INCOME AND THE SAVINGS OF THE LATE QUEEN, HER EXPENSES, THE LEGACIES LEFT TO HER, AND HER ONE NARROW ESCAPE FROM FINANCIAL DISASTER.

AMONG the remaining prerogatives of monarchs and royal personages is that of withholding from the state, and consequently from the public, all that information concerning the extent, value, and disposition of their private property which people of less exalted rank are compelled by law to furnish for purposes of taxation. Princes and princesses of the blood, being exempt from all imposts, are relieved of the payment of succession duties, and, thanks to this, there is no necessity of disclosing to the revenue authorities the terms of their last wills and testaments. Furthermore, these documents are exempt from the obligation of probation by the courts, on the principle that the sovereign's word is law to the members of his house.

THE FAMILY LUNCH AT WINDSOR, IN 1895—WITH QUEEN VICTORIA ARE THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG, PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG (PRINCESS BEATRICE), AND THEIR CHILDREN, PRINCES ALEXANDER AND LEOPOLD AND PRINCESS VICTORIA OF BATTENBERG.

From a photograph by Russell, London.

It is on this account that nothing will ever be definitely known as to the precise terms of the will of Queen Victoria, or anything definite as to the value of the private fortune which she has left. Of course it would be within the power of King Edward to make public the testamentary disposition of his illustrious mother; but it is difficult to comprehend what object he could possibly serve by so doing. The experience of the past goes to show that royal personages are disinclined to take the people into their confidence in such matters, preferring to keep them entirely secret.

THE PRINCE CONSORT, SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH, WHICH TOOK PLACE DECEMBER 14, 1861.

QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1853, WHEN SHE WAS THIRTY FOUR YEARS OLD.

It is by no means improbable, however, that during the course of the next year or so the public will be treated to a number of alleged "wills of Queen Victoria." These may possibly have a plausible appearance, but it is safe to say in advance that they will be the inventions of imaginative scribes. All that we are likely ever to know about the disposition of the late queen's property is by seeing into whose possession Osborne, Balmoral, and her other private estates will now pass.

It is the same with regard to the paragraphs that may appear concerning the value of Victoria's personal fortune. Indeed, the only way in which it is possible to form any sort of estimate of the latter is by collecting from here and from there, both in England and abroad, such data concerning royal investments as are bound to become known in connection with the management and con-

The late Duke of Coburg. The Prince of Wales. The Queen. The Prince Consort. Princess Alice. Princess Christian. The Empress Frederick of Germany.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER FAMILY IN 1848, WHEN SHE WAS TWENTY NINE YEARS OLD.

From the painting by F Winterhalter, in Buckingham Palace.

trol of the undertakings in which the royal funds are embarked.

LEGACIES LEFT TO THE QUEEN.

Then, too, there are certain bequests which were made to Queen Victoria by will of John Camden Neild, an eccentric old Buckinghamshire gentleman. Neild was the son of an opulent London goldsmith, and was educated at Eton and at Cambridge, after which he joined the bar. On succeeding to his father's prop-

QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1859, WHEN SHE WAS FORTY YEARS OLD.
From the painting by F. Winterhalter.

her subjects, and which necessarily became known. The most important of these was a legacy of a little more than three million dollars left to her by the erty, he developed symptoms of miserliness, and for the remainder of his long life lived in the most extraordinary way, refusing, for instance, to have his clothes

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DAUGHTERS HELENA (PRINCESS CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG HOLSTEIN) AND LOUISE (DUCHESS OF ARGYLL), IN 1860.

THE LATE PRINCESS ALICE, THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE DAUGHTER, AFTERWARDS GRAND DUCHESS OF HESSE—SHE DIED IN 1878.

brushed, because he said it destroyed the nap. Neild died in 1852, leaving his whole fortune to the queen, in his will "begging her majesty's most gracious acceptance of the same for her sole use and benefit."

Victoria caused inquiries to be made to ascertain whether the dead man had left any relative; and finding that there was none, she accepted the bequest.

At five per cent compound interest a sum of money doubles itself in a little more than fourteen years. Supposing, therefore, that her late majesty received five per cent on the Neild bequest, and that she allowed it—as she is said to have done—to lie at compound interest, having no need of the income it brought in, her fortune from this source alone would amount by this time to something like thirty million dollars.

The other windfalls of this kind which fell to the late queen's private purse were considerably smaller. I recall one of fifty thousand dollars, which came to her through the death, without heirs, of a gentleman of the duchy of Lancaster, which is the private domain of the sovereign. True, another large bequest was made to the queen two or three years after her husband's death; but, fortunately for her majesty, she was induced to decline it by the late Earl Sydney, who was, until the time of his death, her financial adviser in all matters relating to her personal fortune—a duty that was subsequently fulfilled by Lords Cross and Rowton. The fortune in question consisted almost exclusively in stock of the Overend Gurney Bank. The shares were either of the par value of two hundred and fifty or five hundred dollars, on which only seventy five dollars had been paid up. The consequence was that not long afterwards, when the bank failed for the enormous sum of sixty million dollars, the stockholders were called upon to make up the missing amount to the extent of whatever property they possessed.

Lord Sydney had in some way obtained an inkling of the lack of stability of the Overend Gurney firm at the time when the legacy in question was offered to the queen, and persuaded her to refuse it on the ground that it would be beneath her dignity to hold shares in a commercial undertaking. Had it not been for this, she might have found herself overwhelmed, in so far as her pri-

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER THREE HEIRS IN THE DIRECT MALE LINE, HER SON, THE PRESENT KING; HER GRANDSON, THE DUKE OF YORK; AND HER GREAT GRANDSON, PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

From a photograph taken in 1894 by Downey, London

vate fortune was concerned, in the ruin by which all those connected with the bank were overtaken.

Somehow the comic papers got hold of the incident after the failure of the bank, and made capital out of it from the point of view of what "might have happened." They pictured Osborne, Balmoral, and Buckingham Palace for sale, and the crown jewels in pawn. They represented "Mrs. England" reduced to taking in lodgers at Windsor Castle, and one paper portrayed her majesty as ruling the British Empire from a bare little room in the workhouse, with the charitable Mr. Gladstone

QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER PRIVATE SITTING ROOM AT WINDSOR, WITH PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG READING A NEWSPAPER TO HER WHILE SHE KNITS.

From a photograph taken in 1895.

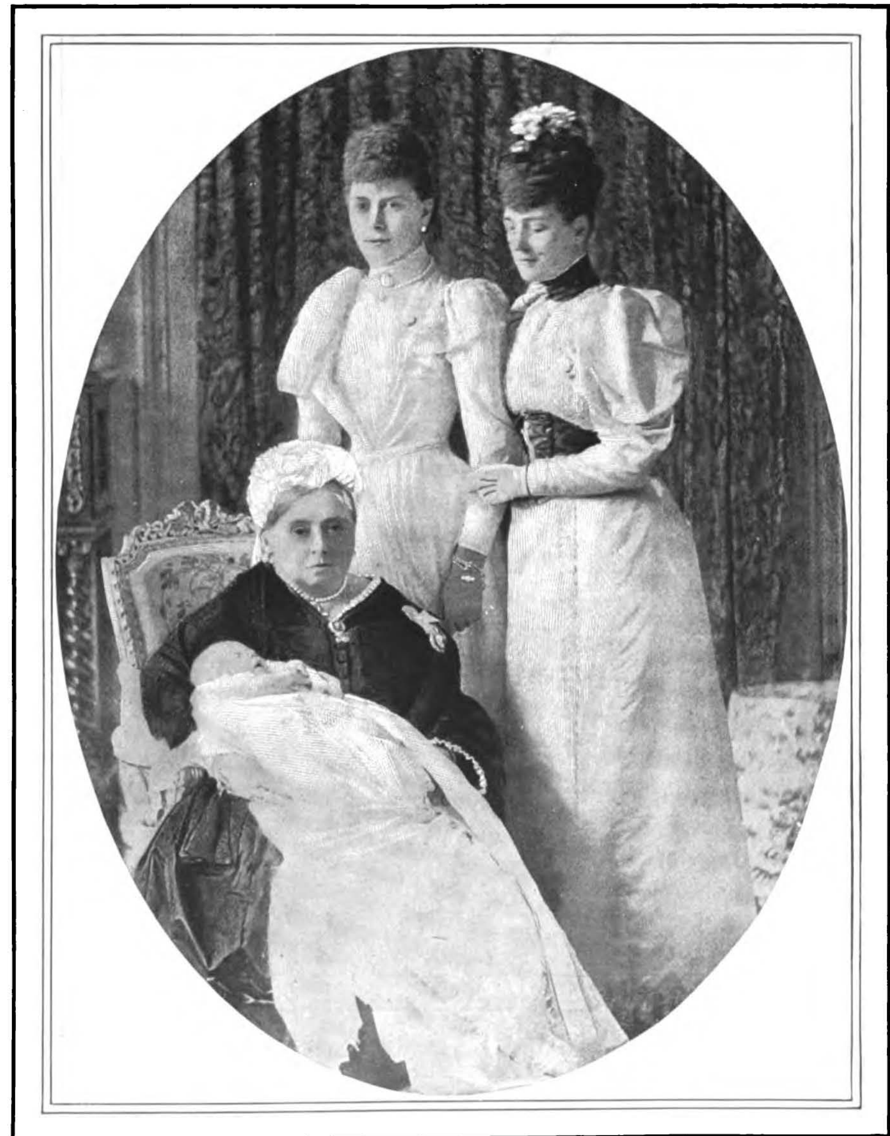
bringing her a welcome present, consisting of tea, tobacco in the form of snuff, and a warm flannel petticoat.

It was this narrow escape that led the queen to decline most of the bequests that were made to her subsequently by people who were either without relatives, or whose feelings of loyalty were superior to their sentiments of affection for their kinsfolk. She came to the conclusion that the acceptance of such gifts was impolitic and inadvisable. Another reason for her decision was the possibility of the surviving relatives of the testators bringing suit to contest the will. in which case

her majesty might have been subjected to popular criticism.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S SAVINGS.

The prince consort is known to have intervened between his marriage and his death, he had received from the English treasury an annuity of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, besides which he had a private fortune of his own that



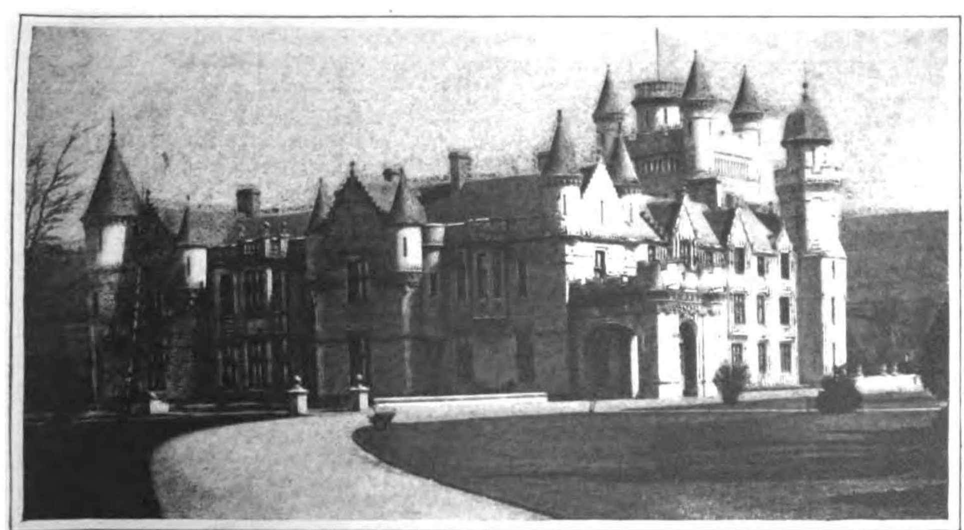
QUEEN VICTORIA WITH THE PRINCESS OF WALES (THE PRESENT QUEEN), THE DUCHESS OF YORK, AND PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

From a photograph taken in 1894 by Downey, London.

left a will bequeathing his entire fortune to the queen, although it was never admitted to probate or officially divulged. During the twenty two years that had yielded him about twenty five thousand dollars a year. As the queen's husband, he had practically no expenses of any kind to meet, since they were all defray-

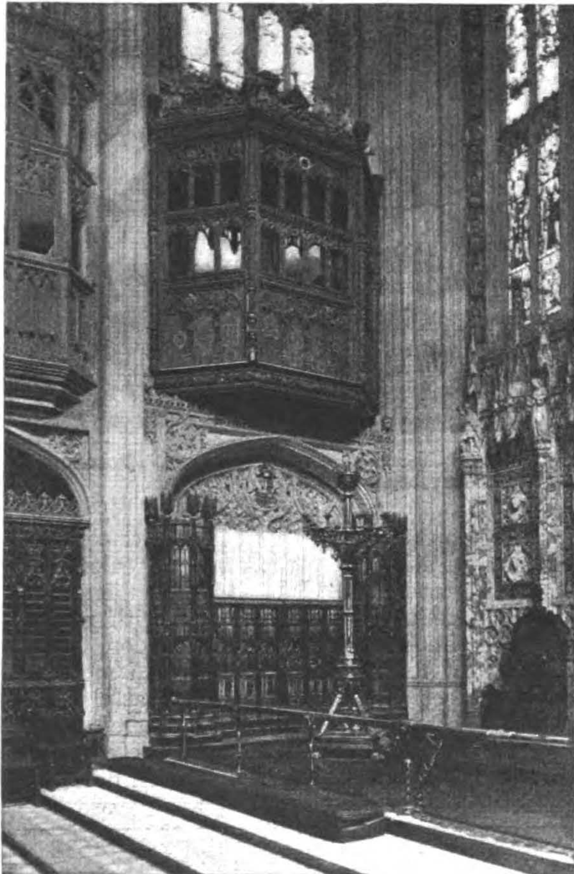
THE QUEEN'S ALMSHOUSE AT WHIPPINGHAM, ON THE OSBORNE ESTATE, IN WHICH PENSIONERS OF VICTORIA'S PRIVATE CHARITY WERE DOMICILED.

ed, like those of her late majesty, out of the assigned portions of the civil list. It is no secret that he was able to set aside and to invest the major portion of his income from the time of his wedding until the day of his death. He is known to have made a most judicious investment of about two and a half million dollars in real estate in the South Kensington district of London, which in the latter part of the fifties consisted of fields and lanes, market gardens, and gravel pits. Today it is a fashionably inhabited quarter, covered with rows of the finest mansions in London. Much of the ground is now worth more per foot than it cost per acre at the time when Prince Albert purchased it. A moderate estimate of its present value would be twenty five million dollars.



BALMORAL CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE, SCOTLAND—THIS PROPERTY WAS PURCHASED BY QUEEN VICTORIA SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE FOR ABOUT A HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. SHE SPENT EVERY AUTUMN AT BALMORAL, AND IT WAS THE RESIDENCE SHE LIKED BEST.

Something, too, is known of the late queen's private interests in the United States. It has been estimated by those cognizant of the extent of her investments in American undertakings, that she derived an income of at least seven hundred thousand dollars a year from this country. She is said to have been a large holder of American Sugar stock and of American Steel & Wire stock, as well as of the Tennessee Coal & Iron bonds, while her American railroad holdings were almost as large as those of the Czar, who has six million dollars' worth of stock in the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, and other roads.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S BALCONY PEW IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, THE BEAUTIFUL CHURCH THAT FORMS A PART OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

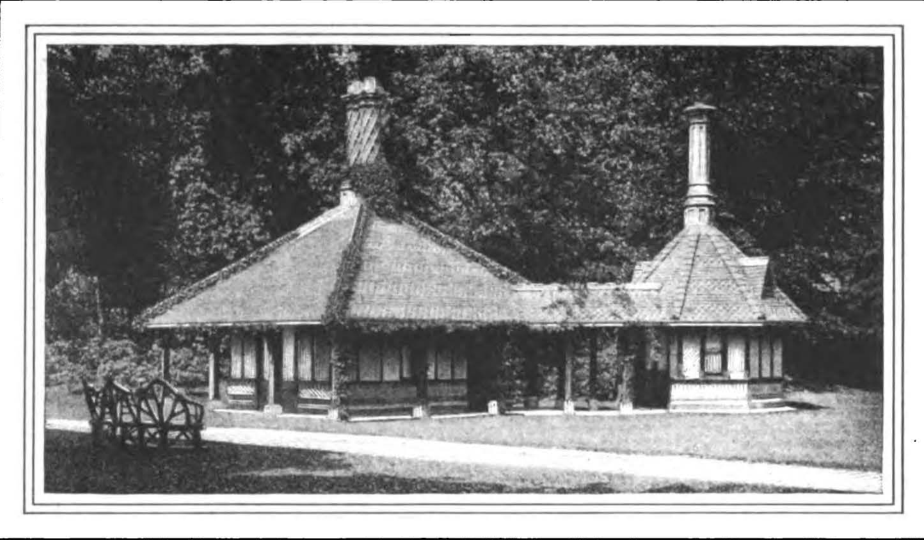
QUEEN VICTORIA'S LANDED PROPERTY.

Both Osborne and Balmoral were the private property of Queen Victoria, purchased by her more than fifty years ago when the price of land in Scotland and on the Isle of Wight was considerably lower than it is today. Until she set the fashion, few people dreamed of going to the Highlands for the autumn. Scotland was virtually a *terra incognita* to rich English people, and the practice of leasing the northern moors and deer forests for the autumn shooting was unknown. By transferring her court for several months of each year to Balmoral, Queen Victoria changed all this. Nowadays there is a perfect exodus to the north as soon as Parliament completes its summer session, and the consequence is that land in Scotland has very greatly increased in value. The Balmoral estate, which originally cost the queen about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, is today worth six or seven times that sum.

If this can be said of Balmoral, still more is it the case with Osborne. By establishing her marine residence there, Queen Victoria made the Isle of Wight a very Mecca for the great world. During the so called Cowes week, at the end of July, when the Solent is crowded with English and foreign yachts, it is almost impossible to find accommodation anywhere on the island, and enormous sums have to be paid for everything in the shape of lodging, real estate, in consequence, being exceedingly valuable. The Osborne estate cost Queen Victoria and the prince consort two hundred thousand dollars. It has been extended and improved, and it is doubtful whether it could be bought today for two millions.

The queen had also some property in Germany, notably at Baden, where she owned a small palace, surrounded by large grounds, known as the Villa Hohenlohe. This she purchased from the executors of the estate of her half sister,

OSBORNE HOUSE, NEAR COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT—THIS, QUEEN VICTORIA'S SEASIDE RESIDENCE, WAS PURCHASED FOR ABOUT TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, SHORTLY AFTER HER MARRIAGE. IT HAS SINCE BEEN GREATLY EXTENDED AND IMPROVED, AND TODAY THE ESTATE IS PROBABLY WORTH TWO MILLION DOLLARS.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S TEA ROOM AT FROGMORE, IN WINDSOR PARK, NEAR THE SPOT WHERE SHE NOW LIES BURIED BESIDE HER HUSBAND.

who died as Princess Hohenlohe. She owned a large tract in Savoy, near Chambéry, which she bought some years ago, at the time of a visit to the famous sulphur springs of Aix les Bains, with the intention of building a château there for her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice—a project that was never carried out.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S OFFICIAL REVENUES.

Queen Victoria had the distinction of being the first English sovereign who has had any property to leave at her

THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S MAUSOLEUM AT FROGMORE, IN WINDSOR PARK—THIS WAS BUILT BY QUEEN VICTORIA AS A MEMORIAL OF HER MOTHER.

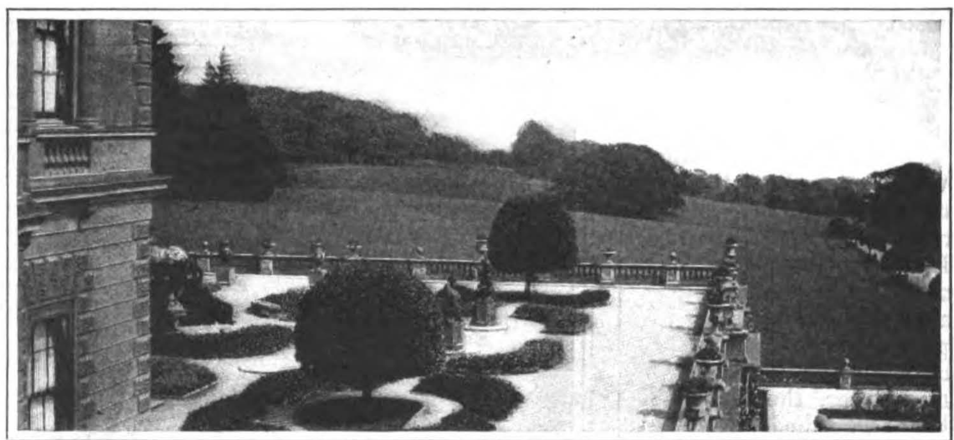
death. All her predecessors upon the throne bequeathed to their successors nothing but debts, which Parliament was called upon to pay. While Victoria permitted the nation to settle the liabilities of her uncles, George IV and William IV, she made a point, immediately after her accession, of paying off in full the heavy debts contracted by her father, the Duke of Kent, who died while she was in the earliest infancy. This, and the portioning of her daughters, as well as some of her granddaughters, who have in each case received from her a dowry of half a million dollars on marrying, have constituted the only very heavy expenses, apart from her numerous charitable gifts, which she was called upon to meet from the time when she ascended the throne in 1837 until the moment of her death in January last.

THE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT, IN WINDSOR CASTLE—ON THE PEDESTAL IS THE INSCRIPTION: "ALLURED TO BRIGHTER WORLDS, AND LED THE WAY."

During the whole of that time—that is to say, for a period of nearly sixty four years—she was in receipt of a civil list amounting to two and a half million dollars a year. Of this the major portion was assigned to definite heads of royal expenditure; but three hundred thousand dollars a year was devoted to what was known as the queen's privy purse, and constituted her pocket money, of which no account was ever asked. Besides this she had at her disposal the net revenues of the duchy of Lancaster, which is a personal appanage of every English sovereign, and which yielded her, on an average, three hundred thousand a year more. From this it will be seen that after having all expenses of every conceivable character, down to her servants' wages and household bills, defrayed out of the civil list, she had a sum of at least six hundred thousand dollars a year to dispose of as she listed.

The late queen had yet another large source of income. All the savings out of those particular branches of the civil list that were assigned to the various departments of the royal household were turned over to her personal control. These savings were estimated, on parliamentary and expert authority, to have amounted, from the time of the death of the prince consort, to some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

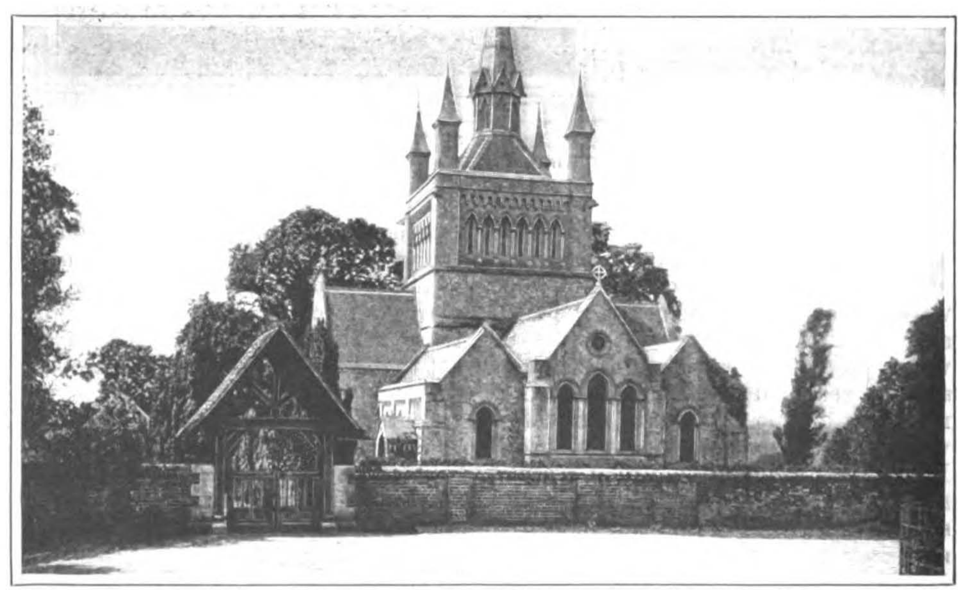
With regard to the civil list paid to Queen Victoria, an immense amount of misconception has prevailed on the sub-



A VIEW OF THE PARK AT OSBORNE, FROM THE TERRACE OF OSBORNE HOUSE.

ject, not only in this country, but also in England. It has been purposely kept up as a theme of popular agitation by those who find that their only means of rising from the depths of mediocrity is to swim with the tide of democracy.

No greater mistake can be made than to imagine that the half million sterling, or thereabouts, paid by the British treasury throughout the reign of Queen Victoria for the maintenance of royalty, under the head of the civil list, constituted a salary to the sovereign and her children for their representative and ornamental duties. That might reasonably be regarded as an excessive price to pay for any such purpose, and the English taxpayer would have had fair cause to grumble. The civil list of the late queen, and the allowances given to her children, were nothing more nor less than annuities paid to the sovereign in return for the latter's surrender to the nation of crown lands, royalties, and hereditary rights of one kind and another, which represented a much larger revenue than the sum accepted in return. It was not her majesty, but the



WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT—OSBORNE IS IN THE PARISH OF WHIPPINGHAM, AND QUEEN VICTORIA REGULARLY ATTENDED THE CHURCH WHEN SHE WAS IN RESIDENCE AT HER SEASIDE HOME.

nation, that benefited by the bargain which she made at the commencement of her reign.

THE DISPOSITION OF THE PROPERTY.

The figures given above will convey some faint idea of the extent of the fortune of the late Queen Victoria. What with the Neild bequest, the property left by the prince consort, and her savings from her privy purse allowance, from the revenues of the duchy of Lancaster, and on the annual economies on the assigned portions of the civil list, it will be seen that the amount of her probable accumulations figures up to more than a hundred million dollars.

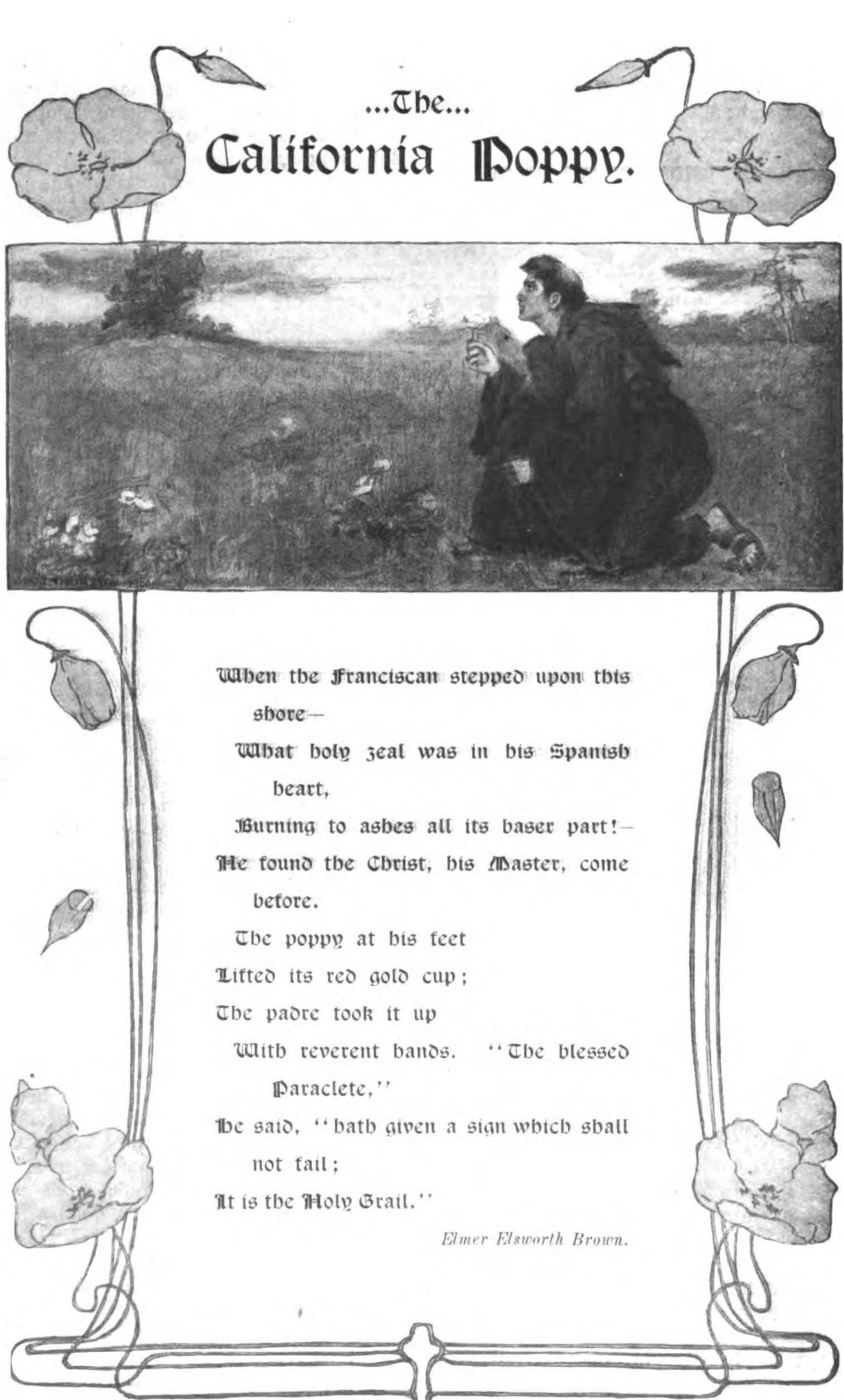
This great fortune will presumably be divided among the younger children of her late majesty and their progeny. The new king, his consort, and his children are provided for either by the civil list or by the income derived from the existing crown properties, in the event of his retaining the latter in preference to surrendering them to the nation. The queen's grandson Leopold, son of the late Duke of Albany, is now the reigning Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha, where the ducal estate yields an income of some three hundred thousand dollars a year.

The principal beneficiaries of Queen Victoria's will are therefore likely to be her soldier son, Arthur, Duke of Connaught; and her three surviving daughters, Louise, Duchess of Argyll; Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg; and Helena, Princess Christian of Schleswig Holstein, all three of whom are in relatively straitened circumstances, the two latter being burdened with good sized families.

THE BATTENBERG MEMORIAL CHAPEL IN WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH—THIS WAS BUILT BY PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND, WHO DIED OF FEVER DURING THE ASHANTI CAMPAIGN OF 1896.

But nothing definite will ever be known on the subject, and the exact disposition of Queen Victoria's property and its value are destined to remain a royal mystery.

The old photographs from which some of the illustrations accompanying this article were engraved are from the Coster collection.



...The...
California Poppy.

When the Franciscan stepped upon this
shore—
What holy zeal was in his Spanish
heart,
Burning to ashes all its baser part!—
He found the Christ, his Master, come
before.
The poppy at his feet
Lifted its red gold cup;
The padre took it up
With reverent hands. "The blessed
Paraclete,"
He said, "hath given a sign which shall
not fail;
It is the Holy Grail."

Elmer Elsworth Brown.

How Wild Animals Are Captured.

BY T. G. KNOX.

THE MOST ADVENTUROUS OF ALL HUMAN OCCUPATIONS, THE TRADE OF CATCHING LIONS, TIGERS, ELEPHANTS, MONKEYS, SNAKES, AND OTHER WILD ANIMALS FOR MENAGERIES AND EXHIBITIONS.

PERHAPS there are other occupations more dangerous, more nerve racking, and requiring greater sacrifices than the capture of wild animals, but it is difficult to mention them offhand. The number of dangerous wild beasts in captivity is one of the convincing proofs of the fact that certain people believe that the only way to enjoy life is to take every opportunity of losing it. Arthur Spencer is a man who holds this view. When he is not haling ferocious animals from their lair, he is making them perform undignified tricks for the edification of the American public. The greater part of Mr. Spencer's life has been passed in the South African wilderness in the employ of Carl Hagenbach, of Hamburg, the dean and high priest of the wild beast industry, who has agents in every part of the world where interesting animals are found, and through whose hands pass most of the wild creatures on exhibition the world over.

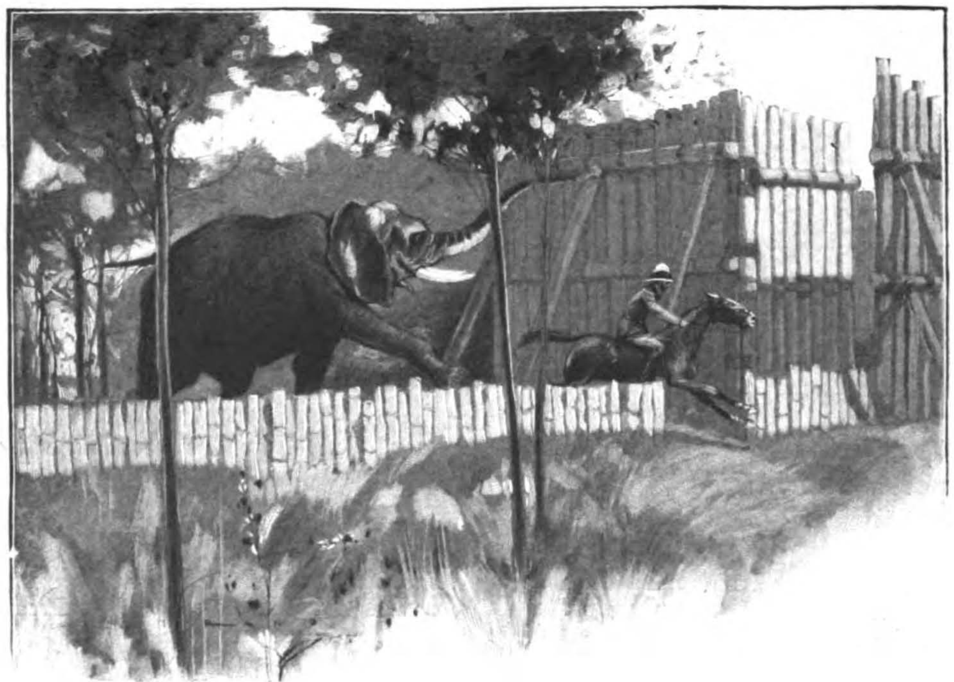
Hagenbach himself is a remarkable man. The son of a fishmonger, as a boy he received a present of a pair of seals, which he trained and exhibited. He was the first man to exhibit polar bears, and when he secured some elephants his fortune was made. Now his menagerie in Hamburg is the greatest in the world. Black, brown, yellow, and white men work for him, and they have made his name known to dusky, greasy potentates who have never heard of King Edward VII, the Kaiser, or the President of the United States.

Hagenbach's South African headquarters are about twenty miles north of Cape Town. The buildings cover thirty acres of ground, surrounded by a stout stockade some twenty feet high. Here the animals are accustomed to confinement before they are shipped to Europe. Their prisons are enormously strong. All the native animals of South and Central Africa are to be found in the corral, and at times it is one of the noisiest places in the world.

TROPHIES OF A LION HUNT—AN ANIMAL HUNTER WITH TWO CAPTURED CUBS.

ANIMAL HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

This is the starting point of many expeditions, and here the hunters rest. The men are well paid. Mr. Spencer's salary, for instance, was sixty dollars a week, with all expenses paid. Inasmuch as the most valuable animals are captured in the more or less unexplored regions of the interior, a hunting party needs a very com-



TRAPPING A WILD ELEPHANT—"WHEN THE OPENING IN THE FENCE IS REACHED, THE HORSEMAN SWERVES THROUGH, WHILE THE ELEPHANT PLUNGES THROUGH THE SWINGING GATE AND BLUNDERS INTO THE PIT."

plete equipment. Its first care, upon entering a new territory, is to get on the right side of the powers that be. It has wagons loaded with guns and various showy articles of European manufacture —top hats and umbrellas are particularly effective.

The arrival of a hunting party is a red letter event in a savage community. It is the signal for a high festival, when the tomtoms thrum and the horns blare day and night. The gaieties last until everything edible and drinkable has been consumed. When the revelers have recovered from the effects, and not till then, will they lend their essential coöperation to the serious work. To one who knows anything of the simple savage, it is needless to say that ample consideration is demanded for the work they do.

All the carnivora, and, in fact, the majority of the large animals, can be caught only at night. By day they sleep in the jungle, but in the darkness they come forth in search of prey. It may readily be imagined that this circumstance multiplies the danger of the trapper. The gathering ground of the children of the forest is the watering place. Here the great cats, having slaked their thirst, await the deer and the antelope upon the same errand bent, and here is the spot for the arch destroyer, man, to await his quarry. Having made his preparations by day, the hunter takes up his position at night by the elephant tank or pond where the animals congregate. There is no mistaking it. On every side the vegetation is trodden down, the marks of a thousand hoofs and paws are in the

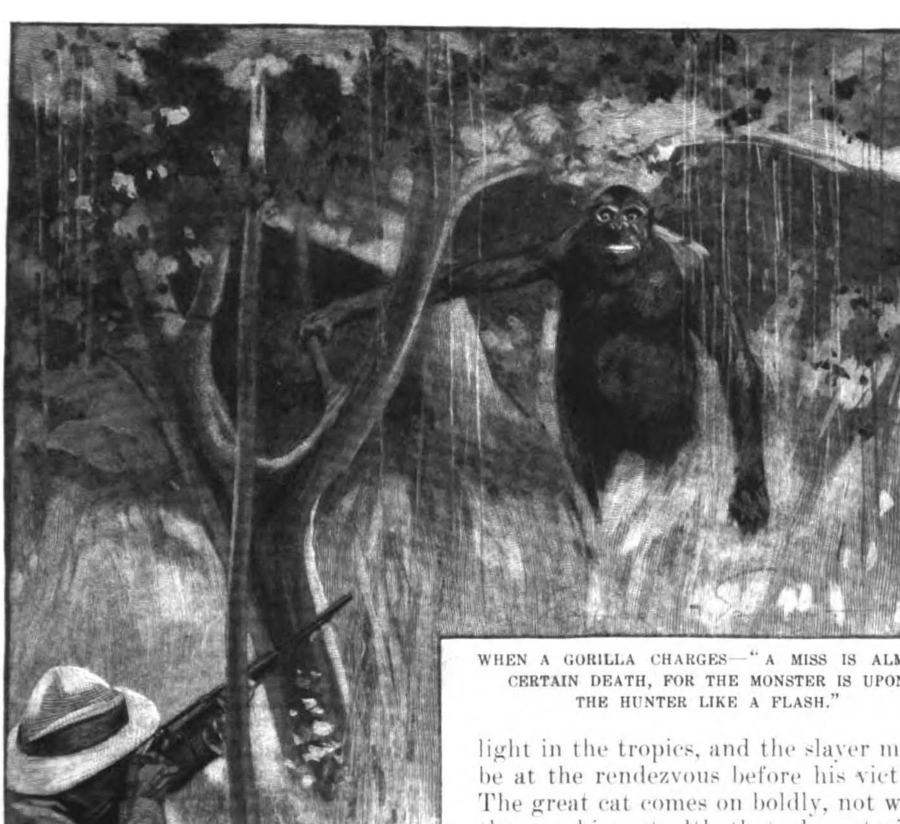
mud, and pools of blood and fragments of hair and hide give evidence of many a recent death struggle.

CATCHING THE GREAT CATS.

Lions and other large cats are caught with a net eighteen feet square, which is fastened in a pit of the same size and two feet deep. A stout rubber band surrounds the net, which works exactly on the principle of a tobacco pouch, except that when the rubber band is released, by means of a long rope, it contracts in a second, and anything in the net is enmeshed and helpless.

Of course the place for digging the pit is carefully selected. After the net is firmly pinned down, the trap is lightly covered with light brushwood, twigs, and dry leaves. The man who controls the net is concealed in another pit, six feet deep, and covered up very carefully.

The hunter's vigil may be a nervous one, but it is brief. There is no twilight in the tropics, and the slayer must be at the rendezvous before his victim. The great cat comes on boldly, not with the sneaking stealth that characterizes his daylight motions. All unsuspecting, he steps on the treacherous brushwood. Crash! Down it goes under the ponderous burden. A tug on the ropes from the man in the other pit, click go the springs, and the monarch of the forest is helpless in the great pouch of netting. The snap of the net is the signal. Up jump a dozen or so of men, mostly black, from their hiding places. The bag and its contents are bundled into a portable bamboo cage, and thence transferred to a large cage which stands at a distance. The latter is securely fastened, the net is removed, and the hapless beast is left to moralize on the situation.



WHEN A GORILLA CHARGES—"A MISS IS ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH, FOR THE MONSTER IS UPON THE HUNTER LIKE A FLASH."

At first he remains perfectly still, dumfounded, no doubt, at the swiftness

of fortune's changes. Having recovered his wits, he loses his temper; but ramp and rage and roar as he will, it is of no avail. The bars are stout, and he has found his master. He may make up his mind to spend the rest of his days rolling a hoop in a circus, or majestically awaiting his dinner under the gaze of pert nursery maids and inquisitive children.

Of course there are occasions when things go better for the lion and worse for the hunter. Now and then the wind betrays the latter's presence, and the prospective captive starts out in quest of his would be captors. Then is the time for rifles, and quick at that. If the lion escapes the first volley, it is likely that there will be a man or two missing at camp. But were it not for such possibilities, a sportsman might as well go in for rabbit trapping as for hunting the king of the desert.

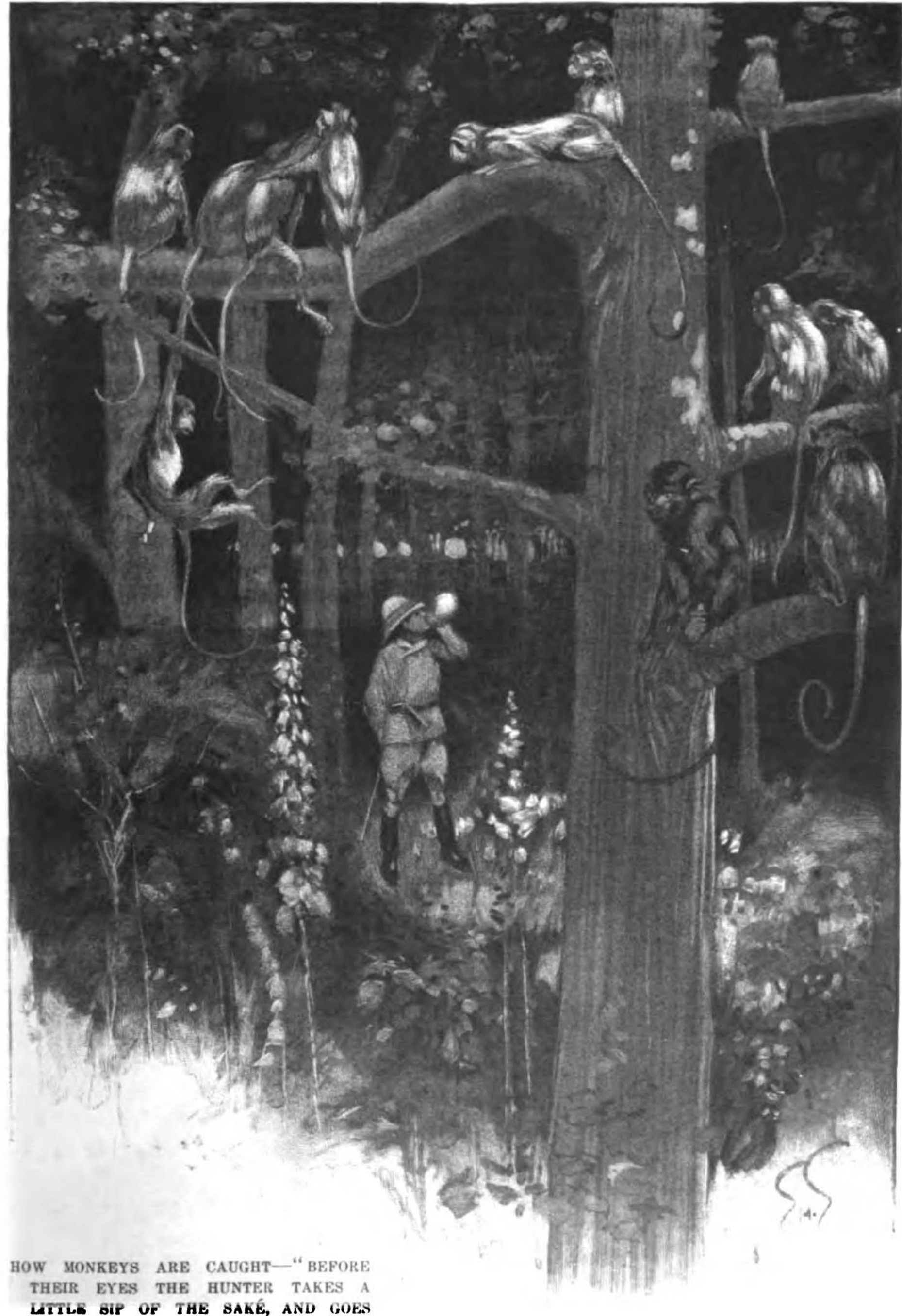
The capturing of cubs is very like straight hunting, in that the mother, and sometimes the father as well, are killed. It is dangerous, for the ferocity of the great cats in protecting their young knows no limit. But those who make a business of taking animals prisoner do not class this work as extra hazardous. The baby, be it lion, tiger, or leopard, usually flourishes in captivity on goat's milk.

CATCHING OSTRICHES WITH THE BOLAS—"THE TRIPLE THONGS ARE WHIRLED ABOUT THE HEAD AND CAST SO AS TO WIND ROUND THE BIRD AND BRING IT TO THE GROUND."

HOW ELEPHANTS ARE TRAPPED.

Elephants are captured in several ways, and all are most perilous, for the wild elephant is a particularly ugly beast. The male is usually a victim of his chivalry in conjunction with his unthinking impetuosity. In a region frequented by elephants is dug a pit twenty five feet square by four feet deep. Around it is a strong palisade twenty feet high, the only passage through which is a door that swings inward. From the edge of the palisade is built a temporary bamboo hedge several hundred yards in length, leading in the direction of the nearest elephant tank. In this hedge, at a short distance from the palisade, is an opening just large enough for a horse to pass through.

When a herd of elephants approaches the tank, a man mounted on a trained horse rides out towards them. This



HOW MONKEYS ARE CAUGHT—"BEFORE THEIR EYES THE HUNTER TAKES A LITTLE SIP OF THE SAKÉ, AND GOES ON HIS WAY, SECURE OF THE RESULT."

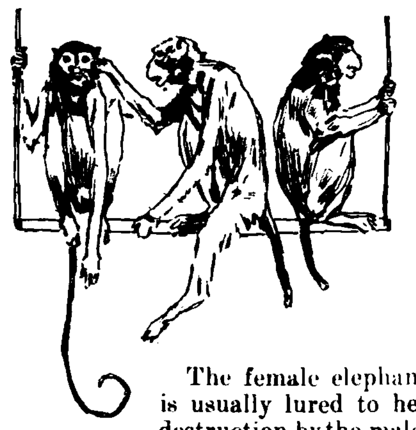
straightway arouses the wrath of the bull elephant who is convoying the herd of females. He believes that the intruder has evil intentions towards his fair charges. With admirable forgetfulness of self, he charges headlong upon the foe. The man turns and rides back swiftly along the hedge, the elephant in hot pursuit. When the opening in the fence is reached, the wily horseman

swerves through. The elephant, carried by his mighty momentum, passes straight on, plunges through the swinging gate, and blunders into the pit. Once inside, he sees his mistake, but the gate that moved so easily to let him in must force aside four feet of solid earth to swing out, and such a barrier is too much even for an elephant.

For the next three days the huge prisoner has a woeful time. Food and drink are denied him. At night fires are built around the pit, and the fumes of green brushwood nearly stifle him. Night and day a hideous pandemonium is raised by natives armed with tomtoms and gigantic rattles. All this is to frighten the captive and break his haughty spirit.

On the fourth day the poor dazed beast is allowed to have food and water. His meal is taken under the surveillance of two men, armed with elephant hooks, who have ventured to enter the inclosure. Should he be sufficiently subdued to eat and drink, the opportunity is taken to chain him to a trained elephant, and carry him off to the stockade. Should he still have a spark of fighting spirit left, he is caught on each ear by the hooks and thus held while the chains are put upon him. Generally, however, he is so hungry, thirsty, and frightened, and so thoroughly miserable, that there is no necessity for the cruel hooks.

A TRAP FOR A GREAT SNAKE—"A SMALL ANTELOPE IS FASTENED TO A TREE IN A REGION WHERE THE REPTILES ARE COMMON. THIS IS THE BAIT."



The female elephant is usually lured to her destruction by the male. The hunter proceeds to his task armed with four rubber ropes of great strength and elasticity, and accompanied by a trained bull elephant. When the herd is sighted, the decoy advances, and by means of soft blandishments secures the confidence of the unsuspecting female. While he is making his conquest, the hunter slips up, under cover of the trained beast's huge body, and, gliding under his belly, slips a noose over one of the female's feet. Miss Elephant is naturally a little disturbed, but so single of heart is she that her treacherous wooer soon succeeds in pacifying her. Then the same trick is played again, and another foot is ensnared.

The game goes on until all four feet are noosed. Now three of the ropes having been made fast to the trunks of trees, and the fourth thrown over a limb, the last is drawn taut in such a way that three of the beast's legs are spread apart and the fourth is raised a few inches in the air. While thus helpless, chains are put upon her, and she is yoked to her betrayer, who leads her off to durance without a shadow of remorse for his atrocious duplicity.

CATCHING MONKEYS—A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

The taking of monkeys involves neither great danger nor much skill. Their inveterate habit of imitation leads them to their downfall. A sweet and highly intoxicating drink prepared from the fermented juice of rice—the *saké* of the Japanese—is carried in gourds to a part of the forest where the animals abound. Before their eyes, the hunter takes a little sip, and goes on his way, secure of the result. As soon as he is out of sight, the monkeys come hurrying down from all sides. They rush for the liquor, and do not cease guzzling until they are in a beastly state of alcoholic intoxication.

In an hour or so the hunter returns and finds monkeys scattered all over the ground, hopelessly and helplessly drunk. All he has to do is to pick them up and bundle them into a cart, very much after the method which the man with the patrol wagon is wont to adopt with their more advanced descendant. There is no need of haste, as the prisoners will not come to their wits for twenty four hours or more.

But while there is little to fear from the majority of the monkey tribe, there is one notable exception, the gorilla. "Without question," Mr. Spencer said to the writer, "the gorilla is the most dangerous creature of the African wilderness." He knows not fear, his ferocity is that of an ogre, his strength that of a Titan. The *saké* method will not work in the case of the gorilla, not because his innate depravity is less than that of other monkeys, but because his temper is so much worse. He is to be sought in the densest part of the jungle, where there is little difference between night and day. He sleeps in a great pouch shaped nest made of grass and sticks suspended from a tree. It is by one of these nests that you know that you are in gorilla land. You will not catch him when he is asleep, for his hearing is exceedingly acute, and he is out of his nest and prepared for you long before you see him.

The first intimation that you are in the presence of the king of apes, and man's nearest beast relation, is a pair of glittering eyes

gleaming in the darkness like coals. Then is the time for rapid decision. The gorilla on his part does not hesitate: he comes straight for you, standing on his hind legs and beating his breast, in his embrace like an egg shell. The few gorillas that have been in captivity were young ones whose parents were first shot. It is doubtful if a full grown specimen has ever been captured alive,

AN ANIMAL HUNTER'S ADVENTURE WITH HYENAS—"HIS ONLY CHANCE WAS TO PRETEND DEATH, SO HE ROLLED OVER ON HIS FACE, AND LAY STILL."

and he comes with marvelous swiftness. To attempt to secure him alive as he charges would be tempting Providence; there is not a case recorded where the experiment has been tried successfully. If he is to save his own life, the hunter must have recourse to his rifle. And even then the chances are not much in his favor. It is no easy matter to shoot accurately in the darkness and the thick growth of the jungle. A miss is almost certain death, for the monster is upon the hunter like a flash.

The experienced hunter usually waits until the gorilla is within a few yards' distance before he fires—an exercise of patience which, it may easily be imagined, requires an uncommon degree of nerve. And even then his shrift is short unless a vital spot is hit, for, even desperately wounded, the great ape can crush the barrel of a rifle in his jaws like a sugar stick, and a man crumples

though chimpanzees and large baboons, caught by the *saké* method, have been passed off as gorillas.

CATCHING GIRAFFES, BIRDS, AND SNAKES.

Among the implements used in the capture of wild animals is the bolas, a weapon devised in South America, where it takes the place of the lariat. It consists of three thongs fastened together at one end, like the legs in the crest of the Isle of Man. Two of the thongs terminate in bags filled with pebbles, while to the third is attached a pouch loaded with leaden shot. The last is held in the hand. The implement is whirled about the head and cast so as to wind round the animal pursued and bring it helpless to the ground. This instrument is usually used by horsemen in the capture of swift footed creatures like the ostrich, the giraffe, the zebra, and the large antelopes.

Birds are caught in a very ordinary

sort of trap, consisting of a cage with a door to which a long rope is attached. The cage is filled with fruit and placed where birds of the kind required are numerous. A season is chosen when fruit is scarce, and to add to the temptation the trees in the vicinity are stripped of everything edible. Leaving the door open, the trapper conceals himself some distance away with the end of the rope in his hand. The unsuspecting birds flock into the cage, the trapper pulls the rope, the door slams, and the inmates are prisoners.

The capture of large snakes, like pythons and boa constrictors, requires nothing but patience. A small antelope is fastened to a tree in a region where the reptiles are common. This is the bait. At intervals the hunter visits the spot. Some day he will find the antelope gone, in which case the probability is that a snake has eaten it. If so, he has not far to search. The reptile will be found close by, coiled up to digest his food—a process of several days. All is plain sailing. If the big snake is struck with a stone, or even with a stick, it will be disturbed just enough to make it uncoil. There is very little risk, for the creature is too drowsy to attack the hunter. A noose is now slipped over its head, and another over its tail. Then the big reptile is haled into a portable cage. Great care must be taken to avoid the slightest injury to the snake. If the skin be torn or abraded, ulceration is likely to follow, which usually ends in the reptile's death. For this reason, the nooses are generally protected with felt.

The method of catching venomous snakes in India is distinctly hazardous. In the dry season, the bush infested by cobras and other poisonous serpents is set on fire. As the snakes flee before the flames, bare legged natives catch them in a sort of butterfly net, which they carry in their hands. Occasionally the hunter is too slow, and the reptile strikes. Then the teeming millions of Hindustan are reduced by one native; but life is held cheap in India, and cobras fetch a good price.

TAKING THE ANIMALS TO MARKET.

As most of the animals are caught far up country, the problem of their transportation to headquarters is often one of great difficulty. Sometimes it is necessary to march across hundreds of miles of desert to the seaport or river where they can be put on shipboard. In such cases many of the large animals—elephants, rhinoceroses, giraffes, zebras, or ostriches—make the journey on foot, fastened together with chains, or led by a dozen or so of native attendants, who take care to keep the bonds taut, so that the beasts cannot make a dash in any direction. The carnivora and the smaller animals are carried in cages loaded on wagons, and the cavalcade is accompanied by a multitude of ox carts or camels carrying supplies of forage and water. The procession is often a mile long, or more, and presents a curious and impressive spectacle as it winds its way slowly over the desolate trails of the forest.

In some cases, where they have been ordered beforehand, the animals are shipped direct to Europe, but usually those caught in Africa are taken down to the stockade in Cape Colony, there to await a purchaser. When an order is received, the animal is packed in a box especially prepared for it, carted to Cape Town, and thence shipped to Hamburg or London. The cages prepared for delicate animals are covered with padded canvas to prevent them from being bruised on shipboard, and to protect them from cold. In the case of snakes, cold is the principal enemy. A sudden change of temperature on the voyage has often had the most disastrous effects. On one occasion, a consignment of a hundred and fifty valuable serpents was on its way to Hamburg from India. The reptiles reached London in good condition. A sharp frost, however, supervened, and every one of the hundred and fifty died in a few hours.

To lessen the effects of change of temperature, many of the animals undergo special treatment at the African stockade. The temperature of their cages is gradually reduced by means of ice, until it is considered that they are fortified against any cold they are likely to encounter. Another difficulty to be overcome is the unwillingness of the animals to eat when first captured. Often they cannot be induced to touch food

for several days, and there are many instances of creatures deliberately starving themselves to death. Others, again, will pine away, while fevers and diseases resulting from lack of exercise are constantly reducing the stock.

PRICES PAID FOR SPECIMENS.

Upon all these circumstances, together with the difficulty and danger attending the work of capture, depend the prices fixed by the dealer for the various animals. In the scale of value, unquestionably the gorilla heads the list. At least, there is no doubt that a genuine gorilla, if placed upon the market, would command a higher figure than any other wild animal. Mr. Spencer says that no living specimen has yet been brought out of Africa. The apes which are called gorillas in one or two menageries are, he declares, large chimpanzees. In spite of its apparent robustness, no animal seems to possess a feebler constitution than the gorilla. Few have been taken alive at all, and these have all perished before they left African waters. The furthest that a living specimen has ever been taken from the African shore, says Mr. Spencer, was about fifty miles, when the beast sickened and died of some disease resembling pneumonia. They usually begin to break down as they near the sea coast, and there are only one or two cases on record of captive gorillas living to reach shipboard.

Giraffes, too, at the present time are practically priceless, owing to their great rarity. Twenty years ago, a giraffe could be bought as low as three hundred dollars. About eight years ago, Mr. Hagenbach sold one for fifty five hundred dollars, and it is doubtful if there is a single specimen in the market today. Another valuable animal is the hippopotamus, which fetches about five thousand dollars. Two horned rhinoceroses run from three to five thousand dollars. Other average prices are: Indian tapir, $7,500; American tapir, $750; elephant, $1,200 to $2,500; lion, $750 to $1,000; tiger, $500 to $750; large snakes—python, anaconda, etc.—$250; leopard, $150 to $250; black panther, $200 to $300; striped panther, $125 to $150; jaguar, $150 to $500; polar bear, $200; brown bear, $50; American black bear, $100; Tibetan sloth, $150; monkeys, from one dollar up to thousands, according to their rarity.

A PERILOUS VOCATION.

Of the manifold perils, hairbreadth escapes, and weird experiences which are inseparable from the career of the animal catcher, it must be sufficient here to give a single experience, which, almost incredible as it seems, is presented as Mr. Spencer told it. One day, when in pursuit of large game, far in the interior of Africa, he wandered away from his companions. Being wearied from the heat of the sun and his long tramp, and feeling sure that he could make his way back to camp before nightfall, he laid himself down for a short nap under the shade of a mimosa tree.

For several hours he slept soundly. In the afternoon he was awakened by the sound of laughter close by. Mr. Spencer was not in the least alarmed, thinking he had been discovered by one of the party, who was making merry at his slothfulness. He sat up, but could see no one. The laugh was repeated, and this time it sounded uncanny and inhuman. About a hundred yards distant were a pair of spotted hyenas, the most hideous brutes that stand on four legs, with their repulsive snouts uplifted, sniffing the air as though they scented prey. As yet the beasts had not seen him, but they were approaching, and would soon be upon him. Mr. Spencer understood his peril. Of course he had his gun, but the two hyenas were not all he had to face. They were but scouts; a short distance behind followed the main body, close on a hundred of them. To make a dash for liberty would be useless. The hyena is swift of foot, and the hunter would have been torn to pieces before he had made a score of yards.

Then an inspiration came to him. He remembered that the hyena devours no flesh that is not putrid. His only chance was to pretend death, so he rolled over on his face and lay still. In a few moments the beasts were upon him. He heard them sniffing around him and smelled their foul odor. Presently he felt a tug at his sleeve, and a sharp pain as one of them sank its teeth in his arm. But he never moved. At length he was lifted

from the ground. One hyena had its teeth fixed in his wrist, another in his ankle, and thus, with their wretched victim between them, the two hyenas, followed by the rest of the pack, set off on a swinging trot across the plain.

Mr. Spencer suffered excruciating agony, but he knew that his life depended on his stillness, so he endured. The journey seemed to him to have lasted for hours. The distance traversed may have been considerable, for the hyena's loping trot covers ground rapidly. The swift night of the tropics came on, and as he opened his eyes from time to time he could see the bright stars overhead. At last the sky was obscured. They were entering the hyenas' den, a great cave, a loathsome and foul smelling place. Here the animals dropped their prospective meal upon the ground, and here he lay till morning. What with thirst, noxious insects, and his wounds, he suffered the agonies of the damned; but he dared not move.

THE ANIMAL HUNTER'S ESCAPE.

All night the beasts howled and laughed and snapped at one another around him, but he knew that they were vigilant guards, and escape was impossible. When the morning came they tried him again with their teeth to see if the night had wrought any improvement in the texture of his flesh. Apparently they were not satisfied, for they left him under the charge of two of their number while the rest went forth on their daily quest. The day was even more horrible than the night, but, wounded and weak as he was, and without his gun, Mr. Spencer knew that a battle with his two guards would be hopeless. So he lay and suffered. At nightfall he was subjected to another searching examination, with the same results, and, with a snort of disgust, one of the hyenas went forth in search of less refractory meat, leaving him in the charge of the last of the pack.

Feeling that he was now in no condition for a hand to hand struggle with even a single hyena, the prisoner made no motion. At last, as morning approached, the solitary guard, wearied by his vigil, and with a few final bites at the helpless man, trotted forth into the gathering light. Mr. Spencer lay still for half an hour, until he was sure that his tormentor had in truth departed. Then he staggered to his feet, and, faint, sick, and dizzy after thirty six hours of excruciating agony of mind and body, he reeled from the cave. He struggled along, half conscious, for almost half a mile, to fall in a dead faint. He was picked up several hours later by a party of Boers, with whom, fortunately, was a native doctor. The latter bound up his wounds and conveyed him to a Kaffir hut, where he lay until he had recovered sufficiently to proceed to the coast. Ultimately he made a complete cure, though he bears to this day the marks of the hyenas' teeth.

"I have had many adventures with wild men and animals," he says, "but the only living creature that makes me shudder when I see it is the spotted hyena, 'the grave digger of Africa.'"

A CANNON SPEAKS.

MINE is no mighty conquest blare,
No red, revengeful fury fire;
Not mine to fright God's quiet air
With peals of unrelenting ire.

Rather I sound the death and doom
Of the old tyrannies of earth,
And destine to the dreamless tomb
The cruel wrongs of ancient birth.

And while my voice is that of war,
When its loud echoings shall cease,
For conquered and for conqueror
Shall dawn a far serener peace!

Clinton Scollard.

A Home in the Tenements.

BY ETHEL M. COLSON.

HOW A CHICAGO WOMAN HAS MADE IT HER LIFE WORK TO MANAGE A MODEL TENEMENT BUILDING, AND TO MAKE IT A CENTER OF SOCIAL IMPROVEMENT AMID THE SLUMS.

TO give a unique dinner party in these days is a triumph. It is also a rare happening, but in Chicago one woman achieves it every time she asks any one to come and dine with her. For she is probably the only dinner giver, in the more imposing social sense, living in a tenement. She is Miss Amanda Johnson, a young woman of independent means, and evidently of mind as independent.

Those who go to dine with Miss Johnson make their way into a typical tenement house region. They mount tenement stairs, and they sit in a tenement kitchen—a kitchen with hard wood floor and pale blue gray walls. There are solid chairs, of Colonial pattern, and a polished table. Behind glass cupboard doors, quaint pottery shines; on shelves and hooks are ranged and hung shining aluminum vessels, a proud and glittering array.

Miss Johnson is not living in the tenement primarily to give piquant dinners where the incongruity between the region and the function may amuse her guests. She is there as the resident agent of the company which erected the tenement—the Langdon—the latest and most model of the model tenements. And it is due to her that there is such a building.

Miss Johnson is a thoughtful and studious young woman. She has always lived in the famous Nineteenth Ward of Chicago. Her father was for many years a prominent business man of that section. After the completion of her course at the University of Chicago, Miss Johnson, who had taken a deep interest in sociology and sociological subjects, lived at Hull House—the well known social settlement founded by Miss Jane Addams—for several years. During this period she also acted as garbage inspector for the Nineteenth Ward, driving all day about the streets and alleys of the long neglected district, and in this manner she not only became intimately acquainted with the real needs and distresses of the people inhabiting it, but managed to get very close to the people themselves.

THE NEED OF CHEAP HOMES.

One of the most crying of the needs which presented themselves to Miss Johnson was that which demanded better housing for the good and steady workman who earned fair wages, but who was compelled to live in a neighborhood where no comfortable or sanitary dwellings could be found. To erect a tenement house specially designed and planned for the needs and housing of this particular type of worker gradually became a hobby with Miss Johnson. As if in answer to her public spirited desire, the opportunity for planning and overseeing such an experiment presently opened out before her.

The estate of James Langdon, an Eastern millionaire who had once lived in Chicago, and who left an extensive Chicago property to be cared for by his executors, had some money to invest. The trustees of the estate were looking out for a profitable investment. One of these trustees was a personal friend of Miss Johnson, and the determined young woman, who, while herself of independent fortune, had not sufficient unutilized capital to make the experiment personally, convinced him that such a tenement house as she wished to build would prove lucrative.

"We will build you just such a tenement as you require," said the Langdon trustees to Miss Johnson finally, "if you

will personally live in and look after the building."

So a location at the corner of Bunker and Desplaines Streets—one of the dingiest, dirtiest, most hopeless districts in Chicago—was chosen for the experiment. The ramshackle old buildings which then occupied it were pulled down—this act being a distinct service to the neighborhood in itself—and the new building was erected in their place. The sum of $28,000 was expended upon the building and finishing of the tenement, the Langdon. The lot upon which it stands cost another $10,000. The steam heating plant cost about $2,300, and the bill for the plumbing was something like $3,500, as compared with the $2,000 which would have represented the cost of the old fashioned appurtenances employed in tenement houses.

The completed tenement was delivered into Miss Johnson's hands a little over a year ago. The architect was Dwight Heald Perkins, himself a serious student of sociological conditions.

A MODEL CHICAGO TENEMENT.

In many States and cities there are laws requiring a certain proportion of the building space of any lot or ground location to be devoted to the purpose of securing light and air, but no such regulation yet prevails in Chicago, although it is hoped that this will be the case very soon. The Langdon building, however, was planned and erected just as though such a regulation were actively enforced. The lot upon which it stands is 124x50 feet, and an open courtyard of 16x70 feet insures light and air to every apartment in the building. There are two entrances to every apartment, moreover, something as commendable as unusual in a district where most tenements are of the kind known as "fire traps."

There are twenty four flats in the building, each one of them containing a pleasant living room, a room spacious enough to be used as kitchen and diningroom combined, a good bedroom, a bathroom, and a small entrance hall. One of Miss Johnson's strongest and most tenaciously held theories is to the effect that everything in life should be related to surrounding conditions.

"A 'living room' seems to me much more attractive and suitable than a 'parlor,' under the circumstances," she says, "and there are no 'diningrooms' for similar reasons. We all take our meals in our kitchens out here, and the kitchens are pleasant enough for the purpose"—which they certainly are.

All the rooms in the Langdon apartments are "pleasant enough," for that matter. The bathrooms are equipped with open plumbing, snowy enameled bathtubs, marble basins, and bright metal fixtures. All the floors in the building are of polished hardwood, the windows are bays or bows whenever possible, and there are glass faced china cupboards in every kitchen, as well as shelves and hooks above the sink whereon to hang the shining kitchen utensils which are the pride of every good housekeeper. Everything in the Langdon building offers strong inducements towards cleanliness—a cleanliness which is very much the exception to all ordinary rules in the Nineteenth Ward of Chicago, and which is difficult of attainment in a locality where window curtains must be washed weekly if they are to preserve even a semblance of neatness, and where everything which is to appear ordinarily clean must be scrubbed, or at least "wiped over," every day.

Miss Johnson herself occupies one of the lower flats in the building, and the simple cleanliness and attractiveness of her apartment presents a continual object lesson to the less discriminating housekeepers who reside above and around her, and to whom she is the inevitable, although not always fully approved, model. It takes the average Langdon housewife a long time, for instance, to prefer shining hardwood floors and simple rugs to gaily colored carpets; and the cherished "portières" are sometimes allowed to gather dust and germs for some time before the unadorned lines of Miss Johnson's doorways are admired and imitated.

"Drapes" and "tidies" are discarded slowly, and the bookcases, built in the wall on each side of the living room fireplace, are frequently put to uses far different from those for which they were designed. But the "little leaven" is working slowly but surely, in this as in other respects, and in several of the

Langdon apartments—apartments other than that of Miss Johnson—are rooms effective because of their pleasant simplicity, and very nearly as clean and spotless as hers.

MISS JOHNSON AND HER TENANTS.

The building, as has been stated, was erected for the benefit of the better and more prosperous class of tenement dwellers. The rent of each flat is thirteen dollars per month, and only a skilled worker, in steady employment, can afford such a sum.

"I have always believed in trying to have and keep everything the best of its kind," Miss Johnson explains, "and, since this building embodies an experiment, and not a charity, it would be as undoubted and real a mistake to lower the rents below the figure which admits of a moderate profit, as to raise them above the scale of a good hand worker's wages and ability to pay. Steam heat, bathrooms, and all the other good things we have in this building cannot be supplied at the same figures as the accommodations, or, rather, the lack of them, found in the ordinary poor tenement houses. We find it an easy matter to keep our apartments filled with the very class of people for whom the building was erected, and they receive full value for the slightly increased rent they are so very willing to pay."

The long, narrow balconies which run along the two sides of the corner upon which the building fronts are appreciated by the children quite as much as by their mothers. The railings of all these balconies are gay with the flowers and vines which flourish in the capacious boxes surmounting them. Every window which opens on the street, the tops of the big street doorways and of the high wall which shuts off the end of the court from Desplaines Street, are similarly decorated. The courtyard is flagged and left vacant of the grass and flowers which Miss Johnson originally desired to plant there, because it is the only playground possible, with the exception of the street, for the children of the building. The bare brick wall will itself be soon covered with the green and hardy vines already started.

"We shall get our bit of green in this way, you see," Miss Johnson recently explained to a visitor, "and the children will still have the courtyard to play in."

Only those individuals who have lived in those neighborhoods where a green tree is a delight and a wonder, and where flowers are seldom seen, can appreciate the value and the beauty of those brilliant window and balcony flower boxes, and of the green covered wall which is soon to be. The dwellers in the Langdon building appreciate these beauties far more than they do those of the fine brick fireplaces and hard wood shelves of the living rooms, or even of the softly tinted hard finished walls, the colors for which they are allowed to choose for themselves. Miss Johnson finds the study of their tastes and opinions of her and their neighbors' furniture and decorations an exceedingly interesting one.

It is pleasant to chronicle the fact that the Langdon apartments of Chicago, like many of the model tenements of New York and London, have from the first proved so paying an investment that the builders are now not only willing but anxious to erect more tenements on the same plan. Six per cent has been the rate of interest upon the investment from the beginning. It is now paying six and a half per cent. There can be no doubt, however, but that much of the success of the Langdon experiment has been due to the devotion and constant oversight and interest of Miss Johnson. Five per cent of all the money paid in rents is supposed to represent the remuneration she receives for her agency and care of the property. As a matter of fact, this money she regularly and persistently expends for those small conveniences, improvements, and appurtenances which seem to her necessary or desirable, and for which she hesitates to trouble the estate which owns the building. The people of the neighborhood, all of whom are her friends, recognize the spirit of love and of interest which actuates her, and it is this spirit and this recognition which has enabled her to bring about the actual transformation which has taken place in the neighborhood since she became mainly responsible for the erection of the best "model tenement" in Chicago, and took up her residence in it.

The Dean's Mistake.

THE STORY OF A "PRAIRIE BOUNDER" AND HIS CLASS IN HISTORY.

BY GERTRUDE ADAMS.

THERE are really two mistakes of the dean's to be recounted, but as the second was the outgrowth of the first, the title is sufficiently inclusive.

Augustus Elwood was the first and principal mistake. He was appointed a university instructor in history at the tender age of twenty. The dean pushed his appointment in the face of grave opposition from the head of the history department.

But the dean had his reasons. First, the history department had to adopt a policy of retrenchment, and child labor was cheap; second, to offset Elwood's youth and inexperience, there was the paper he had published in a historical review showing both thought and earnest research; third, he was strongly recommended by the faculty of the Western university from which he had just received his degree. Then there was Elwood's photograph. The dean was a physiognomist of no mean ability, and Elwood's earnest eyes gazing squarely into space, and the lips inflexibly compressed—Elwood was quite intrepid in front of a camera—proclaimed to the dean a man of decision and force.

When he laid eyes on his appointee in the flesh, the dean ground his teeth. No doubt, here was the painstaking student, the reasoner, the thinker, of those strong recommendations, but why do photographs leave so much to the imagination? The dean shook hands with Elwood and wondered what would happen when the sophomore class—which happened that year to be a collection of very cocksure and hypercritical young people—saw this pink and white scrap of humanity, five feet nothing to speak of, with his blushes and his stammers, and his extra long skirted frock coat of a remarkable cut.

Elwood divined at the first glance that the dean didn't like him. But it had been a day of disillusionizing sensations to this prairie bred boy, thrown suddenly into communion with people speaking his own tongue and having his own manners and customs, but with a difference more perplexing in some cases than the expected strangeness of foreigners.

In due season Elwood met his class. It was imposing enough in size on its own account, and quite terrifying when the wave of femininity, from the woman's college coördinated with the university, swept over from across the street. The history course was a favorite one, and the new instructor had the benefit of his predecessor's popularity.

Fortunately, the first meeting of a class is brief. Elwood, almost tongue tied with stage, or, more accurately, platform fright, stammered out something about reference books, and outlined briefly the proposed course.

The class filed out, leaving Elwood conscious that every young man and young woman had seen something in him that appealed to their sense of humor. This knowledge worried and harassed his peace of mind until he got into the university library.

There his cares, his appearance, his friends, his enemies, the dean, and those self possessed young people, his former life and its present changed conditions, all were forgotten while he reveled in an orgy of study and research. He had never dreamed of a library like it. He moved about it reverently like a priest before the altar, handling the books like sacred vessels.

On Friday the class met again, and Elwood, who, since the first meeting of the class, had spent quite thirty six of the forty eight intervening hours in the library, came in pale and brain weary.

He was unfortunately a little late, for he had become so lost to his responsibilities that his class had been forgotten,

and a boy had been sent to hunt him up. This was accomplished not without careful search on the part of the boy, for Elwood had completely hidden himself behind a wall of books reared by his own hands on a table in one of the library alcoves.

It was not the custom of the university to hunt up truant instructors. If for any reason a professor or instructor did not appear, after a fifteen minutes' wait, the class quietly dispersed. But as ill luck would have it, the dean had determined to see how Elwood handled his class that particular morning, and after waiting ten minutes overtime, he went off black as a thunder cloud and pushed an electric button that set things rolling his way.

Little Elwood was thoroughly alarmed. It was disturbing to be called away from an account of the Parliament of Paris, by a card thrust before him, on which was written in an angry black hand:

The dean wishes to know why Mr. Elwood is not in Room 10.

Mr. Elwood glanced at the clock, muttered something incoherent, and rushed away, his coat tails fluttering. He was breathless when he reached the classroom. He gave a quick glance about, and saw with a feeling of thankfulness that the dean was not there. Instead of turning over his papers and giving himself time to find himself, he started headlong into his subject. He was full of it. He knew it all so well, if he had only given himself time he could have held them all. As it was, embarrassed, apologetic, and in a furious hurry to make up for lost time, he startled himself and his class by an opening remark about the Guke of Duise. He repeated this unusual combination of sounds three times with a look of puzzled alarm in his big blue eyes. The class laughed and expected as much of Elwood, but he was too much in earnest to take the time.

In the midst of the hilarity the door opened and the dean came in, followed by Dr. Inglis, the head of the history department.

There was an instant hush as the two black gowned figures seated themselves. Little Elwood, by a mighty effort, gathered his wits and his tongue together and started out once more from the Duke of Guise, at last brought to his own. His voice was strained and unnatural, and his manner lent itself equally to ridicule or sympathy. He saw evidences of both when he dared to glance individually at his auditors.

Ten minutes before the period closed, he conscientiously paused and called attention to an inaccurate assertion which he had made half an hour before. It was only a minor point; not even the head of the department had noticed the error, but Elwood explained, retracted, backed water, and churned up such a commotion that no one, barring Dr. Inglis, knew what or what not to believe.

The titter of the electric bell put an end to other titters, and the period closed.

As he sat thinking it over at his desk, his throbbing head on his burning hand, he was startled by hearing his name called.

He sat erect at the sound, and found himself confronted by a little woman in rusty, dusty black.

"Yes, ma'am, what is it?" he said.

"I see you don't remember my face," she said; "my name's Pritchard, and I'm one of your scholars. Funny, isn't it, at my age? I've taught thirty five years myself, and ten of 'em have been spent saving up for college. So here I am at last taking a course. I taught five years in the town where the college is you came from."

Elwood's face brightened, and they talked of Flag Butte, and Wilawaukee, and the places that meant home to the boy.

"Human nature's about the same East or West," said Miss Pritchard, looking at him impersonally.

"It seems different here," he said.

"On the outside," she assented; "and we have to conform more or less. It's a difference of clothes and manners, collars and cravats, and if we occupy conspicuous positions we have to conform; but character and brains count in the long run."

She had heard him called that morning "the prairie bounder in a frock coat," and she was giving him a hint as

delicately as she could. She also very gently begged him to talk just a trifle more slowly, for she was, as she put it, "a little dumb in understanding."

She watched him anxiously after that for signs of improvement. There were about a hundred others watching for the same signs, but not with her hopeful, encouraging glances. Elwood felt all the eyes upon him, and he acquired neither ease of manner nor flexibility of utterance.

Except for those precious hours in the library, he had constantly the uneasy feeling of a criticised stranger in a strange land.

Three weeks after the university opened, the head of the department asked Elwood to dine with him. Elwood felt that the acceptance demanded something unusual. He bought a book of etiquette and there read that full dress was *de rigueur* at dinner. He looked up *de rigueur* in his dictionary, and then looked up straightway a ready made dress suit.

Now the dinner proved to be a strictly family affair; there was one guest beside himself, and Dr. and Mrs. Inglis and the three little Inglises. These stared with respectful wonder at the magnificently bold shirt front of the little instructor. He was made so uncomfortable by his strictly *de rigueur* costume that neither his gracious hostess nor his kindly host, nor the easy, man of the world guest, could get him out of himself. There he remained the entire evening in self conscious isolation, intrenched behind his stiff shirt front. Dr. Inglis, who had hoped, in this domestic environment of children and soup and roast beef and apple dumpling, to see his shy little assistant unbend, shook his head regretfully over him after his departure.

No details need be given of the reception at the dean's, which followed a week or so later. This Elwood attended in clothes not *de rigueur*, while all the others had followed the dictates of the book of etiquette. The recollection of that reception was to Elwood for a long time more painful than his sins.

His work in history meanwhile vibrated between farce and tragedy. Miss Pritchard did not weary in her attempts to egg him on to do justice to himself. She remained regularly after the class to praise when she could, and to hint at changes when she dared.

The dean sent for him once to tell him curtly to secure better attention from his class.

Dr. Inglis maintained a let alone policy. He went as little to the scene of trouble as his duty demanded. He made one or two kindly suggestions to Elwood, and told the exasperated dean that there was good stuff in the boy.

"Then some other university may find it out," the dean replied grimly.

One afternoon three members of the sophomore class met the dean by appointment. They were all earnest students of approved character.

The dean listened attentively to the spokesman.

"We wished to see you, sir, both for ourselves and ten others, who are anxious to substitute Greek History B for French History A."

"French History A is Mr. Elwood's course," said the dean, frowning. "Why do you wish to change?"

They hesitated.

"We don't feel we're getting as much out of it for the time spent as we should," said one of the three at last.

"And why not?" pursued the dean. He did not press his question. "I will let you know shortly," he said, after a moment's frowning silence.

At Elwood's next recitation, fifteen minutes after the period had begun, the dean's giant form darkened the threshold.

Elwood had begun well. For the first time he had gained and held the attention from the opening sentence. It was the prize for which he had been battling for six long weeks. He had paused a few seconds after reading a paragraph from the Memoirs of La Rochefoucauld, and was turning over another volume to find another selection which would further illustrate the character of Mazarin, when he looked up at the sound of the opening door and saw the dean's glowering countenance.

Instantly the color rushed to his round face, and the point of his tongue was caught between his front teeth. This with him was the evidence of

excessive embarrassment. In his new clothes with the short coat—he was dressing now like his colleagues—he had all the look of a guilty schoolboy caught by his master in some mischief, instead of the appearance of a dignified university instructor discharging his bounden duty. The class saw and smiled.

"Don't let me disturb you, Mr. Elwood," said the dean in such a disagreeably sarcastic tone that Elwood's color deepened. He forgot the reference he was looking for, and turned over the pages aimlessly. The magic bond of sympathy between him and his class had snapped.

Miss Pritchard saw and sighed. She longed to step into the breach, but her weakness in historical points made her hesitate to rush all unarmed to his defense.

"I might ball him up more by asking a fool question," she thought. She created a little flutter by rising and asking if a window might be opened. A boy rose to gratify her, and the noise and distracted attention helped Elwood. He was on the point of pulling himself together and reading something, no matter what, when there was an ominous rustle of a silk gown and a vindictive shake of a tassel on a mortar board, and the dean rose.

"I wish to say," he said, without a glance at Elwood or in any way recognizing that it was Elwood's class he was addressing—"I wish to say that attendance at this class is no longer compulsory. The Greek or English history course may be substituted. Those who desire to make the change may do so at once."

The dean glanced over the class. No one stirred. They sat spellbound by a shocked surprise that was absolute. The dean had so far forgotten himself and the common amenities of authority as deliberately to insult an instructor in the presence of his class. Whatever their training, their sex, their religion, their feeling towards Elwood, they had all a sense of fair play.

Elwood stood, his face without a particle of color, his lips shut firmly, his eyes unnaturally large. It was the Elwood of the photograph. The insult had made things clearer to him. He saw the class then for the first time, eighty strong, and solidly with him and for him. His fair head went up and his boyish shoulders back. He was ready for his opportunity.

"Are there any who wish to go?" he said.

The ticking of the clock was the only sound that followed the question.

"With your permission, I will go on with my subject"—his eyes met the dean's squarely. There was no triumph in his perfectly modulated tone nor in his direct gaze, but the dean and the class were aware of a subtle accusation in the voice and the glance.

The dean bowed blackly and rustled out.

The lecture proceeded. It was very good. Miss Pritchard waited afterwards, as usual, to speak to him, but she did not have a tête-à-tête for quite ten minutes. There were others who waited to ask questions and demand references.

"I congratulate you," she said, when her turn finally came. "The dean made a grand mistake, and I guess he's found it out. What sort of a bee stung him at that particular moment I don't know. He's a quick tempered man, and all the degrees from Heidelberg or Salamanca won't keep a quick tempered man from doing a crazy thing once in a while. Maybe it's a good thing he acted up the way he did. It's sort of brought you and the class around. You've got 'em now, and you can keep 'em, the whole outfit, as we used to say in Flag Butte. And the dean's a just man. It will take him some time to forgive you; we always do find it hard to forgive a person we've been mean to, if you'll notice. But he'll come around; he'll have to."

The dean was a just man. He wrote a reply to Elwood's letter of resignation, asking the little instructor to remain, and assuring him of his support. He also kept away from Elwood's classes. This was the main thing.

Two months after the episode, he observed casually to the head of the department:

"Elwood is doing good work, I hear; I haven't been in lately to see any of it."

"Pretty fit, he is," said the head.

nodding; "class crowded all the time; solid work, too—no clap trap."

"Yes," said the dean complacently; "I felt he was a fairly safe risk. His recommendations were good, and then I liked his head—capital shape, and a determined expression. Altogether, I was sure he would carry his own."

The Ounce of Prevention.

BY JOHN H. GIRDNER, M. D.

THE TREND OF MODERN MEDICAL STUDY AND PRACTICE IS NOT SO MUCH TO CURE DISEASES AS TO RENDER PEOPLE IMMUNE TO THEM BY ENFORCING THE LAWS OF HEALTH.

A RETIRED naval officer was describing to some friends his sensations on an occasion when he had been badly wounded in action on land and left for dead by his companions. He added that for once in his life he tried to say his prayers, but the pain and weakness caused by his wound, and the noise and confusion of the battle raging round him, made it impossible.

"Captain," interposed one of his auditors, "I make it a rule of my life always to say my prayers before I get into trouble."

The difference between the ideas which controlled the study and practice of medicine in the years gone by, and those which control them today, is suggested in that incident. In former times the dominant thought and aim of the physician was to cure his patient by the use of drugs, bleeding, leeches, cups, and the like, *after the disease was established*. The physician of a century or two ago, and even down to a much later period, troubled himself little about the origin or prevention of disease, either in theory or practice; and, worst of all, he paid scant attention to the general physical condition of his patient. He had a hard and fast system for treating the diseases he could diagnose, and also those which he could not diagnose, and each patient had to bow to that system, though many bowed never to rise again. If we may use such an expression, he treated from the outside; he declined to take Nature into partnership with him, and diligently and humbly to study her methods, not only of curing disease, but of producing it.

For instance, every patient suffering from pneumonia had to be bled from the arm. This was routine practice. It did not matter whether the patient was of a plethoric habit, florid and full blooded, or whether he was pale and anæmic; whether the heart's action was strong and the pulse bounding, or whether the heart was weak with a feeble, irregular pulse; if he had pneumonia the system of treatment called for bleeding, and bled he was, sometimes repeatedly.

HOW PNEUMONIA IS TREATED.

Investigation has taught us that pneumonia is an inflammation of the lung caused by a specific infection. Like all acute infectious diseases, it is self limited; that is, the disease will run its course and the lung will get well in a fortnight or so, if the patient can be kept alive during that time. There is no known method by which the inflammation of the lung can be stopped, and the physician should not direct his efforts to that end. The modern physician takes stock of the sufferer's vitality, and by judiciously husbanding the patient's strength, with a proper use of nourishment and stimulants, he aids nature to keep the man alive until the disease has passed through its various stages and the poison has exhausted itself.

In typhoid and other fevers the temperature of the body is kept continuously above the normal by the presence of toxines of one kind or another in the

blood. The old practice was not to allow the patient to have a drop of water to drink. This was not only refined torture, but we now know that such treatment was actually detrimental to recovery. In the modern treatment of these fevers the patients are not only encouraged to drink all the water they want, but when the temperature reaches a height which is immediately dangerous, water is applied externally in the form of wet pack, and even of the bath itself. The application of this simple, common sense method, which we find in nature, of putting cold water on a body that is too hot, could not be applied in the treatment of fevers with safety and justification until the illusions and ignorance of the fathers were dispelled by thorough investigation into the causes and nature of these diseases, and of the physiologic production and distribution of the bodily heat in health and disease.

THE ADVANCE IN ABDOMINAL SURGERY.

So recently as twenty five years ago no surgeon would have dared to open the abdominal cavity in order to close and disinfect wounds of the intestine or other internal viscera. The former treatment of patients suffering from gunshot or other wounds in this region was to administer sufficient opium to allay the pain, and allow them to die in peace.

Opening the abdominal cavity is now a safe and commonplace procedure. It is done every day for the mere purpose of exploration; that is, to aid the surgeon in making a correct diagnosis of obscure conditions in that region of the body. The change in the science and practice of surgery in this particular field has been so radical within the last quarter of a century that, when there is no contra indication, the surgeon failing to perform laparotomy in cases of disease or injury of the abdominal cavity would render himself liable to successful prosecution for malpractice.

These are a few illustrations selected at random to show radical changes which have taken place throughout the entire domain of medicine and surgery in comparatively recent years. These new methods are not mere fashions nor "passing fads," as is sometimes charged by the laity. They are based on scientific experiment and investigation. They are the outcome and application of our latest knowledge of nature's secrets and laws as applied to the human body, its growth, development, degeneration, and disease.

In this contrast any intent to reflect unfavorably on the skill and knowledge of the physicians of the past is disclaimed. The medical profession in all ages of which we have any knowledge has constituted a noble band of unselfish workers; always living up to the light they had, just as we are doing now. And when the medicine and surgery of a hundred years hence is compared with that of today, we shall be fortunate, indeed, if we appear in as good a light as do our ancestors of the last century.

The science of medicine may be justly compared to a great structure which is ever in process of erection, but is never completed. Each generation takes up the labor where the last generation left off and adds its quota to the work before passing from the stage of life. It is manifest, then, that those long since dead, who did the rough and crude work of hewing and digging the foundations of this great structure, are no less entitled to the thanks and gratitude of mankind than those of today, who find a higher class of labor assigned to them.

We are often twitted with discovering new diseases. One not infrequently hears it said, especially by old people, that when they were young there was, for instance, no such disease as appendicitis; and some of them really seem to believe that modern physicians are somehow responsible for the frequency of this so called "fashionable disease." The truth is that there is no more appendicitis now than there ever was. The disease has not changed either in character or in frequency, only the name has been changed to express more accurately conditions and changes which modern research has shown to take place through this particular malady.

NOT HOW TO CURE BUT HOW TO PREVENT.

The study of the science of medicine, using that term in its broadest sense, differs from the study of most other sci-

ences, in that it is pursued for two distinct reasons, namely, for the sake of knowledge as such, and for the practical application of the results obtained for the prevention and cure of disease, to the end that human suffering may be relieved.

There was never a time in the history of medicine when the trend of experiments and researches going on the world over was so much directed to the "study of origins" as at present. Modern medicine is no longer satisfied to contemplate the wreckage of disease and feel that its whole duty has been performed when it has applied such curative means as it can command to the arrest of destructive processes. It wants to know *why* these destructive processes exist, and it is earnestly hunting out the causes which brought about the first deviations from health in such and such a disease.

Not so much how to cure, but how to prevent and render immune, is the slogan of modern medicine, and the knowledge thus obtained finds its quick and practical application in preventive medicine. We are fast learning that it is better to make our physical repentance and prayers before we get into trouble than to wait until the trouble has arrived. Much of what has been called curative medicine is being swallowed up in preventive medicine.

It must not be supposed, however, that in this new era the internal administration of drugs is to cease. But the belief that, without regard to other considerations, the drug store is to furnish a panacea for every ill must be destroyed. The character of the substances which we now administer most frequently, and the sources from which they are derived, differ from those of the last century. There is, for instance, the seemingly endless list of coal tar products. Many of these when taken internally are found to have a most pronounced effect, especially on the nervous and circulatory systems, and are extensively used with the best results in treating some of the most common diseases. This class of drugs was, of course, unknown until a few years ago.

New and greatly improved methods of obtaining old "stand by" drugs, and of preparing them so as to be more readily assimilated by the human system, have greatly increased their usefulness. Iron, for instance, which is such a very important ingredient of the blood, has been heretofore obtained for medical purposes by the action of acids on nails, tacks, and particles of iron wire. Iron is also necessary to vegetable life, and it is found in greater or smaller quantities in all plants. We are now beginning to find out that iron in the form in which nature has deposited it in vegetables and plants is far better suited for therapeutic purposes than when it is obtained by the chemical action of acids on the pure metal. An iron extracted from lentils and from spinach is replacing the old form in certain cases requiring the drug.

THE WAR OF VITALITY AND BACTERIA.

If a small quantity of the bacteria which cause putrefaction be added to blood freshly drawn from a living animal, decomposition will rapidly take place, and the number of bacteria will be enormously increased. This will take place even though the vessel containing the blood be so arranged as to keep it at the same temperature of the animal from which it was drawn. But if some of the bacteria of putrefaction be injected into the blood of a living animal, no putrefactive changes occur, and the germs which were thus injected soon disappear entirely from the animal's blood. This is because the blood in the living animal has in it that impalpable something which we call vitality, and the presence of this force in the blood corpuscles results in the destruction of the germs; while the blood in the vessel outside the body has not this vitality, and can offer no resistance to the rapid growth of new colonies of the bacteria of putrefaction.

The experiment just described illustrates in a general way what happens when an individual is attacked by any of the diseases which depend for their existence on the presence in the body of a specific germ. In the evolution of medical science we have reached a point where we know certainly that many of the most common diseases to which human flesh is heir are caused by germ

putrefaction of one kind or another. These various disease germs are the perpetual foes of human life. When any one of them attacks an individual, it is in all essentials a declaration of war between his vitality on the one side and the vitality of the attacking germs on the other. And the important question in every given case is, which side can hold out the longer?

The modern physician comes into this contest to aid Nature in her struggle. He comes as the commander in chief of all the forces his patient possesses. He taxes his skill and knowledge and experience in marshaling and properly using the powers which already exist in this human fort, and he calls to his aid reinforcements from without in the form of drugs, medicines, stimulants, and nourishment.

It is apparent from this that the physician of today cannot have a hard and fast rule or system for treating all cases even of the same malady. In these struggles with disease, where the life of his patient is the stake, he is like a general who commands soldiers; each battle must be fought out differently, and he must be ever ready to change his plans and methods to meet new conditions as they arise in each particular case. Herein lies one of the chief reasons why the taking of quack medicines by the laity is not only useless, but positively dangerous. If one of these advertised remedies should prove beneficial in one case, that is no guarantee that it will prove so in another case even of the same affection, and the chances are largely in favor of its being actually harmful.

IMMUNITY FROM DISEASE.

The power of the individual to overcome or throw off the germs of any disease with which he may become infected is called immunity, and it differs greatly in different individuals. We often hear it said of a person that he or she "catches every disease that comes along." And of another, that he is "never sick." Immunity from diseases is of two kinds: natural or inherited, and acquired. For instance, some persons spend their lives in a district where yellow fever prevails every year, and where they are exposed to the infection, yet they never contract the disease. Such people are natural immunes. Others acquire immunity by having an attack of the disease from which they recover, for it is well known that yellow fever rarely attacks the same individual a second time. In fact, nearly all the infectious diseases, such as measles, whooping cough, and scarlet fever, like yellow fever, leave the system of the individual who recovers from them forever immune, or free from the danger of a second attack; or in the few instances where there is a second attack of any of them, it is generally of a mild or modified character.

It must not be forgotten that this artificial or acquired immunity, of which we have just spoken, is obtained only by passing through all the stages of an attack of these several infectious diseases. Not only is the constitution of the individual often permanently impaired as a result, but life itself is always placed in jeopardy. Modern medicine is trying to discover a means, as by inoculations, vaccinations, and the like, which will render children as well as adults immune to the infection of any or all of these contagious diseases, and which will not at the same time impair health or endanger life. In other words, it is the hope of modern medicine to secure to the individual this same acquired immunity from contagious diseases which nature sometimes secures to him, but without endangering his life to obtain it. While it is true that comparatively little of a practical nature has been accomplished in this direction, there is yet every reason to hope for the greatest benefits.

The discovery made by Dr. Jenner, in 1768, of the protection afforded against smallpox by vaccination with the lymph taken from the vesicles of cowpox, was largely in the nature of an accident; but its adoption throughout the world has practically stamped out smallpox. Before this discovery the annual number of deaths from smallpox, in the British islands alone, was thirty thousand. Since their population has been rendered immune by vaccination with this protective virus, smallpox occurs so seldom that it is scarcely worth noticing.

The point of special interest in this connection is that the very fact that a virus has been found which renders the system immune to the infection of smallpox is excellent evidence that it is possible to obtain other lymphs which will establish immunity against other infectious diseases. We say it is excellent evidence, because from what we know of Nature's methods it is certain that order and system prevail throughout her kingdom. She does not do things in singles, but in series, and it is almost unreasonable to suppose that smallpox is the only disease in which it is possible to obtain an immunizing virus.

THE TREND OF MEDICAL INVESTIGATION.

It was hoped and believed, a few years ago, that the serum taken from the blood of a horse, which had been injected repeatedly with the virus of diphtheria, would cure a person suffering from diphtheria if injected under the patient's skin early enough in the attack. It was also believed that if this antitoxine was injected into a healthy person, it would render that person immune to the germs of diphtheria, just as vaccination with cowpox renders him immune to smallpox. This antitoxine treatment of diphtheria has not proved entirely satisfactory, either as a curative or preventive remedy; it is still under judgment. But if it is finally found not to be the remedy sought for, and has to be discarded, the mere fact that it was brought forward shows the trend of the medical investigations of these times, and strengthens the hope that the real immunizing agent sought for in this and other diseases may yet be found. It is not at all unlikely that before the close of the new century physicians and health authorities will be as careful to see that the public is properly injected or vaccinated to protect them against measles, scarlet fever, yellow fever, and other infectious diseases, as they now are to see that the people generally are protected by vaccination from smallpox.

In the evolution of medical science there is another field which is beginning to attract considerable attention, and which has been heretofore almost entirely neglected. I refer to the study of the effect of weather conditions on the physical well being. I am not speaking of climate, but of the effects of changes in the weather on both the sick and the well. Many persons, especially after middle life, can predict changes in the weather twenty four hours ahead by simply consulting their own feelings and sensations. They are living barometers. And every practising physician of experience, in making his daily rounds among the sick, has observed the beneficial effect on his patients of a change from what we call bad to good weather. We have practically no facts or exact information at all to explain these phenomena, and we know nothing of how much or how little weather conditions may affect persons suffering from this or that disease.

Some recent experiments made in France on the varying "electrical conditions" of the atmosphere, and their effects on certain diseased conditions, are, to say the least, most interesting. And the physician of a hundred years hence may find it as important to observe and correct the electrical condition of his patient, and of the room which he occupies, as to see that he and his dwelling are kept at a proper temperature.

MAKE HOLIDAY, MY HEART.

MAKE holiday, my heart! My wiser self
In some strange fashion seems to stand apart,
Half sympathizing and half pitying,
Yet with no will to stay the song you sing—
Make holiday, my heart!

Make holiday, my heart! Who has forgot
Old wounds that yesterday could burn and smart—
Wounds that a night may tear anew, but yet
Shall I remember now that you forget?
Make holiday, my heart!

Theodosia Garrison.

Royal Marriages That Failed.

BY STEWART C. GRANT.

THE MARRIAGES OF PRINCES AND PRINCESSES, WHICH ARE GENERALLY ARRANGED FOR REASONS OF STATE, HAVE VERY FREQUENTLY PROVED NOT TO HAVE BEEN MADE IN HEAVEN.

LOVE rarely plays any part in the matrimonial alliances of reigning families. Dynastic considerations force their members to wed, even when they desire to remain single, and political considerations limit their choice—if they have any choice at all. With a very few exceptions, such marriages are not of the kind that are popularly described as "made in heaven."

Occasionally these *mariages de convenance politique*, as they are described in diplomatic phraseology, turn out fortunately, and unions in which Cupid has been conspicuous by his absence in their earlier stages have developed, later, into ties of the most affectionate character. A notable instance of this was the marriage of the late King Humbert of Italy. But there are likewise many loveless matches that result in estrangement and separation.

Long is the list of the European queens, empresses, and princesses of the blood who for one reason or another have been constrained to live apart from their husbands. Not long ago the roster received a notable addition in the person of the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, who, after being pointedly careful, during the past two years, to avoid being anywhere near her husband, lately obtained a legal separation from him. Henceforth she will make her regular home at Madrid, the laws and etiquette of the reigning dynasty to which she belongs requiring that Spanish princesses who have been parted from their husbands should take up their abode in the Castilian capital, to be under the sheltering wings of the sovereign, or the regent.

The domestic misfortunes of the Infanta Eulalia are of particular interest to the American people because she is one of the four ladies of royal rank who have visited the United States, the other three being the late Empress of Brazil; Princess Theresa of Bavaria, eldest daughter of the regent of Bavaria; and Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, the fourth daughter of the late Queen Victoria. Princess Aribert of Anhalt, who spent a couple of weeks at Washington last summer, cannot, strictly speaking, be regarded as a royal lady, seeing that she is not entitled to the predicate of "royal highness," but merely of "highness." She was recently divorced from her uncongenial husband, and has resumed her maiden name of Princess Louise of Schleswig Holstein.

THE SAD STORY OF EULALIA.

The Infanta Eulalia represented the Spanish crown at the festivities organized by the United States in connection with the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. Those who met her on that occasion were able to draw their own conclusions concerning the contrast between the high spirited, brilliant, and in many ways fascinating princess, and her husband, Don Antonio, a poor creature mentally as well as physically. It was impossible to believe that the infanta could regard her husband with any other sentiment but that of contemptuous pity.

The infanta had always been the favorite sister of the late King Alfonso, and the most popular princess of the reigning family at Madrid, and when the announcement was made that a marriage had been arranged for her with her first cousin, Don Antonio—who was the only son of Queen Isabella's younger sister, the late Duchess of Montpensier

—a good deal of popular feeling was manifested. The Madrileños made her the object of an extraordinary ovation at one of the Sunday bull fights, not intending to convey their congratulations on her engagement, but to express their sympathy at her being forced into such a loveless match.

THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN, WHO REPRESENTED THE SPANISH CROWN AT THE CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR, AND WHO RECENTLY SEPARATED FROM HER HUSBAND, PRINCE ANTONIO OF ORLEANS.

From a photograph by Bassano, London.

It was known that the marriage had been arranged partly in the hope of preventing the old Duke of Montpensier from continuing his detestable intrigues against the Spanish throne, and partly for the purpose of cutting short a little romance in which the princess figured as the heroine, while the hero was reported to be a good looking young foreign diplomat, who was suddenly transferred from Madrid to another capital at the request of King Alfonso. This had the effect of rendering her specially interesting in the eyes of her countrymen. Their objections to the marriage were still further increased by the avarice

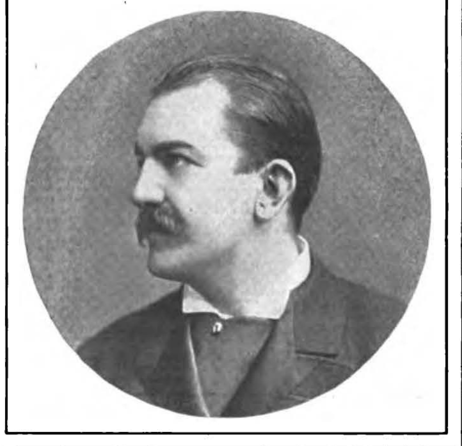
displayed by the Duke of Montpensier in the matter of settlements and wedding gifts, the old gentleman declining even to pay for the bridal veil of his daughter in law until judgment had been obtained against him for the amount. Don Antonio is the brother of the Countess of Paris, who is as masculine in her ways, speech, and appearance as her brother is effeminate.

QUEEN ISABELLA II OF SPAIN, WHO HAS BEEN SEPARATED FOR MORE THAN THIRTY YEARS FROM HER KING CONSORT, FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

From a photograph by Byrne, Richmond.

Eulalia is by no means the only member of her family whose marriage has proved an utter failure. Her mother, old Queen Isabella, has been separated for more than thirty years from her king consort, Francis of Assisi. Born as a Spanish prince of the blood, King Francis is so diminutive in stature, and afflicted with such a childish treble voice, that it is easy to understand the meaning of the queen's remark that when she married she had expected to find a man, but had been disappointed to discover herself mated to an infant—Spanish term for a prince.

Queen Isabella's sister in law, the late Infanta Isabella, who died two or three years ago, had been separated for at least two decades from the Polish nobleman, Count Gurowski, whom she had married after a most sensational and romantic elopement, accomplished in the true old fashioned manner by means of rope ladders and post chaises. Small blame could be ascribed to the count for abandoning her. Her vagaries



QUEEN NATALIE AND THE LATE KING MILAN OF SERVIA, WHOSE DIVORCE WAS DECREED AND ANNULLED SEVERAL TIMES, AND WHO LIVED APART FOR MANY YEARS.

From photographs by Brogi, Florence, and Löwy, Vienna.

PRINCE ARIBERT OF ANHALT, WHO RECENTLY SECURED A DIVORCE FROM HIS WIFE.

From a photograph by Schaarwachter, Berlin.

were such that it is charitable to presume that she was mentally unbalanced, and she remains on record as the only member of the royal and historic house of Bourbon who was buried without any religious services whatsoever, her obsequies being of the character known as "civil."

MILAN AND NATALIE OF SERVIA.

Few people knew the exact relation between Queen Natalie of Servia and her husband, the late King Milan. Their divorce was pronounced and annuled so many times that it became difficult to say whether her Servian majesty was a divorcée or not. There is no doubt, however, as to her having been separated from her consort, and in the early part of last year she issued an official notification that under no circumstances whatsoever would she consent to any reconciliation—a determination which it is not difficult to understand.

Probably no other crowned head in the present century has ever been subjected to such shameful treatment by her husband. The latter forced her, by his flagrant profligacy while still on the throne, to leave Belgrade and seek refuge abroad. Thereupon he invoked the services of the German police to remove her son Alexander from her by force, this high handed outrage being attended by circumstances of much brutality. He then proceeded to exile her from Servia, and forced the complaisant metropolitan of the national church of Servia to decree the dissolution of her marriage, at the same time depriving her of the title of queen, and of all royal attributes. These were, however, restored to her by her son when he attained his majority, and assumed the reins of power as King of Servia in the place of his father, who had meanwhile been forced to abdicate. The divorce was then annulled on the score of illegality, but on Milan regaining influence over the young king, the annulment of the di-

PRINCESS LOUISE OF SCHLESWIG HOLSTEIN, THE DIVORCED WIFE OF PRINCE ARIBERT OF ANHALT.

From a photograph by Schaarwachter, Berlin.

vorce was repealed, only to be proclaimed afresh later on.

It is only fair to Milan to add that he never knew what it was to have a home as a boy, and spent his entire youth at French schools and colleges, his mother, Princess Obrenovitch, a woman renowned for her beauty, having deserted her husband in order to take up her abode with Prince Couza, the last Hospodar, or ruler of Roumania, before the accession of King Charles to the Roumanian throne. Prince Couza himself was a married man, and lived apart from his wife, who was a lady of inexhaustible charity—as was strikingly shown when, at the death of the rival who had wrecked her domestic happiness, she adopted the latter's motherless children, and brought them up as her own.

COUNTESS TASSILO FESTETICS OF TOLNA, WHOSE MAIDEN NAME WAS LADY MARY HAMILTON, AND WHO WAS FORMERLY THE WIFE OF PRINCE ALBERT OF MONACO.

From a photograph by Koller, Budapest.

THE PRINCE OF MONACO AND HIS CONSORTS.

The reigning Prince of Monaco has been another center of matrimonial complications. His first wife is still living, her marriage to the ruler of the famous little principality having been annulled by the Vatican, though the papal decree simultaneously pronounced that her son was in every sense of the word legitimate. Princess Mary, whose mother was a princess of the reigning house of Baden, and whose father was the English Duke of Hamilton, was forced by her kinsman and guardian, the late Emperor Napoleon, to give her hand in marriage to Albert of Monaco. The latter showed himself a singularly neglectful and unkind husband, and her life at Monte Carlo became so intolerable that she took to flight, carrying her infant child with her. She sought refuge at Florence, where the Italian police, acting on behalf of the prince, made a sensational attempt to take the boy away from her. The plot was frustrated by the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, who took mother and infant under her protection and defied the Italian authorities to cross the threshold of her residence. Today Princess Mary is the wife of

PRINCESS ALBERT OF MONACO, THE PRINCE'S SECOND WIFE, DAUGHTER OF A NEW ORLEANS BANKER.

From a photograph by Blanc, Monte Carlo.

PRINCE ALBERT OF MONACO, WHO HAS MARRIED TWO WIVES AND SEPARATED FROM BOTH.

From a photograph by Blanc, Monte Carlo.

Count Tassilo Festetics of Tolna, one of the magnates of the Austro Hungarian Empire, and occupies an excellent position at the court of Vienna. Prince Albert married again, the next Princess of Monaco being an American girl, a daughter of the New Orleans banker Michael Heine. His second matrimonial venture, however, turned out as unfortunately as the first; for a judicial separation has recently been arranged between the prince and the princess, each having many charges against the other.

IN RUSSIA AND IN GERMANY.

All the younger married couples of the imperial family of Russia are living happily together. But the white haired widow of the late Grand Duke Constantine, grand uncle of the present Czar, spent the greater part of her life apart from her husband, one of the most brilliant and accomplished men of his day. It was solely owing to the influence of his brother, the Emperor Alexander II, that the scandal of a divorce was averted. Constantine's other brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas, likewise made no pretense of living with his consort, who, forced by his behavior to leave his roof, took up her residence in a convent at Kieff. There she spent the

HÉLÈNE, DUCHESS OF AOSTA, WHO HAS BEEN RECONCILED TO HER HUSBAND AFTER TWICE LEAVING HIM.

remainder of her days, doing penance for his sins. She died last year in the odor of sanctity, and in the garb of a nun, under the name of Mother Anastasia.

The existence of Princess Yourieffska, and the presence at the court of St. Petersburg of the handsome children whom she bore to the Emperor Alexander II, constitute incontrovertible evidence of the fact that he was a husband only in name to the Empress Marie during the last ten years of the latter's life. His sister, the Grand Duchess Marie, made no pretense of living with her husband, the Duke of Leuchtenberg, after the first three or four years of her marriage.

THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA, WHOSE LOVE FOR A WOMAN NOT HIS WIFE DROVE HIM TO RUIN, AND WHO EITHER WAS MURDERED OR COMMITTED SUICIDE.

The reigning houses of Germany have been peculiarly prolific in divorces and separations. One of the princesses of Prussia, Louise by name, is divorced from Prince Alexis of Hesse. She is now a woman of seventy, and makes her home at Wiesbaden. Her brother, Prince Frederick Charles, the celebrated general, to whom belongs the credit of the capture of the French stronghold

COUNT LONYAY, THE YOUNG AUSTRIAN NOBLEMAN WHO IS PRINCESS STEPHANIE'S SECOND HUSBAND.

From a photograph by Brogi, Florence.

PRINCESS STEPHANIE, WIDOW OF CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH, NOW THE WIFE OF COUNT LONYAY.

From a photograph by Turk, Vienna.

ARCHDUKE OTTO OF AUSTRIA, WHO IS IN THE LINE OF SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE OF FRANZ JOSEF.

From a photograph by Koller, Budapest.

of Metz in 1870, spent a considerable portion of his life apart from his wife, who was only dissuaded from obtaining a divorce by the old Emperor William. Since his death she is reported to have contracted a morganatic marriage with her chamberlain, Baron Wangenheim, although there is no mention of it in the current issue of the " Almanach de Gotha."

Prince Albert of Prussia, now regent of Brunswick, spent a singularly unhappy boyhood, owing to the troubles between his parents, which culminated in a sensational divorce. After the dissolution of the marriage, his father contracted a morganatic alliance with a Mlle. de Rauch, by whom he had a number of children, who bear the titles of Counts and Countesses Hohenau. Prince Albert's mother, Princess Marie of the Netherlands, became the wife of one of her gentlemen in waiting, and died about fifteen years ago.

THE SORROWS OF HUMBERT'S SISTER.

The late King of Holland only lived a few years with his first wife, Queen Sophia, one of the intellectual princesses of the reigning house of Württemberg, their union having been in every sense of the word a *mariage de convenance politique*. The same may be said of the match between the late Prince Napoleon and Princess Clothilde, the sister of King Humbert of Italy.

There was no pretense of affection in the latter union, which was contracted solely for the purpose of consolidating the alliance between Italy and France

ARCHDUCHESS OTTO OF AUSTRIA, WHO HAS BEEN TEMPORARILY SEPARATED FROM HER HUSBAND.

From a photograph by Pasquali, Arco.

on the eve of the war with Austria in 1859. The princess only consented to give her hand to Prince Napoleon, who was many years her senior, on the assurance given to her by the Italian prime minister, the celebrated Count Cavour, that the fortunes of the dynasty and of her country were at stake. Her father, King Victor Emmanuel, did not hesitate to deplore the political necessity of the marriage, and was wont to declare that the greatest sacrifice that he had ever made in behalf of his beloved country was the happiness of his favorite daughter.

Princess Clothilde was then, and still remains, the plainest and the most pious lady of royal blood in Europe. Only a month was allowed to elapse between the negotiation of the match and the wedding day, which occurred just two months prior to the bride's sixteenth birthday. Prince Napoleon, who was as irreligious and dissipated as his consort was virtuous, systematically neglected his wife. After the war of 1870, and the overthrow of the French Empire, he effected a legal separation from her which lasted till his death, nearly twenty years afterwards. She now makes her home near Turin, at the château of Montecalieri, where she leads the life of a sister of mercy, devoting her time and her energies to caring for a number of sick and infirm people whom she has gathered beneath her roof.

Her niece, the young Duchess Hélène of Aosta, has twice left her husband, and was persuaded to return to him only by the urgent entreaties of the late King Humbert, and of her own relatives. That the reconciliation is complete, however, is apparent from the fact that she is now the mother of two little boys, the elder of whom is destined to succeed to the throne of Italy in the event of the marriage between the Prince and Princess of Naples remaining childless.

QUEEN ELIZABETH (CARMEN SYLVA) AND KING CHARLES OF RUMANIA, WHO LIVED APART FOR ABOUT TWO YEARS AFTER THEIR DISAGREEMENT OVER THE VACARESCU AFFAIR, BUT HAVE SINCE BECOME RECONCILED.

From a photograph by Mandy, Bucharest.

SOME OTHER ROYAL SCANDALS.

Princess Louise of Belgium, eldest daughter of King Leopold, was forced by the brutality and neglect of her husband, Prince Philip of Coburg, to seek refuge abroad, where, unhappily, she became involved in financial transactions of such an unsavory character that in order to avoid a criminal prosecution

she was consigned to a sanitarium, and judicially declared to be mentally irresponsible. At the same time a decree of legal separation was pronounced on the demand of Prince Philip, the Vatican having refused to dissolve the union.

King Leopold's second daughter is that Princess Stephanie whose domestic unhappiness, after becoming a subject of public gossip throughout the length and breadth of Europe, culminated in the mysterious and tragic death of her husband, the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, at Meyerling. It had been a loveless marriage from the very outset, and the archduke made no secret of the fact that he had merely obeyed orders in asking for the hand of the princess, and that he never would have married her but for dynastic considerations.

There are several other royal couples whose matrimonial differences have from time to time formed the subject of public comment, and who have temporarily parted, like the Duke and Duchess of Aosta, only to be subsequently reconciled through the intervention of their relatives and friends. Among them are the reigning Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Hesse, first cousins, both of them being grandchildren of the late Queen Victoria. Then there are the Archduke and Archduchess Otto of Austria, who are probably destined to ascend the throne, Otto's elder brother, the present heir apparent, having contracted a morganatic marriage, any children born to which are debarred from the succession.

Finally, there are the King and Queen of Rumania, who fell out over the attempt of the latter's maid of honor, Hélène Vacarescu, to inveigle their adopted son, the crown prince, into a marriage. The romantic queen favored the match, her husband violently opposed it, and the quarrel was so warm that they lived apart for some two years. The poet queen, who writes under the pen name of "Carmen Sylva," did not return to Bucharest until after the union of the crown prince to Princess Marie of Great Britain and of Coburg.

FAMOUS HISTORICAL INSTANCES.

Going further back, but still remaining in the nineteenth century, we find the great Napoleon divorcing the Empress Josephine on the ground of her childlessness, and being himself deserted by his second consort, Marie Louise, who lived with her Austrian chamberlain, Count Neipperg, while her husband was a prisoner at St. Helena. Napoleon's brother Louis, King of Holland, endeavored to obtain a divorce from his wife, Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III, but could only secure a legal separation, which lasted till his death.

The state trial in the British House of Lords, by means of which King George IV endeavored to secure a divorce from Queen Caroline, a princess of Brunswick, whom he had been compelled to wed sorely against his inclination, remains on record as one of the most shocking *causes célèbres* of modern times. Queen Victoria's own mother in law, the Duchess of Saxe Coburg Gotha, was divorced by her husband for desertion, after she had appealed in vain to the other German sovereigns for protection against his maltreatment and neglect. The unfortunate duchess subsequently married a young officer, of whom she became so inordinately jealous that, dreading his remarriage, she bequeathed him at her death an annuity conditional on his always keeping her embalmed remains under the roof where he happened to be staying. Several years afterwards his house in Paris was visited by burglars, who stole nothing but the body; and a few days later he received a notification to the effect that it had been laid to rest in the ducal mausoleum at Gotha, but that the reigning family of Coburg would continue to pay the annuity until his death.

This by no means constitutes the sum total of the royal and imperial marriages which, contracted without love, have resulted in unhappiness. There have been many princes and princesses of the blood who possess too keen a sense of pride and dignity to take the public into their confidence concerning the sorrows of their private life. The cases recorded in this article are merely the ones of which no secret has been made, and which have constituted the subject of so much gossip and discussion as to lead to the popular conviction that few, if any, royal marriages are made in heaven.

A MODERN MASQUER.*

BY JOHN OXENHAM.

STORY OF THE CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

IT all began at the Nicaraguan ambassador's garden party, in Vienna. For it was there that Basil Reigne met the Princess Marie.

Wandering slowly in the summer heat, Basil greeted his friends and acquaintances with an unusually preoccupied air. His mind was, in fact, too full of an important piece of business to permit his proper enjoyment of the brilliant function.

For that very morning the chief had sent for him, and had intrusted him with a commission involving great interests, and all the possibilities, unless the matter was most diplomatically handled, of stirring up troublesome international complications.

"Carry the matter through successfully," he had said, "and it will be lost sight of. Find out all you can about that fellow Chakri on the other side, and when the papers arrive, get off as soon as you can learn where he is. From all accounts, he is a difficult bird to catch, and slippery when you've caught him."

As this was the first affair of importance which had been intrusted to him since he came to Vienna, Basil determined to justify the chief's confidence in him. And so he came to the garden party with his head full of the matter, and with a look of most ingenuously undiplomatic concentration on his face.

It was the wonderful old Duchess of Malplaquet who drew him from his reverie, and brought him the first knowledge of his princess.

"Your mother was the most perfectly natural woman I ever met," she told him, "and as brave and sweet as God ever made. I have met only one woman since who satisfies me in the same way that she did."

"Mme. Melita?" he asked, referring to the great singer, her grace's well known favorite.

"No. Adela is good and sweet, but I was not thinking of her. The dear girl I mean is quite young, the loveliest creature in the world, and absolutely as good as she is charming."

"And her name?"

"Ah, here comes her brother in law. You know Count Szarvas?"

Basil instinctively drew himself up a little as he greeted the newcomer. Without, as he said to himself, any valid reason for it, he felt for the count a slight, undefinable antipathy.

Count Szarvas was always most suave and courteous. He made a point of it. Perhaps it was this imperturbable suavity that palled upon the Englishman.

The count had quitted the army, and now occupied himself in various undertakings which kept him traveling from one end of Europe to the other, keeping all his irons hot. The results were apparently satisfactory. He maintained a considerable establishment, entertained largely, and went everywhere. Basil, however, had not yet broken through his insular nimbus of suspicious reserve in his intercourse with him. He had never felt more like doing so than at this moment, when two ladies turned into the path that cleft the rhododendrons, and entered the inclosure.

"Anna," said the count to his wife, "you have met Mr. Reigne. Marie, permit me to introduce to you the Hon. Basil Reigne, of the British embassy."

And Basil Reigne bowed before the most beautiful girl he had ever yet seen, and he had seen many.

"What wonderful, wonderful eyes," he said to himself, "and what an incomparably sweet face!"

Great dark eyes they were, looking out calm and straight from level brows, and the light of a very lovely nature

* *This story began in the January number of* THE PURITAN.

shone through them and illumined all upon whom it dwelt.

When Basil raised his eyes again—for her beauty had intoxicated him—he found the dark eyes laughing up into his own.

A very wonderful hour followed. Basil realized nothing but the dark eyes he was looking into, and the strange fact that this glorious princess was frankly and sweetly admitting him to her friendship. It was some talk of sport that led to an invitation which set Basil's heart leaping like a boy's.

"You should come down to our place, Vilova, between the Balkans and the Rhodopes, and see what we call sport," she told him. "And why shouldn't you? We go there for the shooting early next month; why should you not join us? Adela Melita will be there with her wonderful voice—and the Archduke Franz Johann, as a natural consequence. I think you would enjoy it. Alex"—to her brother in law—"you are to invite Mr. Reigne to join us at Vilova next month. I want to show him what we call sport in this country."

For an imperceptible fraction of a second Count Alex hesitated. Then, with every show of heartiness, he said, "We shall be delighted if you will join us, Mr. Reigne, and we will give you the very best sport the country can offer. Any day after the tenth."

Basil bowed gravely.

"A thousand thanks, count! Subject to the exigencies of business, pray count me of your party."

"You may have better sport than you anticipate," the princess went on. "They say the great Constantine is about."

"A brigand?" asked Basil.

"He is the chief of all the brigands of the Rhodopes. When he is not being chased by the Bulgarian troops, he is being chased by Turkish troops; and he spends the intervals in carrying off fat tax gatherers and rich grandees, and any one and every one out of whom he can squeeze ransom."

The mission on which he was about to start came back into Basil's mind with a rush. He had never given it a thought since Marie Obdanovitch floated into view.

"By the way, count," he said, remembering the chief's instructions to learn all he could before starting about the man he was going to see, "Delsarti says you know everything and everybody; can you give me any information about a certain Chakri Pasha down in Constantinople?"

"Chakri?" said the count, the ends of his mustache smiling up into his eyes. "Well, yes; Chakri and I are very old friends. In fact, we are, I believe, related in some way. Our very distant common ancestor must have been, as you perceive, a distinctly handsome personage, for we are said to be very much alike. If I can be of any service to you, Mr. Reigne, pray command me. It is about the Slivovitza matter you want to see him, I suppose."

"Thanks very much, count. Is Chakri in Constantinople just now, do you know?" asked Basil, without replying to the other's question.

"Ah, *mon ami*, that is beyond me. As a rule, no one ever knows where Chakri is until they have him 'right there,' as the American minister says. But, in any case, Constantinople is the only place where you will pick up his tracks. He holds some post in the foreign department, and fills it admirably, because he is never there, and so is a standing excuse for blocking business.

"He has several estates and numerous establishments," the count went on. "In matters touching his own pocket you will find him as keen as a file, though he will, of course, try to come the indolent Turk over you. As to the oil wells about which those countrymen of yours are making so much trouble, I know all about them, for it was I who introduced them to the English syndicate, and from what I know of the district, I should say they have got hold of a very good thing indeed. What this claim of Chakri's may really amount to, of course I can't say. Chakri is a pretty tough lot, and probably he won't give way without a fight. A reasonable compromise will be your likeliest way through the matter."

Reigne thanked the count, but did not commit himself.

During the days that followed, the young Englishman saw the Princess

Marie on every possible occasion, though it was soon borne in upon him that her brother in law, Count Szarvas, for all his suavity, did not favor this growing friendship. He even took to trick and stratagem to keep the two apart.

Gossip supplied the key to this enmity. The count had a younger brother Rudolf, of dubious reputation, to whom Marie's sweet self and her still sweeter millions were to be duly handed over, thus keeping the great estates in the family. Basil smiled somewhat grimly at this information, but made no comment in words.

The expected documents arrived at length from London, and Basil that same night boarded the seven o'clock express for Buda Pesth, Belgrade, and Constantinople.

He had not seen or heard of the count since a very sudden business call had summoned him away three days before. He was not, however, greatly surprised when, on stepping into the station restaurant at Buda Pesth for supper, the first person he saw was Szarvas himself, seated comfortably at table.

"Hallo, Reigne, *mon ami!*" he cried. "Really en route at last?"

"Really en route at last," said Basil, taking a seat opposite him. "And whither may you be bound, count?"

"I'm just running over to Bourgas again, so I can keep you company nearly all your way—at all events, as far as Tirnova. Then I shall probably slip along to Vilova, to see that everything is in order for the shooting. And you, *mon ami*—have you picked up any traces of Chakri yet?"

Reigne shook his head, and changed the subject. Nevertheless, the count hovered persistently around the object of the young Englishman's journey, and attempted, in a dozen different ways and on a dozen different occasions in the course of the evening, quietly to pump him on the subject.

No matter where he started from, the conversation kept trending towards Chakri and the oil wells, and the disputed strip of territory at Slivovitza, and it became to Reigne a matter of keen enjoyment to scent his adversary's moves from afar, to pretend to drop into the snare, and then quietly to administer a check whenever the position began to show signs of a corner.

Count Alex took his repulses with the greatest good humor, and finally shook hands cordially and went off to his berth for the rest of the night.

Basil Reigne, left to his thoughts in the smoking compartment, finally dozed off—a circumstance that saved his life. For in the dead of night there was a rattling explosion, a smashing of glass, and the berth he was to have occupied was raked from end to end with rifle balls. Basil was inclined to think that the assassins who had lain in wait for the train were after some one else, and had made a mistake in the berth. But in the brief course of his journey, two other serious attempts on his life forced him to admit that there was a mysterious enemy on his track.

At last he reached the region where the great Chakri was to be found, and, directed by a friendly young girl, Anna the assassins who had lain in wait for the Turk's dwelling.

XVI.

THE hills were already darkening with a plum colored bloom as he rode rapidly along towards the west.

The prospect of being overtaken by night before he discovered Chakri's dwelling place was anything but a pleasant one, so he put the mare to her best pace, leaving the choice of ground to herself, and trusting to her sure footedness, while he kept a keen lookout for the big white building which Anna Angelides had told him he could not by any possibility miss.

It was with a distinct feeling of relief that he saw it at last in the distance, standing out sharp and square from the smoother contours of the hills, and silhouetted against a lingering band of orange in the western sky. By daylight, assuredly, it would have been as impossible to miss Teraklia as to overlook a lighthouse on a flat coast on a clear day.

Gaunt, flat, bare, white, and almost windowless—a very barracks of a house—it struck Basil as about the most forbidding and inhospitable dwelling place he had ever come across.

He rode slowly up the rocky road to the plateau, and knocked on a massive wooden gate under an archway. A small panel slid back at last, and a harsh voice uttered some words in Turkish, asking, he supposed, who he was and what the Prophet he wanted.

"I have letters for the pasha," said Basil, in French.

A hand came questioningly through the small square hole, and in it he deposited his letters from Lord Cærleon and Count Szarvas, and his own card, and waited patiently perforce for full five minutes, while the mare, finding the air uncomfortably cool after her rapid course, pawed up the stones and snorted with disgust. Then, slowly, one valve of the great gates swung back, and he rode into the semi darkness of the archway.

It was a tunnel like a railway arch, and was dimly lighted by a couple of flickering lamps of varicolored glass. A black man of massive proportions swung the gate to behind him, and silently adjusted the bars, while his double in equal silence took Basil's horse by the bridle and led him through the tunnel into the great courtyard.

The courtyard was of very great extent, the building inclosing it on all sides, and here on the right was a large and carefully tended garden, with smooth greensward and trees and flowers and fountains, on to which the latticed windows of the residential portion of the house looked out.

Lights glowed in many of the windows, and fell in golden shafts on the shadowy greenery below. Moving forms flitted about behind the lattices, and the scene within the great white barracks, as compared with its outward aspect, was as life is to death.

The groom halted at a trellised gateway leading into the gardens, and, as Basil dismounted, another stately negro issued from an adjacent door, and, with profound salaams, begged his lordship, in quite understandable French, to give himself the pleasure of following him.

Basil followed him into the building, across a wide corridor, up a flight of steps covered with soft matting, and down a long passage, the right hand side of which was the outer wall of the building, through narrow glazed slits in which he caught passing glimpses of the country outside, while on the left hand side they passed a long succession of doors leading into the rooms which looked out on to the quadrangle. The doors were numbered like those of a hotel, and Basil remembered that the building had formerly been either a monastery or a nunnery.

His guide pushed open the door of room number forty, and stood aside for him to enter. It was a spacious apartment, and Basil wondered at the luxurious quarters of the former inmates. Then he saw, from the fact of there being three separate doors opening into the corridor, and three separate windows looking out upon the courtyard, that for the making of this guest chamber three smaller rooms had been knocked into one.

It was plainly but sufficiently furnished, and contained a large wicker lounging chair and several smaller ones, a washstand and a tin bath, an iron bedstead and a very inviting bed to a man who had been a night without one.

"His excellency awaits milord's pleasure," said the black man.

"I will be ready in ten minutes. Can you get me my traveling case?"

"*Voilà*, milord"—as it was handed in at the door. "I will await milord's pleasure without."

"That's all right," said Basil as soon as he was alone. "Now for a wash, and then for his excellency. I hope he'll give me something to eat. I am famished, in spite of Miss Angelides' good luncheon."

When he had groomed himself and felt respectable, he went out into the corridor and found the black awaiting him, with his eye at one of the narrow window slits. The man salaamed and led the way back along the passage, down the stairs, and down the wider corridor on the ground floor, to a cozy room with silken hangings, where a cheery wood fire blazed on an open hearth, and a cheerful little table about two feet high squatted in front of a pile of soft cushions, and invited him to sit and eat.

He folded up his long legs, and composed himself on the cushions as artistically as he could manage it, and his

own special black served him with a succession of dainty dishes, into the composition of which his mountain bred appetite would not give him time to inquire, but which he devoured in faith and found to be very good. For drink he had a flask of very excellent Chianti, and he devoutly thanked his stars that they had consigned him to the hands of a man of the world, and not to the tender mercies of a straitlaced Mussulman.

His repast over, the black man stood bowing before him, and indicated his readiness to conduct him to his master.

"That's all right," said Basil to himself once more, as he uncoiled his stiffened legs. "Now I feel fit for the fray. Lead on—Othello."

XVII.

It was not a long journey this time. Drawing aside one of the silken hangings, the black opened a door in the wall and bowed him through, and he found himself in the presence of his host.

This room also was heavily draped with silken curtains. It was softly lighted with dim, varicolored lamps pendent from the roof, and the furniture seemed to consist entirely of piles of silken cushions. In the center of one such pile lazily reclined the master of the establishment.

He bowed graciously to his guest, welcomed him in a few courteous words, and waved him to an adjacent heap of cushions. On these Basil essayed to dispose himself comfortably, and only succeeded in making himself feel ridiculous and immediately at a disadvantage from the awkwardness of his unusual attitude. The room was thick with smoke and heavy with the scent of burning pastilles, and through the partly opened lattice Basil heard the spasmodic splash of the fountains on the stillness outside.

After all he had heard concerning him, he looked curiously at Chakri, but the light was so dim and the smoke so thick that it was not very much that he could see.

As far as he could make out, the pasha seemed a man of about forty, with a somewhat swarthy complexion, though that might be only the effect of the cross lights and shadows in which he sat. His head was covered with a turban of many folds of white gauze swathed round a red fez. His beard was dark and pointed, and his mustache ran down into it.

His eyelids drooped as though he were half asleep or short sighted, but, as Reigne soon found, there was not much sleep about them, and they could be keen and sharp enough on occasion. He spoke in French, in a slow, pedantic fashion which might arise from the diffidence of speaking a foreign tongue, and an extreme desire to speak it correctly, but which seemed to Basil artificial and assumed. With all an Englishman's dislike of humbug, he found himself disapproving of his host and confessed himself somewhat disappointed.

"I am charmed to have the pleasure of a visit from you, M. Reigne," said the pasha. "I had the honor of meeting your father many years ago, before you were in the service, I imagine. Is he still alive?"

"Alive and well, I am glad to say, your excellency, though he has suffered a severe blow lately in the loss of my three brothers, all within a year. I wonder he survived it."

"That was very sad," murmured Chakri. "And you are the last one left?"

"Yes, I am the last."

"It behooves you then to be careful. To him, at all events, much hangs upon you."

Here a noiseless attendant brought in coffee and cigars and cigarettes, a newly opened a box of each of which he arranged, along with the coffee, on a low table which he placed by Basil's side.

"I am sorry to have put you to the inconvenience of such a long ride, M. Reigne. How did you manage to find a mount?" asked the pasha, when the attendant had withdrawn.

"Mlle. Angelides at Yenideli was good enough to assist me in that respect, your excellency."

"Ah, *la belle* An-na!" said the pasha, with a gleaming smile. "And her father?"

"He was away in the country."

"*A la bonne heure*," beamed Chakri again, finding something amusing in the situation which was hidden from Basil. "And you found your way without difficulty?"

"I found my way, but I can't say without difficulty. I nearly came to loggerheads with some of your countrymen at the half way village, or perhaps I should say they wanted to come to loggerheads with me."

"Ah, how was that? And which village?"

"Well, the only one I saw by the road I came—a village between two ridges with a brook between. My horse cast a shoe, and I found an old soldier smith who put it on. Then a mob came thirsting for my blood. I can't imagine why, as I had not even reached the village itself. The ringleader seemed to be a man whom I think I have met before."

"And had some dispute with, perhaps?"

"Well, yes, you might put it that way. I was rowing on the Bosporus with the Ladies Elaine and Enid Cærleon——"

"Ah! The very charming demoiselles Cærleon!" murmured Chakri again, in a tone of retrospective enjoyment.

—"When this man and another ran us down and sank our boat and nearly drowned us. I managed to tumble the fellows out of their boat, and bashed in this one's face. I thought I had done for him, but apparently I did not hit hard enough, for he turned up today very much alive, and apparently very anxious to make an end of me."

"They are very fanatical, once their race prejudices or religious feelings are aroused. I will have the matter inquired into, and will have them punished."

"Punish the rascal who tried to shoot me by all means, if you can find him. The rest only did his bidding."

"They roasted a Jew alive there last week," said Chakri contemplatively, "but I have no doubt he thoroughly deserved it."

"They seem a nice, quiet set of people," said Basil.

"Oh, they are all right, except now and then, when something upsets them. Then they go a little crazy. You will have to return some other way or they may make things hot for you."

"Yes, I want to get across the hills to Vilova."

"Ah, Vilova!"

"Yes, to Count Szarvas' place. He has a shooting party there and asked me to join it."

"You know the count, then, M. Reigne? But, of course, you brought me a letter from him. And the Countess Anna—you have met her also?"

"Yes; I have had the pleasure of meeting both the countess and her sister, the Princess Marie——"

"Ah! *La belle, belle* Marie! And is the princess as beautiful as ever?"

"I have not known her long enough to say, your excellency, but she is certainly very charming."

"She is certainly very, very charming," said Chakri, in a slow, rapturous voice, "and so very, very rich. It is rare that one finds two such noble qualities so perfectly combined. And *la belle princesse* is still unmarried?"

"So far as I know, your excellency."

"*Tiens!* It is curious," mused the pasha. "I have often thought that but for my many other engagements I would make an approach in that quarter myself."

Reigne's toes tingled, and he blew out a cloud of smoke.

"And now," said Chakri, after they had cleared the ground, taken stock of each other, and measured swords, so to speak, "to what am I indebted for the pleasure of your visit, M. Reigne? In what way can I be of service to you?"

"I have come to settle this Slivovitza matter with your excellency, once for all," replied Reigne, with a slight emphasis on the "settle" which caused a smile to flicker round his excellency's mustache.

"Ah! Slivovitza? Sli-vo-vit-za? Let me see"—with the air of one carrying so many weighty burdens that reference in special to any one of them needed time and consideration to place it exactly. "So you've come to settle the Slivovitza matter?"

"Yes, I have come to settle it."

"And what is the trouble at Slivovitza, M. Reigne?"

If Basil had been quite free to say just exactly what he thought about the matter, his excellency would have heard some very plain Saxon, which would not have lost much of its force even by translation into French. But in business matters the pleasure of saying just what

one thinks is frequently denied one from feelings of prudence. He remembered the Duchess of Malplaquet's aphorisms and said quietly:

"Well, your excellency, in England when we have bought and paid for a thing, we have a prejudice in favor of receiving what we have paid for. The gentlemen whose interests I am for the moment representing, at the request of the Foreign Office, have bought and paid for this land at Slivovitza. This extraordinary claim of yours to a prior right, and your assertion that the late owners sold what they had no right to sell—well, you know——" and he ended with a highly expressive shrug.

"*Eh bien, mon ami—continuez!*" drawled Chakri, smiling out of his pile of cushions through his half closed eyes.

"Well, your excellency, in a word, it won't do."

"*Eh bien, mon ami—continuez!*" came again from the fragrant cloud of which the pasha was the source and center.

"Well, having already paid for the land, we are of course not going to pay for it again. We shall now enter into possession, and if your people attempt to obstruct us we shall take possession by force."

"*Eh bien, mon ami!* And then?"

"Well, then, your excellency can calculate the result as well as I can."

There came a gleam from the shadowy darkness of the pasha's mouth, and he nodded.

"And you propose, my friend——"

"I am empowered to make an offer, your excellency, which, I am bound to say, looking at the matter in all its aspects, seems to me quite unnecessarily generous. Our friends are quite convinced of the soundness of their rights. Sooner than relinquish them, they are prepared to fight for all they are worth. At the same time they quite recognize the fact that if they are forced to extremes, one or the other government will be bound to step in, and the results may be disastrous all round. They therefore authorize me to offer you, once and for all, the sum of ten thousand pounds in exchange for a full withdrawal of all present and future claims on the property, in the terms of a document which I have here. Sign a provisional acceptance of this offer, and the money will be paid into any bank you name in exchange for the properly executed deed within ten days."

"And suppose I decline this not very tempting offer, M. Reigne?"

"Then we proceed, and your excellency must accept the consequences. We may lose the land; your excellency certainly will. If the attention of the two governments is called to it by the fact of fighting going on there, they will be bound to act; and when governments step in, private interests may suffer. I may even go so far as to say that the Austrian government is in full possession of all the facts of the case, and they have informed us definitely that if we cannot settle the matter amicably, they will settle it themselves by taking possession on their own account. And, candidly, we would sooner sacrifice our interests to the Austrian government than feel that we have been"—"done" he was on the point of saying, and Chakri knew it, and smiled as the Englishman diplomatically switched off into—"deprived of what we consider our rights."

"How very English!" murmured his excellency.

"No doubt," said Reigne, as he caught the gleaming smile through the smoke again, "but, you see, we happen to *be* English, and, anyhow, that is how we feel, and that is what your excellency has got to reckon with."

"And suppose, *mon ami*, I were to tell you that my own title deeds to that very strip of land lie at this present moment in the hands of my bankers at Galata?"

His eyes were like smoldering sparks as he watched Reigne's face. But it was quite unmoved, save for a slight skeptical down curving of the corners of the mouth.

"I should of course listen with all due respect to your excellency's remarks, but they would not alter my opinion as to the exceeding unwisdom of refusing this offer."

His excellency grinned again amusedly, and Reigne would dearly have liked to tell him that the English capitalists roundly asserted that the whole matter was a put up job on his part; they had good reason now to believe that the ven-

dors, from whom they had bought in all good faith, were Chakri's own creatures; and that the wily Turk was simply trying to squeeze out an additional sum for the tract of land for which he had already been handsomely paid.

"Moreover," said the pasha, "I hold that very land under special grant direct from his majesty the sultan."

"The Austrian government might question his majesty's right to give away what does not belong to him."

"Ah, *mon ami*, that is just where we differ."

"Yes, your excellency, and that is just where the whole matter may crack up for all of you."

"As to whether the Slivovitza territory is in Bosnia or Albania, there can be no two opinions," said Chakri coolly; "our maps are quite clear on that point."

"And, pardon me, your excellency, the maps of the Austrian delimitation survey are just as clear to the contrary."

"*Eh bien, mon ami*, maps, like women's minds, were made to be altered."

"Only," said Reigne daringly, "maps once made cannot be altered to suit the ideas of private individuals;" and for the first time the pasha's face darkened into a frown.

But the Englishman lighted another cigar with extreme nonchalance, and showed never a sign of the joy that was in him at having, as he said to himself, landed the pasha one on the nose at last.

Then the wily one started off on another tack, and when Reigne quietly but pointedly showed up the threadbare shabbiness of his arguments, he incontinently spun off on still another, and yet another line, till his opponent began to get very tired of it all.

There was no nailing the slippery diplomat. He turned and twisted and wriggled out of awkward corners in a way that excited Reigne's contemptuous admiration, and came within measurable distance of rousing his feelings into active expression.

He found it at times indeed extremely difficult to keep his temper, and it was only the knowledge of the irrecoverable advantage which his adversary would gain over him if he lost it, that enabled him to sit still. More than once he felt that he would cheerfully give half a year's pay to be able to get up and kick the pasha and his cushions three or four times round the room, and once or twice he was sorely tempted to cast prudence to the winds and do it.

At such times he would veil his feelings behind a cloud of smoke, and mentally use language so undiplomatically scarifying that his excellency's ears would have tingled redder than his fez if he could have heard it. Then he would emerge from his cloud smiling and cheerful, and slog away again at his point like the British bulldog he was.

He was of course very much handicapped by his undiplomatic adherence to facts. Every statement he made could be vouched for by documentary evidence which he had with him. Chakri, on the other hand, calmly and unflinchingly, and without the flicker of an eyelid, did not hesitate to make the most astounding assertions in his own favor, the proofs or disproofs of which lay hundreds of miles away. And when, time after time, Reigne by his documents showed the extreme—to say the least of it—unlikelihood of some of these wild statements, the pasha's only reply was a volley of smoke ejected from his nose, and a gleam of white teeth in the shadow of his dark mustache.

XVIII.

THE hours passed. The consumption of coffee and cigars assumed alarming proportions. Reigne felt that he would loathe the smell of coffee for a month.

In the small hours of the morning, in spite of all his efforts, his patience was in shreds and patches, and he was beginning to feel that he could not stand very much more, when, looking up from the perusal of a document, by means of which he had just flattened out another of his excellency's lies, he thought he caught an amused twinkle in the pasha's eye.

It struck him suddenly that the Turk was having some entertainment at his expense, and the temptation to get up and use him as a football was almost overpowering.

However, he quietly folded up his papers, and said in a tone of finality:

"Very well, your excellency; I have done my utmost according to my instructions to induce you to accept the settlement we suggest. If you have quite made up your mind not to do so, then there is nothing more to be said. We enter into possession, by force, if necessary, and things must take their course. My instructions now are to wire the failure of my mission to the English syndicate, and also to the Foreign Office at Vienna, and that ends the matter so far as I am concerned. Your excellency is undoubtedly the loser."

His excellency leaned back smiling among his cushions, and drawled:

"*Eh bien, mon ami,* have it your own way. If ever they make you ambassador to the Porte I pray Allah I may not be in office. You are a very devil to argue. We will sign the documents in the morning."

"No, now, if it please your excellency. I don't want to have to go over all the ground again."

"Heaven forbid!" said Chakri. "Still, tomorrow——"

"It is tomorrow," said Reigne, looking at his watch. "It is close on three o'clock;" and he slapped down the document for signature on the pasha's table.

His excellency's gleaming smile illuminated his face again as he said:

"You are almost as bad as a German, M. Reigne; only the German would have produced his ultimatum first and gone into his arguments afterwards, and I should have been deprived of a most enjoyable chat."

He clapped his hands, and, obedient to his orders, a sleepy attendant brought in pens and ink, wax, and a lighted taper, and Chakri lazily scrawled his name to the document and affixed his seal.

"It is hardly worth while thinking of going to bed," he said, as he sank back among his cushions after this unusual demand upon his energies; "your conversational powers are so exceptional, my dear M. Reigne, that I would enjoy them a while longer. I do not know when I have passed so pleasant an evening. Now tell me, how is our friend Count Szarvas getting on? It is quite a long time since we have met, and the last time we did not quite hit it off. He was after a concession for some fisheries on the Black Sea, and it was quite impossible to manage it for him. Afterwards his majesty was graciously pleased to grant me the very concession the count had been seeking, and I fear *monsieur le comte* bore me somewhat of a grudge in consequence."

"He spoke very highly of your excellency's business capabilities," said Reigne, with just the wrinkle of a smile behind his cigar.

"Yes, I have no doubt he would. And Rudolf, the younger brother, have you met him?"

"I have not had that—pleasure," said Reigne drily, and his excellency grinned. "What kind of a man is he?"

"Oh, Rudolf is *bon garcon,* somewhat superfluously endowed with animal spirits, and with no means of working them off in decorous Vienna. He is traveling at present, I believe. Asia and the command of a Cossack regiment would be the thing for him, and would give him just the chance he wants. He came to me after one of his numerous escapades. We are very distantly related, I believe, in some way, and I rather enjoyed him. I thought I had heard a rumor of a possible marriage between him and the Princess Marie. Is there any truth in it?"

"I am sure I cannot say. I heard something said about it in Vienna."

"It would be a great match—for Rudolf. Do you know, *mon ami,* that is probably the richest woman in all Europe, and certainly one of the most beautiful. A trifle short tempered, I believe, but what could not one pardon in one who possesses those other qualities in such superabundance?"

He talked on, but Reigne smoked in silence, for the thought of Marie Obdanovitch in thrall to a Rudolf Szarvas, or in fact to any but a Basil Reigne, made his heart sore and wroth.

"But pardon my extreme thoughtlessness, M. Reigne, you are wearied with your journey and with our pleasant little chat."

"It has been a somewhat long day," Basil acknowledged, "and I must confess to feeling somewhat played out. Will your excellency be able to afford me an escort across the hills to Vilova?"

"I must, *mon ami,* if you are bent on

it. The hill country is not safe with that devil Constantine out again. Perhaps you have heard of Constantine, the brigand——"

"Oh, yes, I've heard of him. In fact his grace of Cærleon insisted on providing me with a revolver for Constantine's benefit and such like contingencies."

"I fear one revolver would not be of very much use if Constantine and his gang got hold of you. I must arrange about an escort for you. When do you wish to go on, M. Reigne?"

"Just as soon as suits your convenience, your excellency, if you will pardon my running away."

"My house and all it contains are at your service, *mon ami*, for so long as you choose. But"—with his usual gleaming smile—"no doubt the attractions at Vilova are greater than any I can offer you. Then I will see about the escort tomorrow; that is, as you have reminded me, today. And now, good night, or, rather, good morning! May your sleep be refreshing."

He clapped his hands, and Basil followed the bowing servant to his room overlooking the courtyard, body, brain, and spirit alike tired out.

But when he tried to sleep he found it impossible, and the more he tried the more impossible it became. He was overwrought. His body tossed and turned, but found no rest or refreshment, and his brain went on, in spite of himself, weaving a tangled web of vain imaginings, of hopes and fears and ghastly horrors, till at last he sprang up from his restless couch, flung open the window and lit a cigar, longing in vain for a brandy and soda. The steward in the morning showed him a cabinet in his room well furnished with both soda and liqueurs, and apologized for not pointing it out before, ascribing his oversight, with a smile, to the lateness of the hour at which his lordship retired.

The white moonlight cast long inky shadows of the opposite buildings across the courtyard. Everything was very still. The murmurous plashing of the fountains in the gardens, and the occasional rattle of a chain in the stables, alone broke the silence.

And then he became gradually aware of another faint, distant sound, a regular muffled beat, like the ticking of a heavy clock through a wall. It grew sharper and clearer. It puzzled him. It was coming nearer and growing louder. And then he said to himself, "It is a horse coming up on the other side of the house at a gallop;" and as he said it the sound ceased. He heard the dull thud of the peremptory summons on the massive outer gate, heard the gate swing heavily open, and after a short delay a steaming horse was led by one of the sleepy guards across the courtyard to bury its nose for a second in a drinking trough, and was then led away into the stables.

"Some late messenger—probably despatches for the pasha," thought Reigne, and supposed the matter ended.

But, in another moment, the stable door opened again, and the same man led out two horses, saddled and ready for the road, and walked them slowly up and down. It was evident to Reigne that there had not been time to saddle them. "Must keep 'em always ready," he said to himself.

"T-s-s-t!" hissed sharply from the tunnel of the gateway, and summoned the horses.

Then there was a wild scramble of hoofs as the riders mounted and dashed away, and Reigne heard the double beat die gradually away on the still night air.

"Some one," he said to himself, "is in a deuce of a hurry. I wonder what's the matter."

XIX.

When the obsequious steward ushered in the servants with coffee in the morning, he brought also a letter, which he handed to Basil, and retired with profound salaams.

The letter ran:

My dear M. Reigne:

A sudden summons calls me to Constantinople, and the matter is so urgent that I shall have to deprive myself even of the pleasure of saying farewell to you. Pray, however, consider my house entirely at your service with all that it contains. ("H'm!" said Basil, thinking of the latticed room across the courtyard.) The messenger who brought my despatches brings me word also that a troop of fifty soldiers has been despatched for the purpose of pursuing the brigand Constantine, and will arrive in this neighborhood some time tomorrow.

I have left a letter to the commander of said troop asking him to see you safely across the hills, and I beg of you to avail yourself of this opportunity, as thereby I shall feel relieved of all anxiety on your behalf.

Pray accept my sincerest apologies for this hasty departure, and the assurance of my most perfect consideration. CHAKRI.

There was evidently nothing else to be done. So Basil bathed and fed, and strolled about, and sat on the granite rim of the basin of the fountain nearest to the ladies' quarters, and smoked, and heard himself discussed in piquant musical tones which he could not understand, interspersed with ripples of laughter which are easier of interpretation. He visited the stables and admired the pasha's taste in horseflesh, and found, as he expected, a couple of horses standing in their stalls saddled and bridled and ready for instant use.

Mustapha, the majordomo, begged him not to wander outside the big gates, but declined to give any reasons further than that it was the pasha's wish, and that if anything happened to his lordship it was he, Mustapha, who would be held accountable. He dropped the remark, however, in quite a casual and matter of fact way, as though it were nothing out of the common, "I myself have not been outside the gates for over seven years."

"Good heavens! Not outside the gates for seven years! And why?"

"I had a trouble, milord, with the family of an Albanian who used to be here. They have been waiting for me ever since."

"And do you mean to say they are still waiting for you?"

"They are still waiting, milord," said the man impassively; and the idea occurred to Reigne that possibly the astute pasha utilized the vendetta for the purpose of retaining the perpetual and undivided services of his retainer.

However, as the man was evidently greatly exercised in his mind as to the safety of his master's guest, he promised not to pass the gates, though, as the day wore slowly on, and the time began to hang heavily on his hands, he more than once regretted having given the promise, and but for having done so would certainly have sought pastures new outside.

The majordomo raked out for his benefit a number of odd copies of *Le Monde Illustré* and *Journal Amusant* and some French yellow backs, and provided him with a sufficiency of cooling drinks and decent cigars, and he lounged about the gardens and stables, and grew very tired of himself.

The inclosure was a big one, but before evening he felt as if he knew every stone of it. He had even got on friendly terms with every horse in the stables, and to his amusement the anxious Mustapha would come and take a look, every now and again, to satisfy himself that he had kept his word and was still inside. Each time he brought some fresh literary contribution, and each time the contribution grew more and more objectionable, till at last Reigne began to wonder where on earth the man had tapped such a hidden mine of immorality. Whenever Mustapha approached him with extra gusto, and handed him a bundle of papers with a smile of unusual satisfaction—as though to say, "There, now, that's just the thing you're wanting; surely that should keep any reasonable man quiet"—Basil knew the papers contained something unusually indecent.

And when after a cursory glance at them—for the man's satisfaction, not his own, for that kind of thing possessed absolutely no attractions for him—he dropped them on the ground with the rest, the majordomo would retire crestfallen, to delve still deeper into his mud heap, and to wonder what more he could do to keep the restless Inglesi quiet. A happy thought struck him suddenly, and he came out hurriedly to Basil. There was still one place the not to be satisfied milord had not yet been. Why had he not thought of it before, thick headed son of an incapable Ethiopian mother that he was!

"Would not his lordship like to view the surrounding country from the roof of the buildings? It is flat, and he can walk round and round, anywhere except—if the ladies were there, or if any of them came up, milord would understand, of course, that their privacy must be respected."

"Of course," said Basil, springing up. "Anything for a change. The roof is

just the thing. Why didn't you think of it sooner, instead of loading me up with all that nastiness?"

And he found the wide flat roof of the old monastery, with its breast high walls of massive stone, an admirable lounging place. The views over the lower lying country to the south and southwest were wide and wonderful, and he leaned long over the parapet gazing his fill, and thinking many thoughts. Behind him rose the rounded shoulders of the nearer Rhodopes, and somewhere behind them was Vilova, and the Château Szarvas, and Marie Obdanovitch.

He was deep in the enjoyment of his thoughts, and of the vast rolling expanse below him, where all the lines were mingling and softening with the evening mists, and the red sun was just sinking behind the distant Albanian mountains, when a whispered laugh from the western corner of the roof roused him to the knowledge that the majordomo's suggested possibility had become accomplished fact, and that some of the ladies of the harem had come up on the roof to take the air.

Aware of the excessive susceptibility of Turkish feeling respecting its womankind, he remained for a few moments as though totally unaware of their presence, and then sauntered quietly away to the further side of the roof, without even looking in their direction.

Whatever their conduct in the seclusion of their own quarters, and whatever style of literature they might be addicted to, the lightly veiled ladies bore themselves upon the housetop with reticence and a certain languorous dignity.

In the gathering darkness Basil could make out six or eight moving figures, whose lines and graces, like the plains below in the gloaming mists, were muffled and hidden in their ample feridges. Now they were bunched in a group, and sibilant whispers and an occasional low laugh reached him. Then they flitted to and fro like silent bats, and bunched again and whispered and laughed, and he leaned his elbows on the parapet, with his back to the mountains, and smoked thoughtfully and watched them from afar.

Then the night air of the mountains began to take on a keener touch, and the dark flitting figures disappeared, and he seemed to have the roof to himself again. He finished his cigar as the moon came up behind the mountains, and was turning to seek the trap door by which he had come up, when a gentle "Ts-s-s-t!" arrested him.

He turned in the direction of the sound, and when it was quietly repeated, walked slowly towards the place whence it came, puzzled and somewhat doubtful as to the thinness of the ice on which he might be walking.

As he expected, one of the muffled figures crouched in the shadow awaiting him, and, to his very great surprise, addressed him in English:

"Are you an Englishman?"

"I am, madame."

"Then I want your help. They said you were French, but I knew they were wrong. I want you to take me away from this."

"But, madame——" he said, aghast at the magnitude of such a demand.

"This life is killing me," she said, in a tone of bitter disgust. "I beg of you to take me away. I want nothing more of you than that."

"But, madame," he began again, "how can I possibly do such a thing? I am here as the pasha's guest——"

"The pasha!" she said scornfully.

"Yes, the pasha," he said. "And. much as I would wish to assist a countrywoman, you must see that what you ask is impossible."

"Impossible? Are you an Englishman and I an Englishwoman?"

"Yes, it is impossible," he said again, and tried not to say it hotly, for it seemed to him that her request was a monstrous one. "If I can be of any service to you, in any way that is aboveboard and honorable, command me, but carry you away as you suggest I will not."

"That is the only thing you can do for me."

"That is the only thing I cannot do for you, madame. You cannot know what you are asking. It would be an infamy blighting more lives than my own."

"I am very unhappy."

"I am very sorry. But—I presume you came here of your own free will."

She gave him no answer, and he knew

that she was full of bitter thoughts of him. The position was perilously awkward, and he did not quite know what the result might be if they were discovered.

"Then, you refuse?" she said, turning upon him at last, with all the harshness of her thoughts in her voice.

"I must. I have no alternative," he said gently.

She was silent for a moment, choking down her anger and disappointment.

"Tell them, when you get home," she said hoarsely at last, "that you are the only man Lady Mary Belcaster ever asked a favor of, and that you refused it."

"Lady Mary Belcaster!" he gasped in great amazement, for Belcaster had been his own particular chum both at Eton and Oxford, and had pulled bow to his stroke in the fastest race ever rowed over the university course. They had drifted apart as men do. He had heard of Belcaster's marriage, but of his later doings and experiences nothing. And this was his wife!

He was still gaping at the word when she dropped suddenly into the shadow of the parapet and pulled him down with her, whispering in his ear, "Abdul—seeking me. He will kill us."

Then, peeping cautiously, she flitted, soundless as a night bat, in the direction of the ladies' staircase.

The big negro who had come up in search of her had, by great good fortune, turned first in the other direction. She dropped into a patch of shadow on the nearer side of the staircase, and when the eunuch found her there, started up with well feigned simulation of sudden awakening from sleep, complained of her companions for leaving her in the cold, and accompanied him down the stair; and Basil Reigne, mightily relieved, and weighted with many thoughts, stole quietly away to his own staircase and descended also.

XX.

THIS matter filled him with very great discomfort. He turned it over and over in his mind, and thought it out along all possible lines, but he could not see how he could possibly have acted differently, or that he had anything to reproach himself with. But still there remained the soreness of having refused—of having had to refuse—assistance to a fellow countrywoman in distress. True, her unfortunate position was entirely of her own bringing about, but, as he said to himself, if help was only to be rendered on production of a certificate of immaculate conduct and purely extraneous misfortune, the fount of charity would soon dry up at its source.

He had refused her extraordinary request in the first place solely on the ground that such a breach of all the laws of hospitality would have covered him with undying infamy; and even if he had been able to overcome that feeling he was bound to think of those others, whose claims upon him surely outweighed those of an entire stranger. Why should the dear old father's life be darkened? Why should Marie Obdanovitch——? No, he had done the only possible thing.

Tired of himself and his thoughts, he determined to get to bed early and secure a long night's sleep, and so be ready for an early start on the morrow.

There was no news yet of the detachment, but as they would probably rest during the heat of the day and travel in the cool of the night, they might arrive at any time, and want to go on their way at once.

It is one thing, however, to retire early determined on a good night's sleep, and a very different thing to compass it. He lay long, as on the previous night, tossing and turning, reproaching himself, justifying himself—anything but sleeping; and this night, too, was not to pass without its little incident which shed a little further side light, of a somewhat lurid hue, on the manners and customs among which for the moment he was cast.

He woke up in the middle of the night from a fitful doze, and lay listening through the open window to the splashing of the fountains, and the homely sounds of hoof and chain from the stables across the courtyard, and then he heard the sound of a heavy, measured tread down below—backward and forward, slowly and ceaselessly, it came and went.

"Some one doing sentry go," he said to himself. "Is that for my benefit, I wonder?" and, curious to know, he got up and looked down into the courtyard.

The moon was paling towards the west. The slow, heavy tread came from the direction of the latticed veranda behind which lay the ladies' quarters, and all this part of the building was in heavy shadow. The footsteps approached his end of the veranda, and for a moment he saw a burly negro emerge into the moonlight, stand for a moment, then turn and saunter slowly back upon his beat. As he watched the smaller shadow disappear into the larger and become only a sound, his eye got a sudden impression of movement among the shrubs of the garden.

He scanned them intently, but saw only motionless shadows. The guard had turned and was coming towards him again. He emerged into the light once more, stood for the space of five seconds, then turned again and disappeared into the darkness.

And this time Reigne saw that his eyes had not deceived him. A dark figure slipped from behind a bush, and before the sentry turned was safe in the shadow of another bush somewhat nearer the window where Basil stood in the shadow.

Reigne watched the little comedy with amused interest.

And suddenly the comedy turned to tragedy.

The negro halted longer this time at the end of his beat and yawned wearily. Then he sauntered slowly back. Half way down he wheeled suddenly, just as the black figure among the bushes was slipping into a still nearer ambush. Then without challenge or hesitation a sharp report rang out, a dark body sank down at the foot of the bush of concealment, writhed for a moment, and lay still, and the negro resumed his interrupted beat.

Reigne's impulse was to shout and spring down from the window, but a wise discretion held him quiet. He was in a strange land, and common sense told him not to mix himself up in matters he did not understand.

But this little event gave him much food for thought. Was it simply the case of a common thief caught in the act, or was there something more in it than that? It struck him that it was hard enough for an honest man to get inside Chakri's fortress; it did not seem to him at all likely that any common thief could gain an entrance. And, if no common thief, then what? Later on he got a clue, and in the great unraveling which came still later, he got a glimmering idea of the strange turns and twists of fate which forced the master hand to spoil and damage the tools which tried to work without him.

In the morning the fountains were splashing as merrily as ever, and the doves were fluttering and preening themselves among the trees, and when Basil strolled by the bush which was photographed on his brain, the white sea shell gravel of the path had been newly raked over.

The obsequious Mustapha approached him with many bows, and informed him that the troops had arrived, and that the major in command was awaiting the favor of his company at table.

Basil was sorely tempted to question him as to the occurrence of the night, but a sense of the courtesy due to his host restrained him, and he followed his guide to the small salon where his meals were always served.

(To be continued.)

IN DOUBT.

When lashes drooping lie
  On cheeks of softest rose,
Ah, how demure and sly
  The wonted aspect grows,
When lashes drooping lie!
And yet, until he try,
  No man of surety knows
When lashes drooping—*lie!*

Anne Virginia Culbertson.

What New York Spends for Charity.

BY FRANCIS H. NICHOLS.

THE VAST SUM, MORE THAN FOURTEEN MILLION DOLLARS ANNUALLY, THAT THE METROPOLIS PAYS TO ITS ORGANIZED CHARITIES, AND THE GREAT AND VARIOUS WORK THAT IS DONE WITH THE MONEY.

NO city in the world is so good to its unfortunates as is New York, and none spends so much money upon them. From the cradle to the grave, its broad charity has provision for relieving every form of human distress, and the cost thereof to the city and to the philanthropic is more than fourteen million dollars annually.

A child may be born in the palatial Lying In Hospital, or in others where charity ushers him into the world, educated in a public institution, and, if disease checks the might of manhood, nursed in any one of several hospitals, until at last he is buried at the city's expense. He may thus pass his whole life in comfortable surroundings, be fed, clothed, housed, and receive the treatment of scientific men who charge the rich enormous fees that they may serve the poor for nothing. Furthermore, his religious belief would be carefully considered, and he could live in the atmosphere of the church of his people.

NEW YORK'S FIRST CHARITY.

It has taken many years to develop this complex system of charity, which is not yet complete. It had its beginning nearly two and a half centuries ago, and the founder of it was Jacob Hendrickson Varrevanger, who was the surgeon of the Dutch East India Company in New Amsterdam. During the winter of 1657, an epidemic of disease broke out in the infant colony, and Dr. Varrevanger had great difficulty in caring for so many patients.

"I am sorry to learn," he wrote to the company's directors and council in Holland, "that sick people must suffer much through cold and the inconvenience of those who have taken the unfortunates into their houses, where bad smells and filth counteract all health producing results of the medicaments given by the surgeon."

Varrevanger suggested a hospital. The idea met with the approval of the council, and he was directed to lose no time in finding a suitable building for the purpose. The hospital was opened on December 20, 1658. Hilletje Willbruch, the wife of a cadet in the Dutch army, was installed as matron at a salary of one hundred florins a year, and New York's first public charity was founded.

Today, two hundred and forty two years after Varrevanger's hospital, there are within the limits of Greater New York thirty three hundred public agencies for the relief of human distress. This means that for every one thousand and forty of the city's population of 3,437,202, there is one organized charity. Included in the list are two hundred and thirty hospitals, a hundred and sixty asylums and homes, and a hundred and forty ministering societies.

Every night and day in the year these are at work, silently but unceasingly. Many are allied with the city government, and yet are not part of it. The system under which they are conducted is unique and peculiar to the city under which they exist. It grew out of the fact that private charities and philanthropies were in the field before the municipality, and assumed a vast responsibility that should fall upon the city. Coming to recognize this fact, the civic government has assumed a part of the financial burden, in the form of subsidies given to private institutions. Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington are the only other cities in the

United States which follow this plan, but the combined appropriations of these cities are a trifle compared with the vast amount New York pays out annually.

The subsidy is a compromise between a distinctively city institution and one entirely under private control. It keeps a public charity out of the hands of politicians, and frees it from the constant shifting of its officers, while at the same time it gives to city authorities the right to send to institutions all cases of suffering which they are called upon to relieve.

It should be explained that geographically the county of New York is the same as the old city, and that the other counties included in the consolidated city maintain their county organizations for legal reasons. In the city government the counties are known as boroughs.

THE MARQUAND PAVILION, BELLEVUE HOSPITAL (WARD 31)—HERE FOUNDLINGS ARE RECEIVED AND CARED FOR UNTIL THEY CAN BE REMANDED TO SOME OTHER INSTITUTION FOR PERMANENT CARE.

THE COST OF NEW YORK'S CHARITIES.

When I set about to discover how much New York spends in charity every year, I was astonished to learn that the figures have never been compiled. I am indebted to Bird S. Coler, comptroller of the City of New York, for this table:

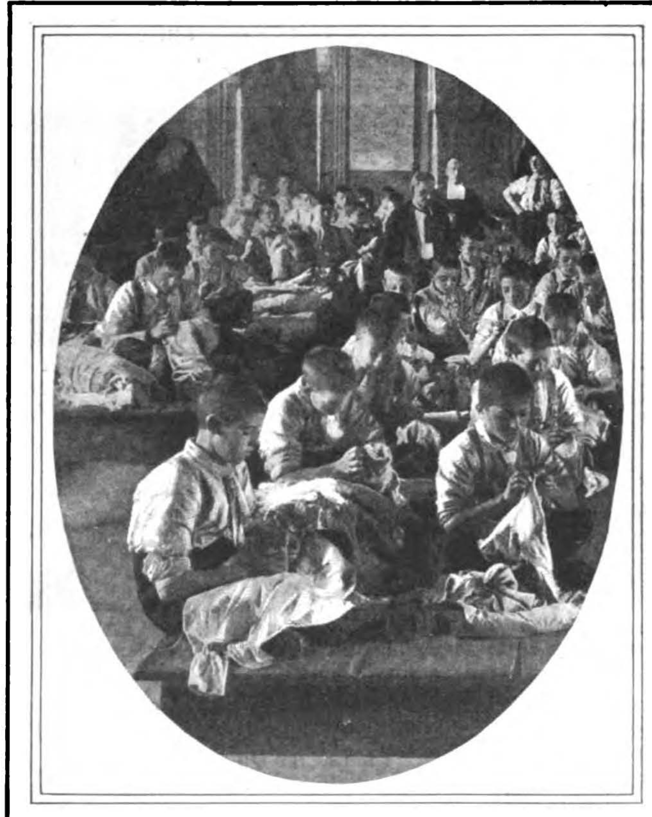
Subsidies paid to Charitable Institutions:

By the City of New York	$2,786,011
By the County of New York	234,724
By the County of Kings	72,150
By the County of Queens	4,375
By the County of Richmond	4,155
Total subsidies	3,101,415
Corporate Fund paid by the city for education in Institutions	200,000
Department of Public Charities	1,895,491
Total	$5,196,906

The total budget of New York's expenses for 1901 is $98,100,413. The bill for charities is more than is expended for putting out fires, for cleaning the streets, for water supply, or for parks.

Up to the time when Mr. Coler was elected comptroller of New York, the method of allotting subsidies was loose and irregular. There was a general scramble on the part of the private charities, whose representatives, knowing how good was the cause, did anything to get as large an amount as possible. Mr. Coler devised a per capita plan, so that the city pays each charity according to the service actually rendered. For caring for destitute children, institutions receive two dollars a week each. The rate for children in "semi reformatories" is a hundred and ten dollars a year. General hospitals receive eighty cents for each surgical case and sixty cents for each medical case committed to their care. To institutions for the deaf and dumb, or for the blind, three hundred dollars a year is paid for every

child whose parents cannot afford to support it. The corporate fund of the Board of Education is divided among various institutions for the purpose of giving a public school education to all children within their walls.



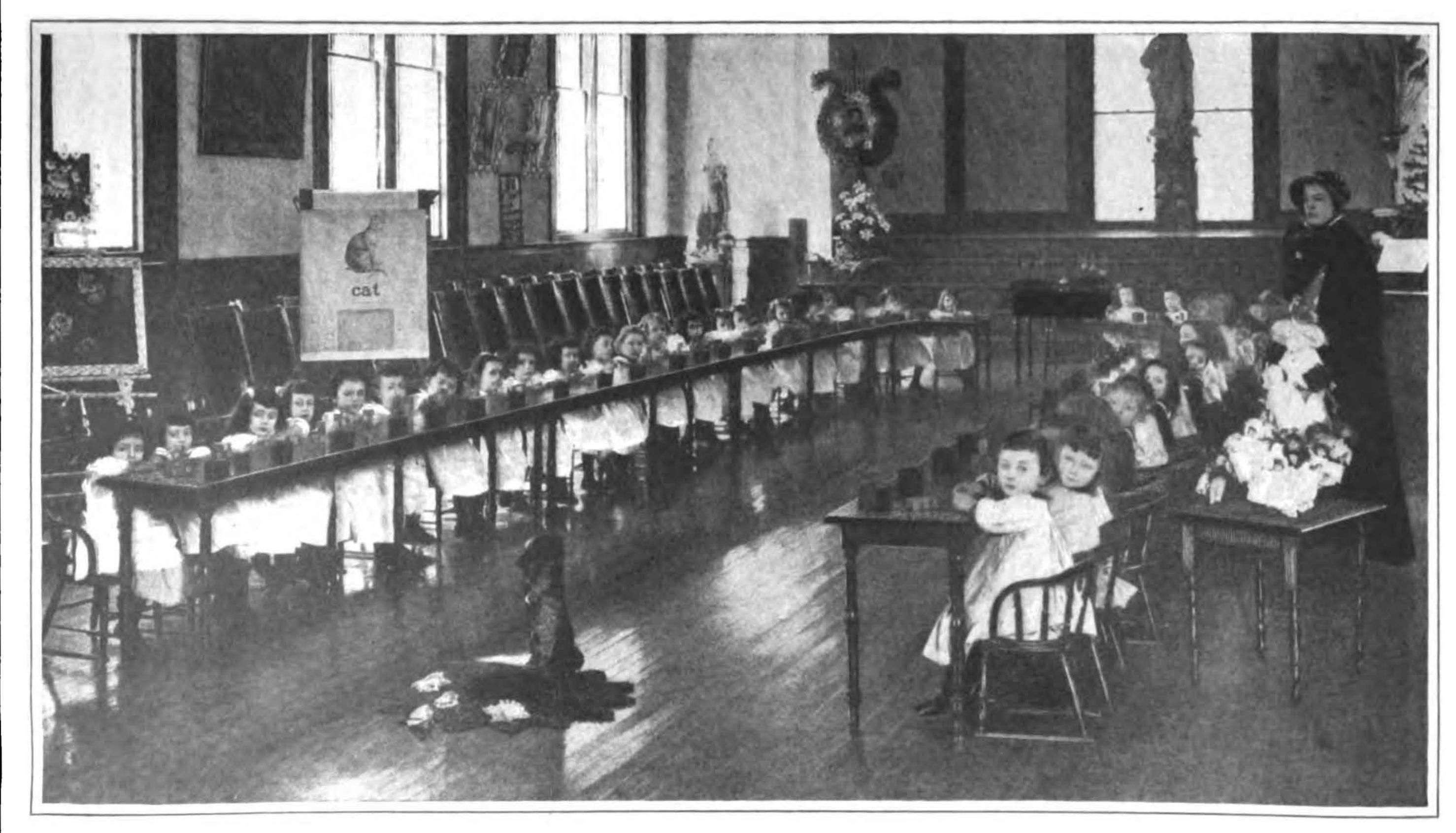
THE TAILORING DEPARTMENT AT THE CATHOLIC PROTECTORY—TAILORING IS ONE OF THE MANY TRADES TAUGHT AT THIS INSTITUTION.

The five million dollars contributed by the city government constitutes less than half of the total amount that New York spends for charity. Reports of the State Board of Charities show that the amount of money received from other sources is about double the amount of the municipal subsidy. On this basis the sum received by institutions from donations, loans, legacies, investments, and other sources during the present year will be six million two hundred thousand dollars. Simple addition makes the grand total about eleven million, four hundred thousand dollars. This does not include the multitude of charities which are not subsidized. According to a conservative estimate, their aggregate receipts will probably reach three millions more; so that, in all, New York spends fourteen and a half million dollars on recognized charities that have a permanent existence.

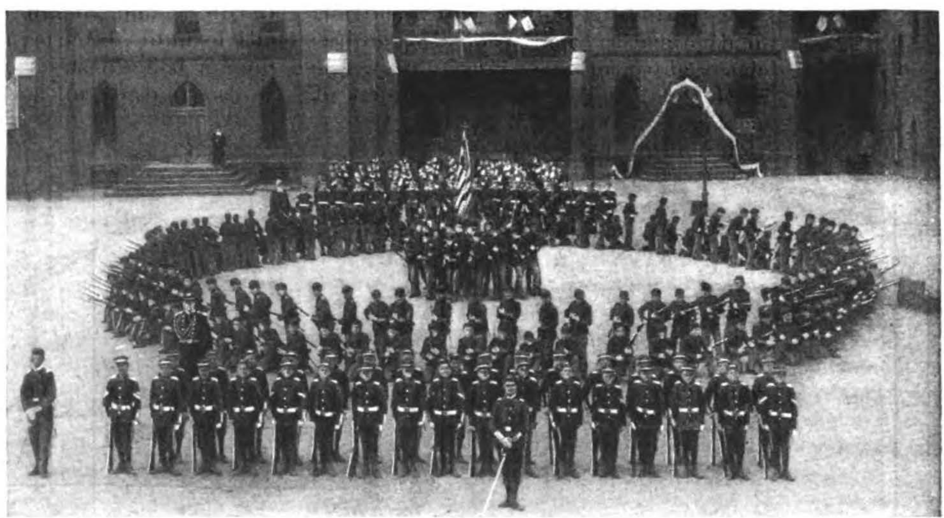
Several of the large institutions have endowment funds that yield incomes sufficient to carry on the work for which they are founded. Owing to the exemption of all charities from taxation, some of them have been enabled to hold in fee simple large tracts of land, acquired, as a rule, many years ago, when New York real estate commanded only a fraction of its present prices. For instance, St. Luke's Hospital and the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, which used to stand nearly opposite each other on Fifth Avenue, were built on ground given to them by the city. They held their plots, tax free, until the growth of the metropolis made them enormously valuable. The land was then sold, and yielded enough to purchase cheaper sites elsewhere, erect fine buildings, and probably to leave a handsome balance to be added to the endowment fund.

HOMES FOR DESTITUTE CHILDREN.

It is not always easy to determine where charity begins in New York's complicated system. It is bounded on one side by correction, and on the other by education, and the line of demarcation is not always distinct. That which is purely a correction in the beginning, often develops speedily into a charity. Especially is this true of children. New York is particularly kind to children,



A KINDERGARTEN CLASS AT THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, SIXTY EIGHTH STREET AND LEXINGTON AVENUE—THIS INSTITUTION, WHICH RECEIVES A LARGE SUBSIDY FROM THE CITY, CARES FOR ABOUT THREE THOUSAND CHILDREN.



THE CADETS OF THE CATHOLIC PROTECTORY IN A "RALLY TO THE COLORS" FORMATION—THIS CORPS WHOSE MEMBERS ARE THE OLDER BOYS OF THE PROTECTORY, HAS A BAND THAT IS FAMOUS FOR ITS EXCELLENCE.

especially to the weaklings who in a primitive civilization would be crushed in infancy. Nearly seventy per cent of the city's subsidies for charity are allotted to the maintenance of children, of whom more than fifty one thousand are cared for at the public expense—one to every seventy of the population of the city.

It is impossible to do more than sketch a few of the great charities of the metropolis, and one is at a loss to know where to begin, unless it be with that institution which reaches out its sheltering care to safeguard the child before it comes into the world. The Lying In Hospital is one of the oldest charities on Manhattan Island, having been in existence for more than a hundred years. It maintains a hospital and a staff of visiting surgeons ready to respond to calls at any hour of the day or night. It is just about moving into a new home, a magnificent building given by J. Pierpont Morgan, one of the directors, which cost a million and a quarter of dollars, and will accommodate twenty five hundred patients.

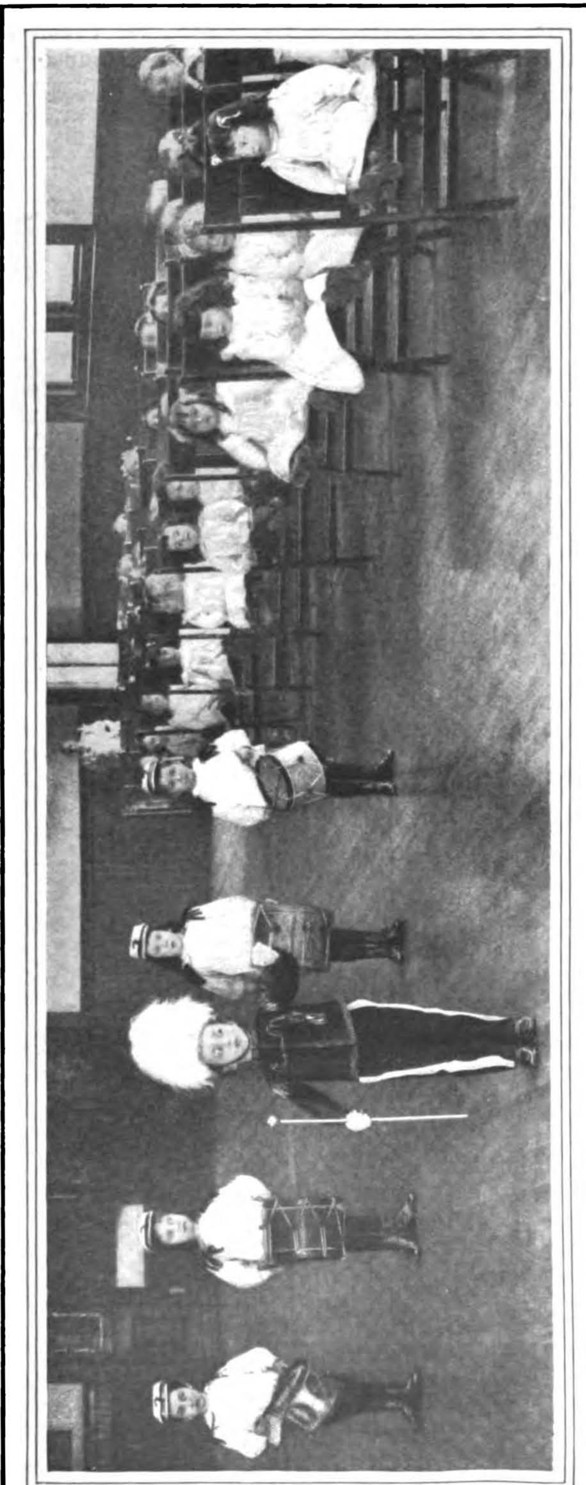
Some of the babies born in the Lying In Hospital join a much larger number of youngsters in the foundlings' homes. For notwithstanding the stringent laws, very many babies are abandoned in New York. They are given to the police, who carry them to the Infant Pavilion of Bellevue Hospital, and the superintendent of outdoor poor decides to which institution they shall be sent. First of these is the New York Foundling Hospital, which has been in existence about thirty years, and during that time has cared for more than thirty two thousand babies. There are now about three thousand youngsters in the hospital. It receives about three hundred thousand dollars annually from the city, a larger amount than is paid to any other institution. For years within its Sixty Eighth Street vestibule has swung a cradle called "the crib," in which have been placed thousands of infants. The courts have decided that when a woman has once placed a child in the crib, it has passed from her possession to the institution. It is the quit claim by which the mother of the foundling abandons it to charity. In its management, the Foundling Hospital is Roman Catholic, being the especial charge of the Sisters of Charity. While it is called non sectarian, all its children are taught the rudiments of the Roman Catholic faith, and most of them are afterwards adopted into Roman Catholic homes throughout the country.

What the Foundlings' Home accomplishes under Roman Catholic auspices, the comparatively new Hebrew Infant

Asylum, at Eagle Avenue and One Hundred and Sixty First Street, does especially for Jewish little ones. Although the number of its babies is as yet limited to two hundred, it is rapidly growing, and is in every way a model charity. The most important of the Protestant institutions for infants are the New York Infant Asylum and the Infant Hospital of the Five Points House of Industry. Nearly two thousand babies, most of whom are foundlings, are cared for annually in these two institutions.

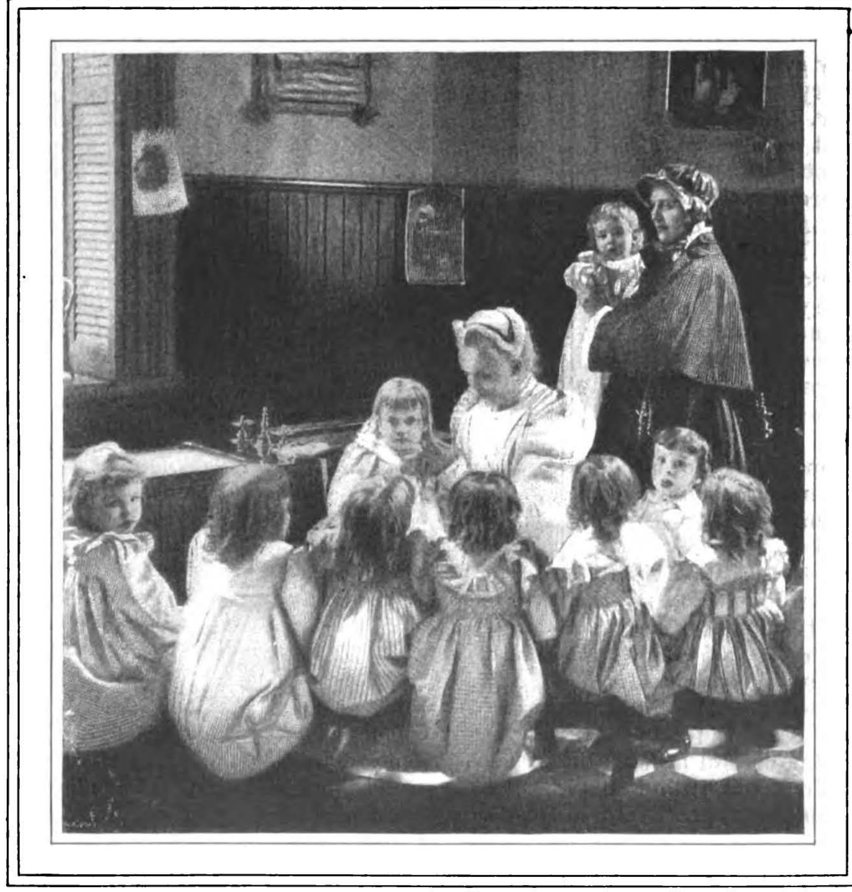
Second only to the Foundlings' Hospital in the number of its inmates is the city's own shelter for destitute infants on Randall's Island. It is a part of the Department of Charities, and is of course absolutely non sectarian. Although formerly far behind other New York institutions in modern equipment, the Randall's Island "baby farm," as it is called, has of late years greatly improved, and is now a model place.

On its sixth birthday a foundling ceases to be a "charity baby" and becomes a "charity child." For Roman Catholic children there are many places of refuge, of which Father Drumgoole's mission, as it is usually called, is one of the best known. When he was a priest of St. Mary's Church, a quarter of a century ago, Father Drumgoole



"HALL EXERCISES" AT THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—THIS SHOWS A CLASS OF CHILDREN SEATED ALONG THE SIDE OF A ROOM, WHILE A FEW OF THEM ARE SELECTED TO GO THROUGH EXERCISES OF A SEMI MILITARY CHARACTER.

became interested in plans to help young boys. He organized the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, at Mount Loretto, Staten Island, and in order to support it founded the St. Joseph's mission organization, which has branches all over the world. On Lafayette Place, near the Astor library, it has a building which is called a receiving station.



IN THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—CHILDREN PREPARING FOR THE EVENING BATH.

Little children are taken into the mission on Staten Island, and carefully educated, and trained to earn their own living. A certain number of the boys are brought to New York when situations can be found for them. They make their home in the receiving station. Although employed during the day in stores and workshops, they are still subject to discipline until they are twenty one years old. Board and clothing are provided for them, so that with ordinary economy they can easily save enough from their wages to have a comfortable start in life when they finally leave the institution. Thousands of children have been saved by this mission. Its report of September, 1900, shows that 1,471 boys and girls were then under its care.

No church or race is more active in charitable work than the Hebrews, and in New York there is no better organized system than theirs. The demands upon the purses of their rich men are heavy, for they regard it as a duty to take care of their own people, and the swarming poverty of the Ghetto gives them a heavy burden to bear. Besides their foundling home, the Hebrew Infant Asylum, they have two large establishments on Washington Heights, called the Hebrew Sheltering Arms and the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, which care for

IN THE WILLARD PARKER HOSPITAL, ON EAST SIXTEENTH STREET, FOR CASES OF INFECTIOUS DISEASE—NOTE THE WHITE RUBBER CLOTH SUITS WORN BY THE ATTENDANTS.

more than seventeen hundred boys and girls. Both of these have fine buildings, the former at One Hundred and Fiftieth Street and Broadway, the latter at Amsterdam Avenue and One Hundred and Thirty Seventh Street; and here the children, many of whom come from almost the lowest conditions known to civilization, are trained for the duties of life amid surroundings that approach the ideal. The Hebrew Orphan Asylum maintains a kindergarten and primary classes of its own, but its more advanced inmates, and nearly all the children of the sister institution, get the ordinary American education of the public schools—which, in spite of all that is said against them, are probably the best schools in New York. The Orphan Asylum's latest report expresses justifiable pride in the fact that its scholars won every prize that was offered last year in the school they attend. The older pupils go to the Hebrew Technical Institute,

A BELLEVUE AMBULANCE GOING OUT TO ANSWER A CALL—A BELL RINGS THE ALARM WITHIN THE HOSPITAL, AND THE SURGEON AND THE DRIVER SPRING TO THEIR PLACES ON THE AMBULANCE, WHICH IS ALWAYS IN WAITING.

THE OUTDOOR POOR DEPARTMENT, AT THE FOOT OF EAST TWENTY SIXTH STREET—HERE APPLICATIONS ARE MADE FOR ADMISSION TO THE CITY ALMSHOUSE, AND FOR GRANTS OF COAL, FOOD, AND CLOTHING.

on Stuyvesant Street, to learn some mechanical trade, or, in some cases, to the City College and the Normal College, to prepare for a profession.

For years Five Points was a synonym for vice, squalor, human depravity, and misery, but long ago it became a respectable place—a change attributable partly to the demands of business and partly to the Five Points House of Industry. This institution was an outgrowth of the reformation of the worst spot in New York, and it cares for children until they are sixteen, giving them a public school education and teaching them trades. It is under the general direction of the Children's Aid Society, which covers a wide range of relief work. The society has a complete system for the care of homeless waifs. It maintains five lodging houses for newsboys, and the Elizabeth Home for girls in East Twelfth Street. It also has the Brace Farm School at Kensico, where especially promising children are sent: and it has devoted much attention to the "placing" of children—finding families to adopt them. During the last twenty years it has placed more than twenty thousand children in good homes.

It is a question whether the institutions of the blind and the deaf mutes should be classed under the head of charities. Those at the head of them maintain that they are a part of the public school system. Technically this is probably the correct view, for it is an admitted principle that the state owes every child an education; but really they are among the noblest of all the city's charities.

The Institution for the Blind is at the corner of Thirty Fourth Street and Ninth Avenue. Its two hundred and fifty pupils are fed and lodged there for five days in the week without cost to themselves; Saturday and Sunday they spend with their parents or friends. The curriculum is virtually the same as in the grammar and high schools.

In the institution for deaf mutes, on Lexington Avenue, the finger language is absolutely debarred. Pupils are taught the "oral method." They learn to speak and understand by studying the lip movements of their instructors. Mr. Gruver, the principal, says that of the hundreds of children who have graduated from the institution, not more than three have been unable to support them-

selves almost, if not quite, as well as if they had their five senses.

It is in institutions like the New York Juvenile Asylum, at One Hundred and Seventy Sixth Street and Eleventh Avenue, and the Catholic Protectory, near what used to be West Chester village, that it becomes difficult to distinguish between charity and correction. These institutions do not house the more vicious juvenile criminals, who are sent to the House of Refuge on Randall's Island or to the State Reformatory at Elmira. The Juvenile Asylum has now about nine hundred children, who are taught trades like shoemaking, carpentry, and tailoring for the boys, and dressmaking for the girls. It has a branch in Chicago, from which children are distributed among homes in the West. Many of the inmates were committed because of destitution.

This is true also of the Catholic Protectory, where more than four thousand children were cared for last year. It is a city in itself; within the huge area of its grounds twenty eight distinct trades are taught the boys under its care. Almost the entire work of the institution is done by the pupils themselves through its multitude of classes. Boys who are learning to be bakers cook the meals. The class in engineering has charge of the boilers and heating apparatus. The girls' sewing classes make the uniforms; the catalogues are printed on Protectory presses, and are illustrated by the class in photography. The institution has a famous band and a finely drilled cadet corps.

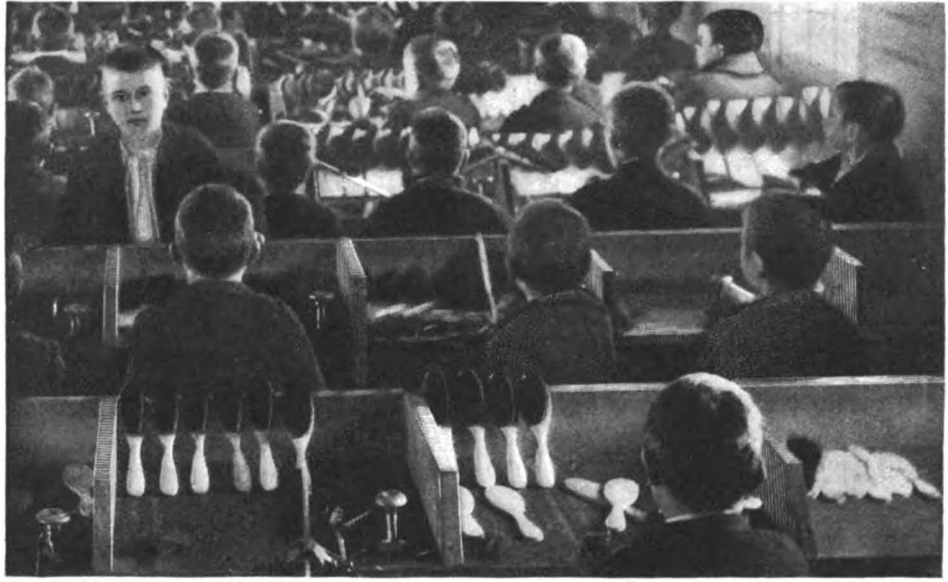
THE CHAIR CANING DEPARTMENT AT THE CATHOLIC PROTECTORY—MANY OF THE YOUNGER BOYS OF THE INSTITUTION FIND EMPLOYMENT IN THIS TRADE.

The foregoing will give an idea of some of the work that New York is doing for its homeless children. It is time to glance at the benignant provision for

those who have reached maturity, and whom illness has made helpless, as well as for the aged and infirm.

HOSPITALS AND HOMES FOR THE AGED.

Most complete and remarkable are the hospitals of New York. The system under which some of them are conducted has resulted in serious scandals from time to time; but on the whole they are wonderfully well managed.

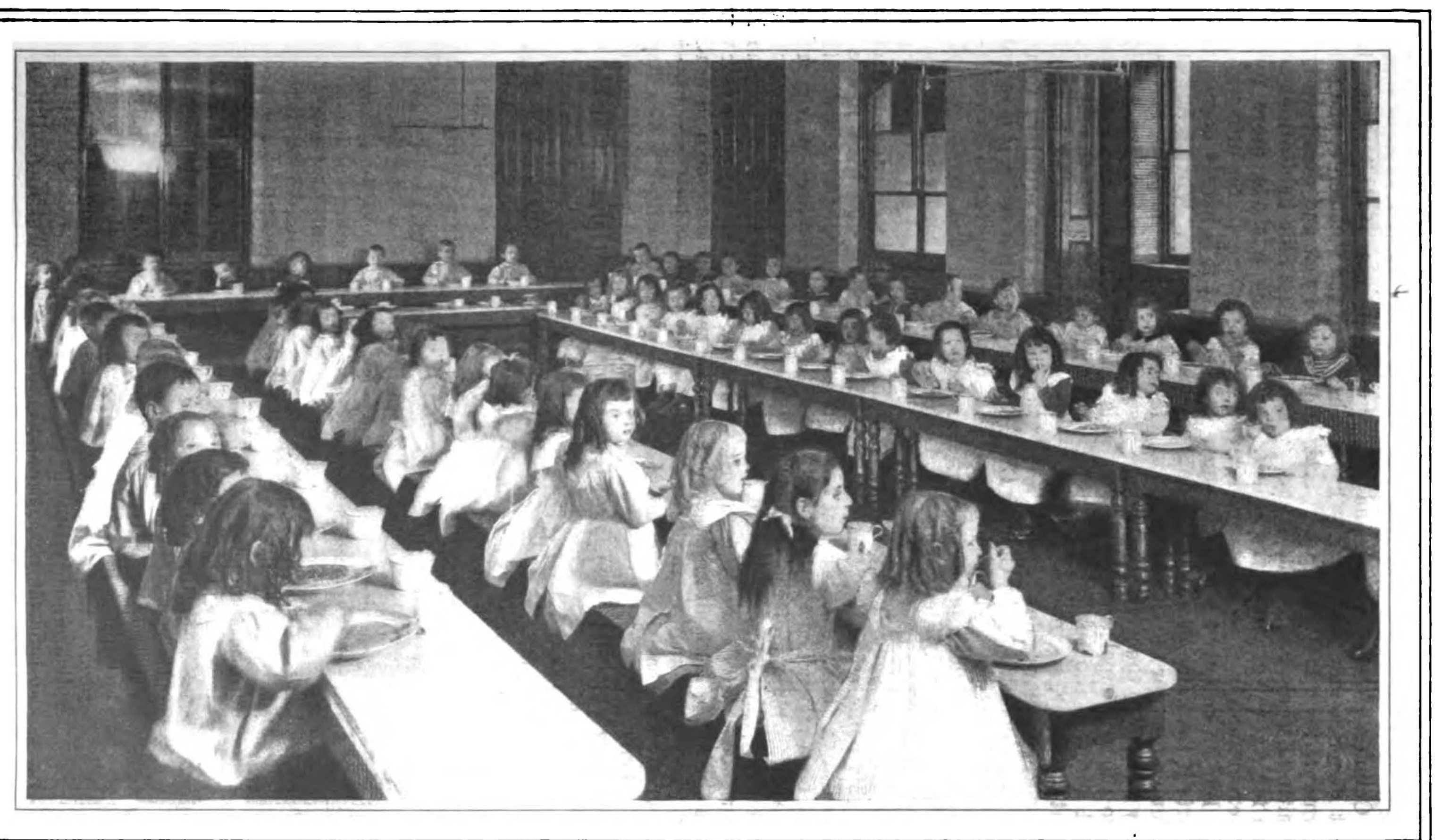


THE BRUSH MAKING DEPARTMENT AT THE CATHOLIC PROTECTORY—THESE INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENTS ARE VALUABLE BOTH IN HELPING TO SUPPORT THE INSTITUTION AND IN TRAINING ITS INMATES.

Within the city proper are the municipalities' own hospitals, Bellevue, Gouverneur, and Harlem, besides many public hospitals under private management, like the New York, Presbyterian, St. Vincent's, Roosevelt, and Hood Wright Memorial, all of which maintain an ambulance service. Supplementing the work of these institutions are the dispensaries, which flourish all over the city. They treat patients who are not ill enough to be sent to the hospital. They are supposed, of course, to be for the poor, but unfortunately their privileges have been outrageously abused. It is no uncommon thing to see people coming in cabs for free treatment in a dispensary. The evil has grown to such an extent that physicians protest bitterly. There are also hospitals for the treatment of special diseases—cancer, eye and ear affections, and in fact every ill that flesh is heir to. The Seton Hospital, exclusively for consumptives, has four hundred patients. At the foot of East Sixteenth Street is the Willard Parker, for contagious diseases—smallpox, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and the like; and from it patients are transferred to the quarantine hospital on North Brother Island.

The provision for helpless unfortunates for whom the doctors say there is no hope, but who may live for years, is one of the later developments of charity. St. Joseph's Hospital for Consumptives takes patients who are waiting for death. Far down town is the House of Calvary, where gentlewomen care for incurable cancer patients. The Montefiore Hospital, on Washington Heights, is another fine institution that accepts cases refused by the ordinary hospitals. It not only cares for chronic invalids, but if they are the bread winners of the family it pays a weekly allowance to enable them to remain in the Montefiore and have a fair chance to recover.

When age and infirmities make men and women helpless, New York offers a score of refuges for them, if they have a



BREAKFAST AT THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—THE ENGRAVING SHOWS THE CHILDREN AT THEIR MORNING MEAL OF OATMEAL PORRIDGE AND MILK.

little money, and a few if they have not a penny. The Home for Old Men and Aged Couples, Home for Aged and Indigent Females, and many others have endowments for "free occupants," and the waiting lists are long. The Peabody Home for Aged Women, in the Bronx, is an exception, as it is a free institution. But no one need lack home and comforts if the name of almshouse does not trouble him, for the city's home is in no way inferior to the pay ones. Admission to the municipal almshouse is obtained through the superintendent of the outdoor poor, an important official in the world of charitable work.

In this outdoor work, the Charity Organization Society is an important factor. It is a sort of clearing house for private charities. The United Hebrew and the Roman Catholic charities are affiliated with the general organization. From this point charities ramify in a hundred ways. Some of those that have not yet been mentioned are the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, the Hebrew Alliance, the slum brigade of the Salvation Army, St. John's Guild, the fresh air and vacation funds, the settlements, the Hirsch schools, and the parish houses of the Episcopal churches.

It is fitting to close this hasty glance at New York's care for the unfortunate with a word about the charity that is the greatest of all, but that has neither system nor organization. Its usefulness is not recorded in reports or annual statements. It is a charity that truly "vaunteth not itself." This is the charity of the tenements, the ministration to the sick and destitute in thousands of East Side habitations by other tenants only a shade more fortunate than the sufferers. So universal has it become that it is hardly correct to call it private charity. When a husband and father is ill in a hospital, and eviction stares his family in the face, a collection is taken up among the other tenants with which to appease the landlord. If the family possesses any household article of more than ordinary value, like a lamp or a parlor table, it is raffled, and the proceeds are given to its owners.

The givers and recipients of this form of charity hardly regard it as such. They seem to feel an obligation to see that the wolf of want does not actually clutch any one who lives in the same house with them. Combined with this is the common feeling of fear and dislike of the policeman who points the way to Blackwell's Island or the hospital, for almost all the city's poor would rather suffer in their own ill ventilated rooms than be tenderly cared for in the best appointed hospital in New York.

"They're mean people living there," an East Side woman said to me, as she pointed to a tenement across the street. "They don't have no pride in their house. The ambulance took a starving woman out of there last week."

THE LAST CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF NEW YORK'S FRIENDLESS POOR—A WOMEN'S RECREATION GROUND AT THE CITY ALMSHOUSE ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

A MACHINE USED IN CONNECTICUT TO SET OUT THE YOUNG TOBACCO PLANTS FROM THE SEED BED IN ROWS IN THE FIELD.

From Sir Walter Raleigh to the Tobacco Trust.

BY GEORGE B. WALDRON.

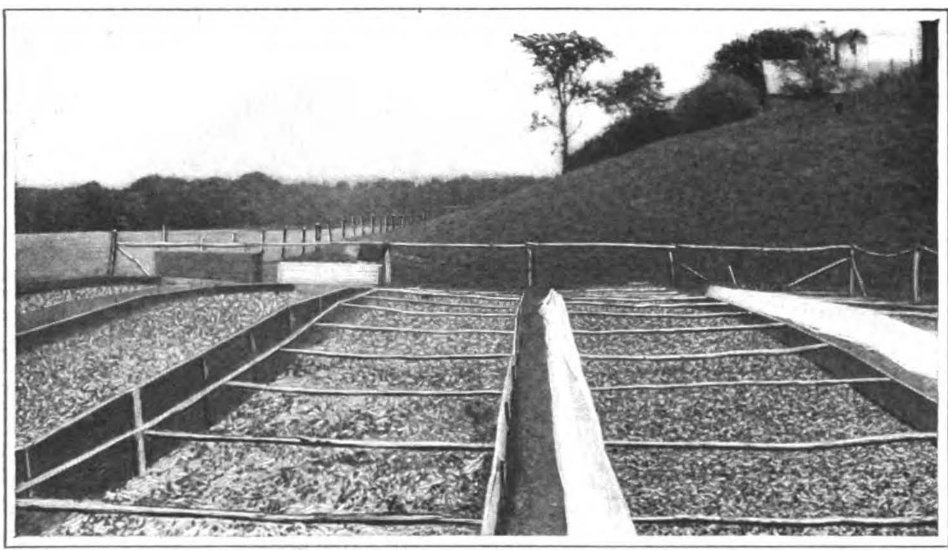
THE STORY OF TOBACCO, ITS FIRST INTRODUCTION TO CIVILIZED MAN, ITS PART IN HISTORY, ITS CULTURE AND MARKETING, AND THE HUGE MODERN INDUSTRIES THAT DEPEND ON IT.

IN November of America's fateful year, 1492, the ships of Columbus were cruising off the coast of Cuba. Ever on the search for gold, the great commander sent a party of sailors ashore. They found no treasure, but they came upon a sight that filled them with astonishment. In the words of Washington Irving, "they beheld several of the natives going about with firebrands in their hands, and certain dried herbs which they rolled up in a leaf, and, lighting one end, put the other in their mouths and continued exhaling and puffing the smoke."

This was undoubtedly the first introduction to European view of a custom which was then prevalent throughout America, and which has since spread to every continent of the world.

AMERICA'S GIFT TO THE WORLD.

Many attempts have been made to rob America of the honor of being the home of tobacco. Certain traditions have even gone so far as to declare that Noah's drunkenness after he left the Ark was due not to wine but to the fragrant weed. Such attempts, however, are vain. No claim to the origin of the plant in other countries can be substantiated. Tobacco, the potato, Indian corn—these three stand preëminent as



SEED BEDS IN WHICH TOBACCO PLANTS ARE RAISED UNTIL LARGE ENOUGH TO TRANSPLANT INTO THE FIELD. IN CONNECTICUT THE YOUNG PLANTS ARE PROTECTED WITH WOODEN FRAMES AND CANVAS COVERS.

America's gifts to the world. The turkey might perhaps be added to the list.

There is a legend of the Susquehanna Indians that in the beginning they had only the flesh of animals to eat, and when this failed they starved. But the Great Spirit was mindful of their needs. One day two braves had killed a deer, and broiled part of it, when they saw a young woman descend from the clouds and seat herself on a near by hill. Nothing daunted by the sight, they offered their visitor a piece of venison steak. So pleased was she with the favor that she made them a promise.

"Your kindness shall be rewarded. Come here thirteen months hence, and you shall find your recompense."

They did so, and where her right hand had rested on the ground, the tradition states that they found maize growing; where her left hand had been, there had sprung up kidney beans; and where she sat, they found tobacco.

Wherever the early Spanish explorers went on the two American continents, they found the natives using tobacco. When Cortez conquered Mexico; in 1519, he found smoking an established custom among the Aztecs. Oviedo, the Spanish historian, tells how the Indians of Hispaniola had a custom of inhaling the smoke of burning tobacco through a hollow cane called a *tabaco*, whose two forks were inserted in the nostrils. We are told that "the aborigines of Central America rolled up the tobacco leaf and dreamed away their lives in smoky reveries ages before Columbus was born."

The calumet, or peace pipe, was the cherished heirloom of many an Indian tribe, and was used as an important feature of the formalities that attended the making of a treaty. All the splendor of savage taste was displayed by the women in its decoration. Tenderly was it carried into the council, and loving hands unrolled its many bandages. Dried tobacco leaves were pressed into the bowl, and lighted with a coal from the council fire. The chief of the home tribe took a whiff, and passed it to the chief of the visiting tribe; and so the calumet passed from lip to lip till all had taken the sacred pledge of peace. Then the pipe was rolled up with equal care, and laid away until another great occasion called for its presence.

HOW EUROPE LEARNED TO SMOKE.

Differences of opinion exist as to how and when tobacco was first introduced to Europe. The accepted date is about 1560; but many years before that time, Portuguese sailors had brought the plant from the new world. When Jean Nicot, Lord of Villemain and Master of the Requests of the King of France, was

sent as an ambassador to Portugal, in 1559, he found it already under cultivation. He bought some tobacco seed of a Flemish merchant at Lisbon, who had obtained it in Florida. Nicot returned to France in 1561, and presented some of the plants to Catherine de Medicis. In honor of his discovery it was called "Nicotiana," a name that still clings in the word nicotine. About the same time Spain received the gift through Francisco Hernandez, who was sent to Mexico by Philip II to note the country's natural productions.

In England Sir Walter Raleigh is the smoker's popular hero. This brilliant and favorite minister of Queen Elizabeth was keenly alive to the advantages that England would derive from oversea colonies. Under his auspices Ralph Lane went out as governor of the new Virginia plantations. When Lane returned in 1586, he brought a quantity of tobacco. Raleigh soon became a devotee of the pipe, and his position in the queen's court made the practice popular. Seed was planted in English soil, and the leaves were also brought in from across the ocean; and before long every one who could afford it was following the new fad. But tobacco was worth its weight in silver in those days, and not every one could indulge.

So rapidly did the habit spread that presently thoughtful people began to take alarm. When James I ascended the throne, he set his face sternly against tobacco. He issued his famous "counterblaste" against the "fumes of hell." Other monarchs of Europe and Asia followed in condemnation. Pagan, Christian, and Mohammedan combined against it. Russia punished its use by cutting off the nose. In other countries even the death penalty was declared against it. The church took up the warfare. Pope Urban VIII, in 1624, pronounced anathemas upon all who should take the accursed thing into a consecrated building. Innocent XII solemnly excommunicated any who should take snuff or tobacco into St. Peter's at Rome. But

A TOBACCO FIELD IN THE CONNECTICUT VALLEY, WITH THE PLANTS NEARLY FULL GROWN. THE UPPER ENGRAVING SHOWS THE FULL GROWN PLANTS READY FOR CUTTING.

still the habit grew, until to take tobacco "with grace" became the necessary qualification of a gentleman. Even the ladies smoked, learning to handle the pipe "in a ladylike way."

King James put a heavy tax upon the importation of the plant; and when the English farmers began to grow it upon their own lands, he forbade them "to misuse and misemploy the soil of this fruitful kingdom." But the trade flourished in spite of opposition, so at last the virtuous monarch accepted the inevitable and made a crown monopoly out of what he could not destroy. When Cromwell came into power he sent his soldiers to trample down the tobacco crops wherever found. But his followers got in their revenge at last, for they smoked publicly at the Protector's funeral, as if rejoicing at the return of freedom.

TOBACCO IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

In the new world, tobacco played an important part in supplying the colonists with means for establishing and maintaining their settlements. The first European to raise the plant was John Rolfe, husband of Pocahontas, who began his experiments in 1612, only five years after the founding of the Virginia colony at Jamestown. Four years later Governor Yeardley introduced the culture generally into the colony; and it quickly became the great staple of Virginia. In 1617, the open lots, the market places, and the very streets of Jamestown were planted with it. In their eagerness to get sudden wealth, the colonists forgot to save ground for their food, and the growing city, apparently prosperous, was on the verge of starvation. Only an expedition into the interior that uncovered the stores of grain of some of the Indian tribes saved it from disaster. Thereafter personal greed was restricted by law, and each planter was compelled to reserve a portion of his land for food.

The early colonists were adventurers without family ties; so it became evident that in order to succeed, the planting of homes must be encouraged. Women being few, it was decided to import more of them from England. Ninety

"SPEARING" THE TOBACCO LEAF—THE PLANTS, WHEN CUT, ARE HUNG UPON SLATS, TO BE PLACED IN FRAMES IN THE CURING BARNS.

"STRIPPING" TOBACCO—IN THIS PROCESS THE COARSE VEINS ARE REMOVED FROM THE LEAVES.

SORTING AND PACKING CIGARS IN A CONNECTICUT FACTORY ALL CIGARS OF A CERTAIN BRAND MUST BE OF EXACTLY THE SAME LENGTH AND SHAPE.

maidens of good character were found ready to go to the new colony and accept their chances with the eager swains across the sea. By arrangement, each man was to pay for the outfit and transportation of his wife in tobacco, the currency of the colony—one hundred and twenty pounds, worth about eighty dollars. It was the old story of the Romans and the Sabines, only in Virginia the wives were gained without bloodshed, and with tobacco instead of by the sword.

When Charles II ascended the throne, he reënacted the old law that the English colonies should trade only with England. What was more, the law was strictly enforced. The result was disastrous to Virginia. Tobacco, her staple product, her very currency, went to one market only. The planter humbly fell on his knees and implored the buyer to give what he would. The colony was in the clutch of a grinding monopoly, and ruin stared her in the face, but there was no escape. Then the tobacco growers resorted to "stints" and "plant cutting," which largely reduced the crop. They hoped to enhance the price, but instead it fell lower than ever, and out of this pittance the duty was still exacted.

Reduced to beggary, the colonists were ripe for revolution. The man and the occasion offered, and in 1676 the Virginia planters enrolled themselves under General Bacon in open revolt against the mother country. Of course the movement was doomed to failure. After a few months Bacon died—stricken down, some said, by fever bred in the trenches at Jamestown; others whispered that his death came from the poisoned dagger of a royalist assassin. With him ended the revolt, and there was nothing for the colonists to do but to submit to the punishment, and again bend their necks to the burden. Bacon was a hundred years ahead of his time. The avalanche that finally swept away

British rule was to gather for a century before it fell; but the beginning of the trouble between the colonists and the home government was in Virginia, and the immediate cause was the attempted monopoly of tobacco.

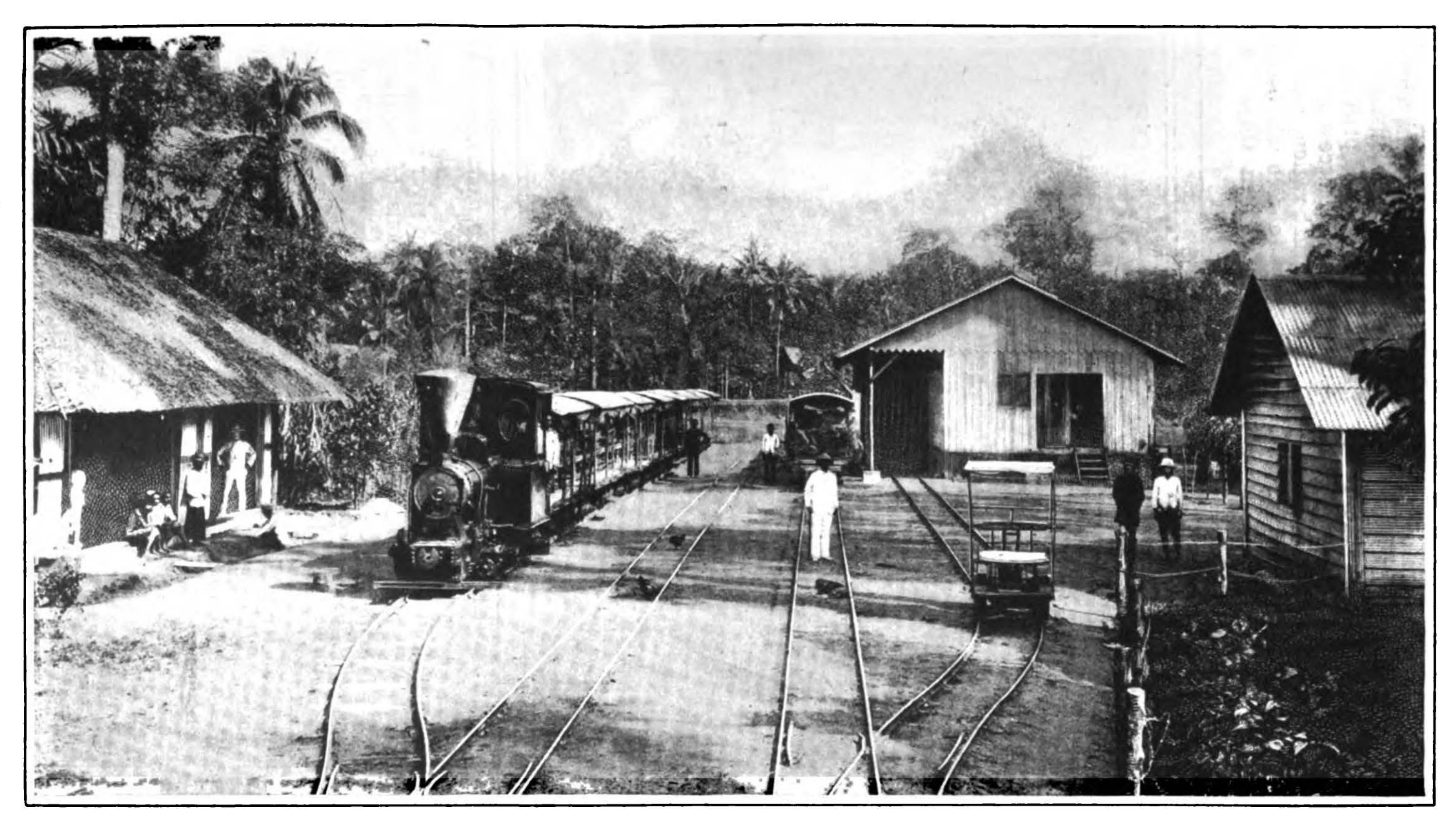
The culture of tobacco spread from Jamestown with the expanding colonies. Virginians went over into the rich fields of Kentucky, taking with them the tobacco seed and their slaves. Today the slaves have vanished, but Kentucky produces nearly half the tobacco crop of the nation. Envying the wealth of their Southern neighbors, some of the New Englanders raised tobacco between 1640 and 1650; but it had too mild a flavor to suit the taste of that age, and its culture was practically abandoned for nearly two centuries. About 1830 it was discovered that the soil of the Connecticut Valley would produce a tobacco whose leaf, though still mild, was well adapted to make wrappers for cigars, which were then coming into rapid favor. This was the Yankee's opportunity, and soon the valley blossomed with fields of tobacco. By 1867 the two States of Connecticut and Massachusetts were producing more than ten million pounds, of a home value of one and a quarter million dollars. Their production has since increased slowly, and is today about three million pounds greater.

IN A HAVANA CIGAR FACTORY—HERE FINE CIGARS ARE STORED READY FOR SHIPMENT.

SPECIAL VARIETIES IN TOBACCO.

The history of tobacco raising in recent years has been a series of interesting discoveries. Take, for example, the well known yellow leaf variety, extensively used for wrappers. Its native soil was North Carolina. In 1852 two brothers, Eli and Elisha Slade, owned farms on the Dan River in Caswell County. The land was poor, and what little fertility it once had had been exhausted by the exacting tobacco crop. But these brothers had a new idea. They carefully enriched the jaded soil, and planted it to tobacco. The old method, when the crop was cut, was to let the sun and wind dry out the leaves; but the Slades hung the plants up in a tight building, built a charcoal fire, and gradually raised the heat as the moisture was driven off. The result was a leaf of a beautiful lemon yellow. Their tobacco attracted attention, and they imparted their secret to their neighbors; and soon Caswell County yellow tobacco began to command a high price in the market.

The result was revolutionary. Land worn out by tobacco raising under the



TOBACCO STOREHOUSES AT A RAILROAD STATION IN SUMATRA—THE EAST INDIAN ISLAND PRODUCES A FINE GRADE OF LEAF, SUITABLE FOR CIGAR WRAPPERS. SUMATRA TOBACCO HAS BEEN IMPORTED INTO THE UNITED STATES SINCE 1883.

old plan, land which in the fifties would scarcely bring fifty cents an acre, suddenly advanced to thirty and even fifty dollars. Old towns, well nigh deserted after the exhaustion of the tobacco lands, suddenly sprang into new life. What is more, this condition has continued and broadened until worthless buyers, who encouraged him to raise more, and the next year he had ten acres producing eleven thousand pounds, which brought a high price.

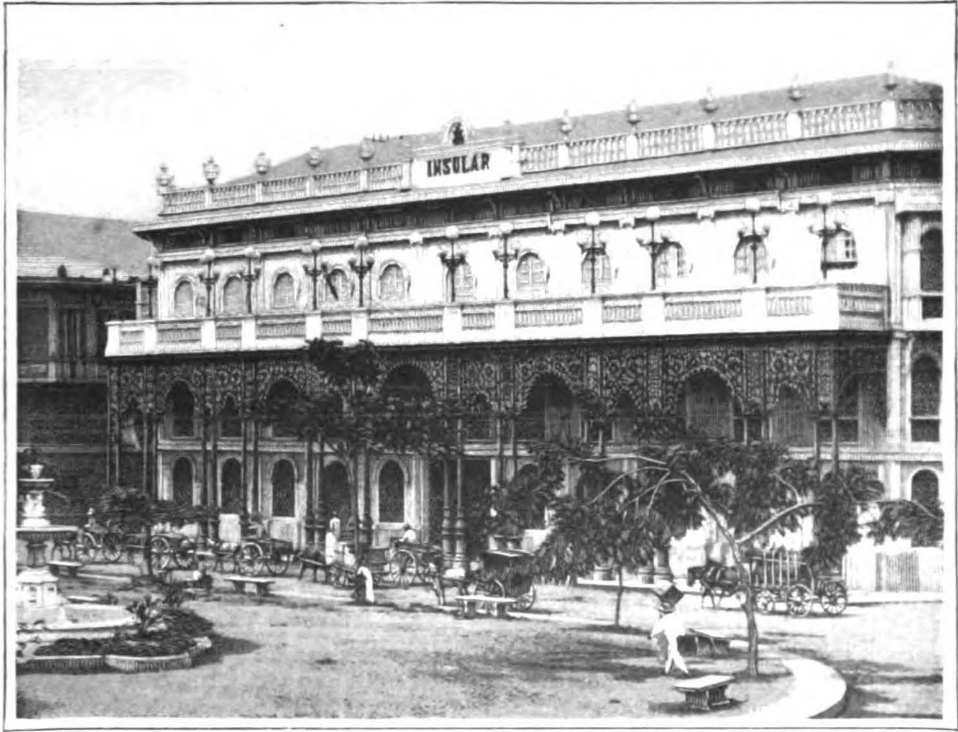
His remarkable success gave impetus to others in that region, and soon the White Burley tobacco was being raised throughout southern Ohio. Then it

RAW TOBACCO STORED FOR SHIPMENT IN ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL TOBACCO WAREHOUSES OF HAVANA.

lands in half a dozen of the Southern States have been transformed.

Equally revolutionary has been the White Burley craze, which started in southern Ohio. George Webb planted some Red Burley seeds, a standard variety, on his farm at Higginsport. He noticed that some of the plants had a whitish, sickly look, and at first passed them over when he came to transplant into the field; but he ran short of plants, and put in some of these whitish ones. At first they were slower than the other plants; then suddenly they began to grow rapidly. They matured early, and, when cured in the ordinary way, the leaf took on a beautiful golden hue. Mr. Webb showed his leaves to some of the jumped the Ohio river and invaded the blue grass regions of northern Kentucky. Stock farms, famous for centuries, were plowed under and planted to White Burley. But it was found that there was a natural limit of soil and climate which has kept down the quantity and so maintained the price.

A curious fact about tobacco is that it seems to take its characteristics from the soil and climate rather than the stock of the plant itself. Seed has been sent into the Connecticut Valley from Cuba, and in a very few seasons it loses its peculiar flavor and takes on the mildness of the northern tobacco. The White Burley, when carried beyond its well defined boundaries, fails to retain



THE INSULAR TOBACCO FACTORY, MANILA, IN WHICH THE NATIVE PHILIPPINE LEAF IS MADE INTO CHEROOTS—THE INSULAR IS THE LARGEST TOBACCO FACTORY IN THE ISLANDS, AND IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT BUILDINGS IN MANILA.

its distinctive color, and becomes like the other local varieties.

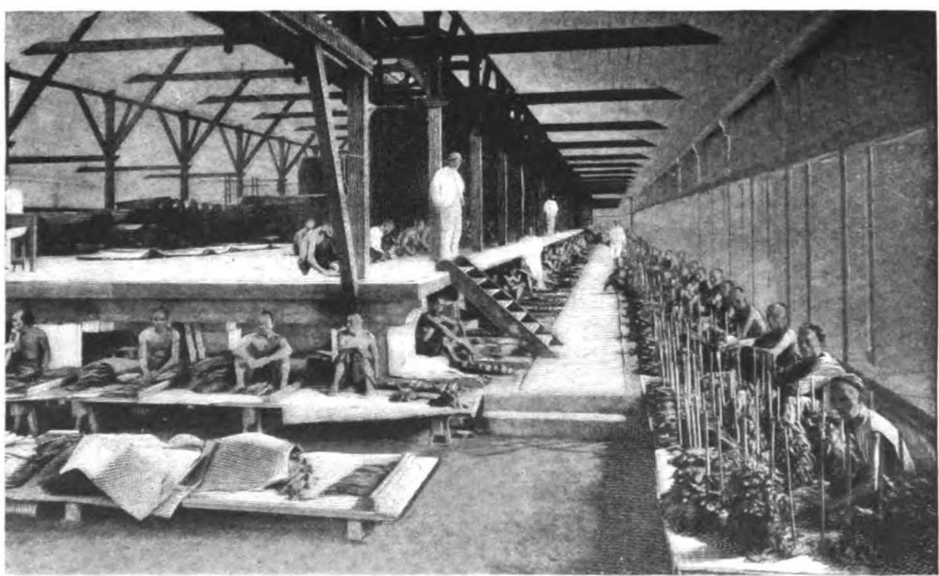
HOW TOBACCO IS GROWN.

Tobacco is a hardy plant, growing from three to fifteen feet high, according to variety and climate. It belongs to the same family as the deadly nightshade, which gives some people an argument against its use until it is pointed out that the potato and the tomato belong to the same family. If tobacco produces the deadly nicotine, so does the potato plant yield the equally deadly solanine, two grains of which will kill a rabbit.

In raising tobacco, the initial process is to make the seed bed. In the South, this is done in January. First the ground in the bed is burned over, to kill all foreign seeds, and to produce an ash favorable to the growing plant. The seeds of tobacco are so small that a heaping tablespoonful will produce plants enough to cover two acres. These seeds are mixed with earth, plaster, or some similar substance, and sown upon the beds.

After a few weeks, the young plants are ready to transplant into hills in the field. This transplanting has always been the particular dread of the tobacco grower, involving a vast amount of back tiring toil; but the Yankee has devised a horse drawn machine that robs the work of its terrors, and brings results even better than the hand process.

When ripe, the entire plants—or sometimes only selected leaves—are cut close to the ground and hung upon slats, to be placed in frames in the curing barn. This barn is artificially heated, and the green tobacco goes into a temperature of ninety degrees. After a few hours, the temperature is raised gradually up to about one hundred and twenty. It is kept at that point for two days, then advanced rapidly to one hundred and seventy five. It takes about four days to cure a barnful of a thousand pounds—the product, say, of an acre of land. The cured tobacco is carefully as-



CHINESE COOLIES SORTING AND PREPARING SUMATRA TOBACCO FOR SHIPMENT—IN THE LONG SHED, CALLED THE DRYING HOUSE, MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED COOLIES ARE EMPLOYED AT THIS ONE BRANCH OF THE WORK.

sorted and packed, under pressure, in hogsheads holding from two hundred to six hundred pounds. It is now ready for the market.

In most of the Southern States there are public examiners who test the quality and weight of the packages and stamp them with their official seal. The buying is usually done at auction. On the auction days, buyers will gather from a wide territory. In 1888 one hogshead of particularly fine Kentucky White Burley brought $4,555.90, which was at the rate of three dollars and ten cents a pound; but usually the planter is lucky if his crop sells for a tenth that price. The average the country over for all grades at the home markets is only six to seven cents a pound, and the average export price at the ports has not been as high as ten cents a pound in any year since 1877.

Favored localities, of course, get higher prices. Connecticut Valley planters say they must average at least fifteen cents for their entire crop, or they lose money. They received a high average of twenty six cents in 1892, but the next season's crop sold for half that price.

CIGARS AND CIGARETTES.

About one quarter of the four hundred million pounds of tobacco annually consumed in this country is in the form of cigars and cigarettes. It takes four thousand million cigars and an equal number of cigarettes to supply our annual demand. The consumption of cigarettes has grown with special rapidity, multiplying one hundred fold in the past twenty five years.

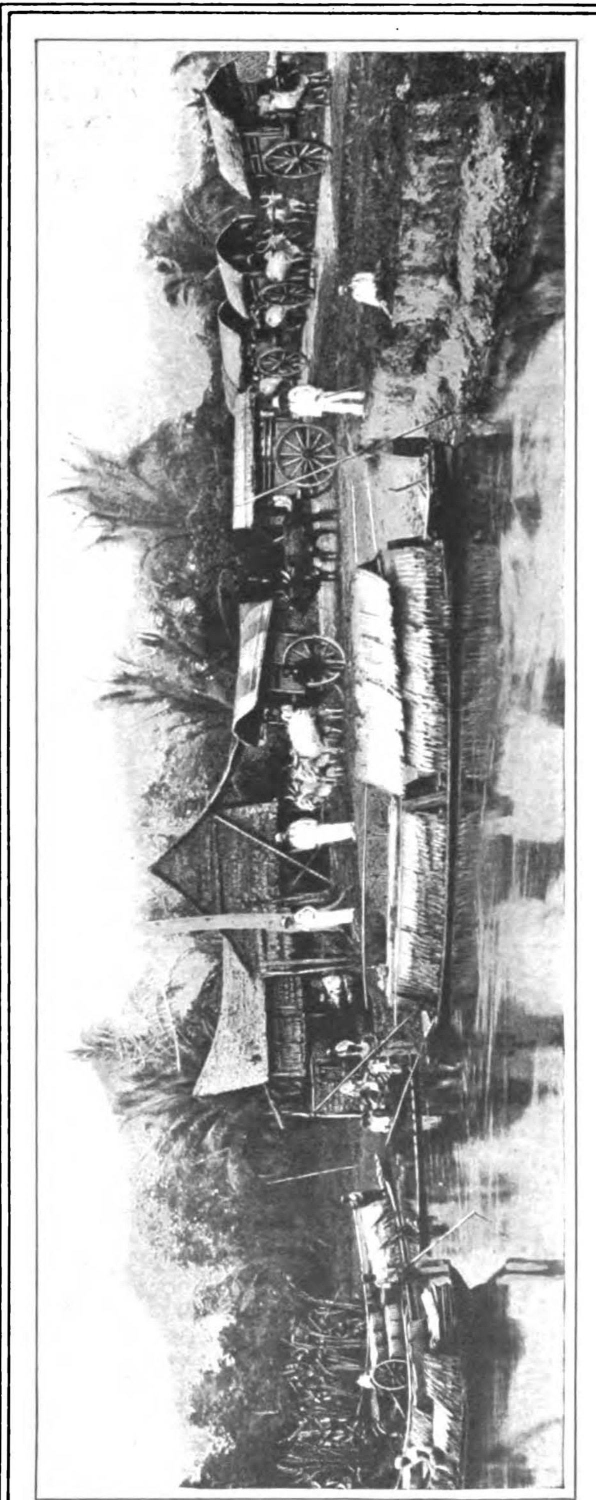
Most of the cigarettes on the market are machine made. One machine, working with the dexterity of the human fingers, will roll two hundred thousand cigarettes in ten hours. A hundred girls would be needed to do the same work by hand. The rice paper used in the cigarette is mostly made in France, and is said to be the product of the fiber of the cocoanut palm. It is very thin, tough, and almost transparent, and burns without odor and almost without ash. In the "all tobacco" cigarettes the wrappers are cut by hand between the cross veins of the leaf, so that the small veins will not show. Three pounds of tobacco are needed for a thousand cigarettes.

Three distinct parts make up the high priced cigar, and the same distinction follows down into many of the lower priced brands. There is the outer covering of leaf tobacco which appears to the eye, called the "wrapper." Just underneath is the "binder," also leaf tobacco; and this holds together the

"filler," made up of cuttings of the leaf. The filler usually takes up about half the weight; the wrapper only one tenth or less. Twenty five pounds of the different grades of tobacco are used in making a thousand cigars. If the Connecticut Valley leaf is used for a wrapper, the thousand cigars will require from four to six pounds; but of the Sumatra wrapper, only about two pounds will be needed.

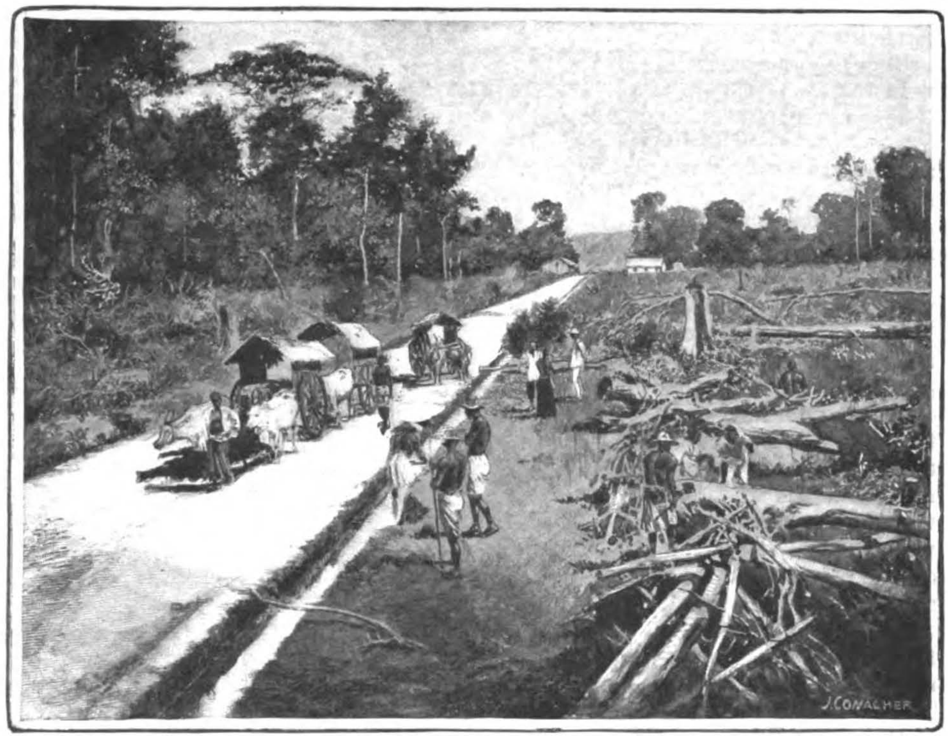
The Sumatra wrappers got a foothold in 1883. At first they were imported as fillers, and paid a duty of thirty five cents a pound, instead of the seventy five cents that should legally have been paid on them as wrappers; but even when the government discovered this, and demanded the higher duty, they continued in use because of their superiority to any other leaf. The Dutch syndicates which control the production of tobacco on the island of Sumatra have reduced the whole business to a science, and their profits have been enormous. One company has paid dividends, since 1880, of more than seventy five per cent a year.

In making cigars, the filler is prepared by partially removing the midrib of the leaf. The binder is a section of leaf which has been broken into two unequal parts, the smaller of which is laid upon the larger as an inner lining. The operative gathers



IN THE MOST PICTURESQUE OF TOBACCO COUNTRIES—LOADING SUMATRA TOBACCO ON BOATS FOR TRANSPORTATION TO THE COAST.

up a handful of the filling sufficient for one cigar, roughly forms it, and lays it within the binder, which is then wrapped about it and pressed down into shape. If the filler goes in twisted, it will always remain so, and the cigar will not burn evenly when it is smoked.



CLEARING LAND IN SUMATRA FOR TOBACCO RAISING—TROPICAL JUNGLES ARE BEING TURNED INTO FERTILE PLANTATIONS, WITH GOOD ROADS AND DRAINAGE CHANNELS.

Now the outer wrapper is rolled on smoothly, and the cigar butt neatly shaped by hand, or with a thimble. Then it is trimmed to the proper length, tied with others into bundles, and packed in its box. This is the hand made article.

"Form" cigars are made by machinery. Here the filler is placed in molds and put under pressure for seven or eight hours. The molds vary in form from the perfecto shape, pointed at both ends, to the straight cylinder of even thickness throughout. When the filler comes from the mold it is of the required shape, and needs only to be wrapped with its outer covering. The selection and preparation of the filling gives ample scope to the wide awake and skilled maker, for here he touches the taste of the smoker. Some insist on smoking only the "Havana filled," though the filler may never have been in the island of Cuba, or may have been imported there from the Philippines or elsewhere. The filler may be common domestic tobacco, or it may be of the very poorest, needing to be doctored with rum, alcohol, cider, vinegar, or a thousand and one secret preparations, to give it the desired flavor. If one must smoke a cheap cigar, one would better close his eyes and enjoy it without stopping to examine too closely into its make up.

The same kind of doctoring is employed in many of the brands of smoking tobacco, and especially in the manufacture of "plug." Who can say how much of the flavor of the user's favorite plug comes from the plant, and how much from the licorice or other substance that is put into it? The maker might tell, but certainly he will not, for there lies the secret of his success.

As to the ethics of tobacco, controversies did not end with Cromwell. The

soothing weed has been blessed by many of its beneficiaries and cursed by many who see the undoubted evils that it causes or helps to cause; but with these questions we are not concerned now. We are merely presenting the facts of its tremendous commercial and industrial importance.

THE GREAT TOBACCO INDUSTRIES.

The census of 1890 showed that there were one hundred and thirty six thousand people at work in the various manufactures of tobacco in this country. Their annual wages were fifty five million dollars, and they produced goods to the value of two hundred and twelve millions. Today the industry is larger by at least a quarter; but it is under different conditions. In January, 1890, the American Tobacco Company was incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, with an authorized capital stock of twenty five million dollars. Company after company has been absorbed, until today its outstanding securities aggregate seventy millions.

Nor is this all. In December, 1898, the Continental Tobacco Company was organized, and this has taken over all the plug tobacco interests of the present company, besides absorbing many independent concerns. Its capital stock and other outstanding securities today aggregate almost one hundred millions. Yet another development was made in March a year ago, when these two companies organized the American Snuff Company, and turned over to it all their snuff properties. Its capital is twenty three millions, and it is said to control ninety five per cent of the entire snuff output of the country. Nor is this the end of the story, for in January of this very year the American Cigar Company and the International Cigar Machinery Company, each with a capital of ten millions, were incorporated to take over other branches of the business.

Here, then, is a group of companies, representing a capital of more than a hundred and fifty million dollars, working in a field in which the capitalization of all the factories of the country eleven years ago was only ninety six millions. And not all the independent companies are yet absorbed. "Watered stock," you say. Of course, but not so heavily watered as to prevent large returns to the stockholders. The American Tobacco Company has paid eight per cent regularly on its preferred stock, and an average of twelve per cent on the common, besides piling up such a surplus that in 1899 the stockholders received a free gift in cash equal to the par value of their stock. The tobacco monopolies of King James and King Charles sink to insignificance before figures so stupendous as these; and all for a product whose chief end is to go up in smoke!

The sailors of Columbus wondered at the sight of a few simple savages puffing smoke from their mouths. We see a nation of millions doing the same thing, and nearly all supplied by one gigantic monopoly; but so far from being excited to wonder, we are scarcely even curious.

THE CURING HOUSE OF A SUMATRA TOBACCO PLANTATION—HERE THE GREEN LEAVES ARE STORED, DRIED, AND PACKED.

THE VICTORIA CROSS.

BY HARTLEY DAVIS.

THE MOST PRIZED AND MOST DEMOCRATIC DECORATION IN THE WORLD, WHICH BRITAIN BESTOWS UPON HER FIGHTING MEN FOR PERSONAL VALOR IN BATTLE — STORIES OF HEROIC DEEDS THAT HAVE WON THE CROSS.

THE most precious decoration in the world has an intrinsic value of perhaps five cents. It is an official badge of sublime personal courage and daring. It has no concern with rank, long service, or wounds. It may be won by a man who has been in the service a few months, while others who have grown gray in it, whose bodies are scarred by many battles, who have won distinction and promotion, may not possess it.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts, commander in chief of the British forces, the foremost English general since the Iron Duke, wears a score of medals and decorations. Some are of gold and glitter with precious stones. He has the Order of the Garter, and there is no higher in Europe. The number of its knights is limited, and it is usually confined to royalty and the highest nobility. Lord Roberts is also a Knight of St. Patrick, and he has many other medals won in the field—Delhi, Lucknow, Indian Frontier, Abyssinia, Afghanistan, the Kabul, and the Kandahar star. But a little bronze Maltese cross comes first in that array, and it is more prized than all the rest, a medal that the humblest man in the British service can wear—the Victoria Cross.

FIELD MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR AND PRETORIA, WHO WON THE VICTORIA CROSS AT KHODAGUNGE, INDIA, JANUARY 2, 1858.

For this cross is the very antithesis of the Garter which court circles consider the highest honor that an English sovereign can bestow. Nothing could describe the latter order more exactly than the words of the proud old aristocrat who extolled it because there was "no damned nonsense about merit in it." The Garter and the Victoria Cross are as far apart as the poles, for only merit can win the Victoria Cross. The bestowal of the Garter upon Lord Roberts was a violation of precedent. It was supposed that one of the English dukes would receive the coveted prize. Yet no man in the army doubts that "Bobs" cherishes the bronze cross that he won as a lieutenant in India more deeply than the brilliant decoration that he shares with

CAPTAIN WALTER NORRIS CONGREVE, OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

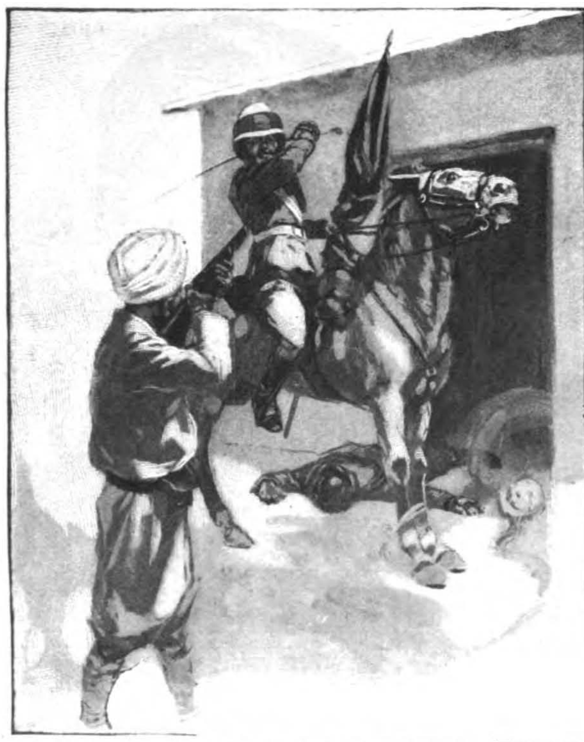
THE LATE LIEUTENANT F. H. S. ROBERTS, KING'S ROYAL RIFLES, SON OF EARL ROBERTS.

CORPORAL G. E. NURSE, ROYAL ARTILLERY.

CAPTAIN H. L. REED, ROYAL ARTILLERY.

FOUR MEN WHO WON THE CROSS AT COLENSO, NATAL, DECEMBER 15, 1899.

These three officers and one corporal were recommended for their gallantry in attempting to rescue Buller's guns under a very heavy fire. All four were wounded, Lieutenant Roberts fatally; his cross is worn by his mother, the Countess Roberts.



LIEUTENANT F. S. ROBERTS (NOW EARL ROBERTS) WINNING THE CROSS BY RECAPTURING A FLAG FROM TWO SEPOYS, JANUARY 2, 1858.

But so carefully is it safeguarded, so jealously is the honor conserved, that no ordinary exhibition of coolness and courage is sufficient. Especially is any act that can be described as "playing to the gallery" frowned upon. If it be supposed that a man is "pot hunting for medals," the Victoria Cross would probably be withheld from him even if he accomplished prodigies. The little bronze cross speaks for the wearer of it, saying: "This was not done for my own glory or honor, but to save a fellow fighting man, or for the glory and honor of my country."

It has been oftenest awarded to men who have rescued others in the field of battle. So far as the writer has been able to learn, there has never been an instance of the Vic-

some of the proudest sovereigns and nobles of Europe.

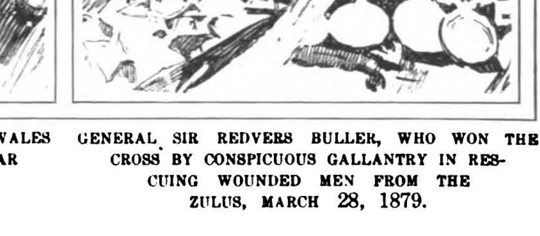
The cross bears the simple inscription "For Valour," under the coat of arms of Great Britain. While the Garter is given only to those of high rank, the Victoria Cross is splendid in its democracy. Before it all men stand on the same plane. Peers of the realm, generals, admirals, private soldiers, and seamen have equal chance to win it by some act of conspicuous personal heroism in the presence of the enemy. Three of its wearers have been negroes.

BRITAIN'S ROLL OF HONOR.

Since the decoration was established more than half a century ago, a million brave fellows, no doubt, have been eligible for the honor. It has been awarded to fewer than four hundred and fifty men. When it is considered how continually British soldiers and sailors have been fighting during the past fifty years, it will be seen that opportunities to win the Victoria Cross have been many.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM PEEL, OF H. M. S. DIAMOND, WINNING THE CROSS IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, 1855.

toria Cross being given to a man who has not honestly deserved it. No scandals soil its splendor, and the charge of favoritism has never been made. It is a badge of personal worth in an emergency, and no matter what a man was or may become, that single ac-



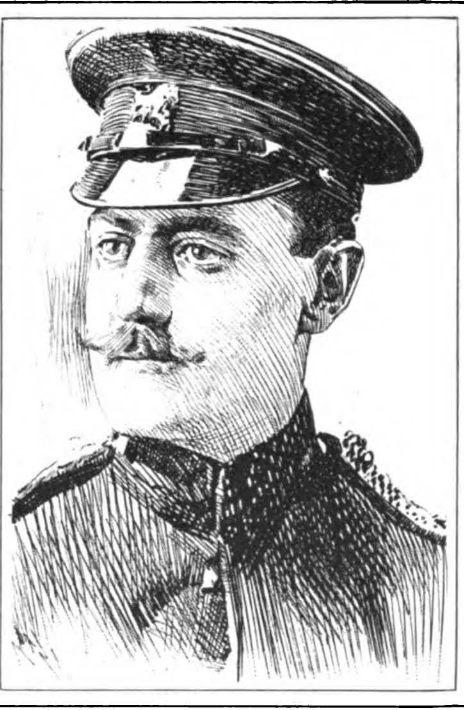
TROOPER TOM MORRIS, OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS, THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN TO WEAR THE VICTORIA CROSS, WHICH HE WON IN SOUTH AFRICA LAST YEAR.

GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, WHO WON THE CROSS BY CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY IN RESCUING WOUNDED MEN FROM THE ZULUS, MARCH 28, 1879.

complishment shines gloriously. The unwritten rule is to give the cross to the man who succeeds, and not to the man who simply dares; so it does not encourage foolhardy exploits that are children of bravado. This and the democracy of the decoration are among its first attributes.

No other nation has a decoration that can be placed on the same plane as the Victoria Cross. Germany has the Iron Cross, which is popularly supposed to be awarded under similar conditions; but to differentiate the two medals, it need only be stated that at the close of the Franco Prussian war forty thousand Iron Crosses were distributed. In the United States we have the Medal of Honor, but while its wearers are justly proud of the badge, which commemorates many deeds of unsurpassed heroism, it has been given too indiscriminately to carry with it the distinction of the Victorian order. As an illustration, the entire Twenty Seventh Maine regiment was decorated with the medal for the important part it took in the battle of Gettysburg. A simple contrast of numbers explains the higher esteem in which

CAPTAIN CHARLES FITZCLARENCE, OF THE CITY OF LONDON REGIMENT, WHO WON THE CROSS AT MAFEKING, IN OCTOBER, 1899.



CAPTAIN SIR JOHN MILBANKE, OF THE TENTH HUSSARS, WHO WON THE CROSS AT COLESBERG, CAPE COLONY, JANUARY 5, 1900.

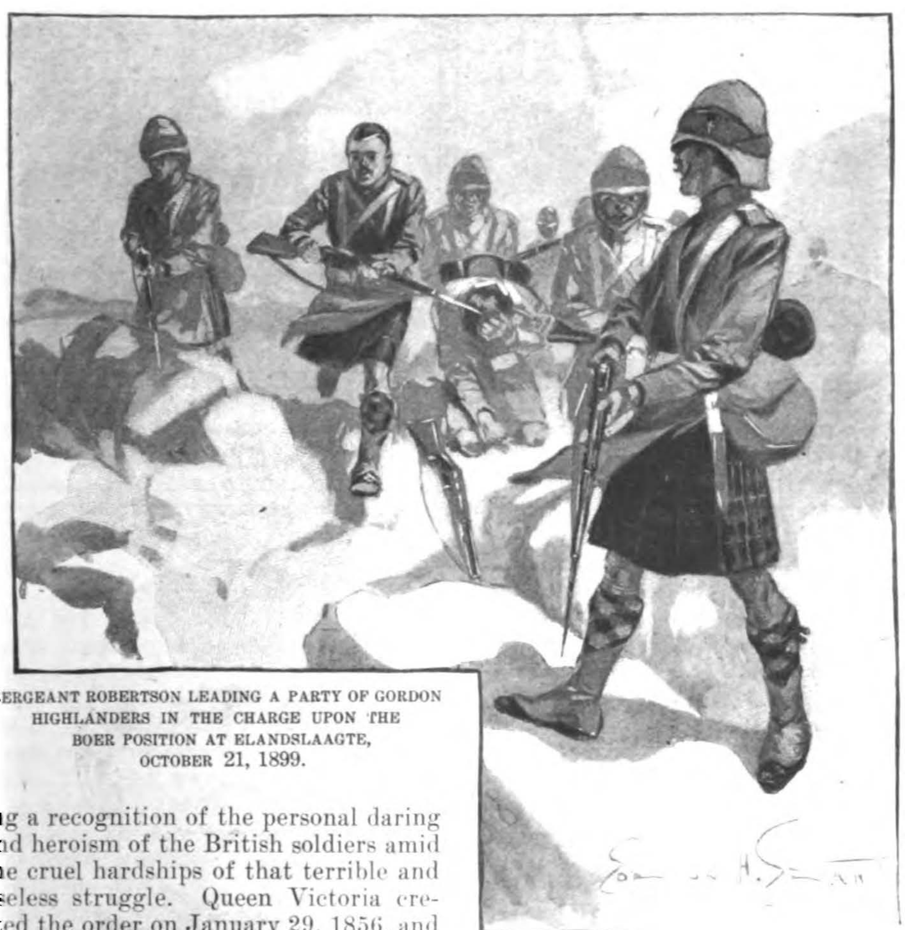
SERGEANT (NOW LIEUTENANT) WILLIAM ROBERTSON, OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS, WHO WON THE CROSS AT ELANDSLAAGTE, NATAL, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, THE DEFENDER OF LADYSMITH, WHO WON THE CROSS AS MAJOR OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS IN AFGHANISTAN, IN 1880.

the Victorian cross is held. On an average, about ten crosses a year have been awarded since the decoration was established.

THE HISTORY OF THE ORDER.

The Victoria Cross had its birth in the Crimean War, and was the crystallization of a popular sentiment demanding a recognition of the personal daring and heroism of the British soldiers amid the cruel hardships of that terrible and useless struggle. Queen Victoria created the order on January 29, 1856, and the royal warrant lays down the conditions under which the cross may be won. A subsequent act of gallantry, which would entitle a man to the cross had he not already won it, is recorded by a bar attached to the ribbon, red for the army, blue for the navy. This "most honorable decoration," as it is very properly termed, carries with it a special pension equivalent to about fifty dollars a year, and each additional bar another five dollars. Few men live to win the bar. If a number of men engage in an enterprise, crosses are given to one officer, one non commissioned officer, and two seamen, privates, or marines, the fortunate ones being selected by the votes of the men themselves. It is a fine thing to record that the only disputes that have arisen in such cases have been caused by men to whom their comrades awarded the medal, and who insisted that others were more worthy of receiving it.



SERGEANT ROBERTSON LEADING A PARTY OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS IN THE CHARGE UPON THE BOER POSITION AT ELANDSLAAGTE, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

The complete story of the Victoria Cross can never be written, because it will be unfinished so long as the British Empire endures. It is doubtful if a complete account of what has been done could be accurately penned, for the stories given by the men themselves are dulled by their own modesty; and deeds

GENERAL SIR HENRY EVELYN WOOD, WHO WON THE VICTORIA CROSS IN INDIA, DECEMBER, 1859.

MAJOR E. J. PHIPPS-HORNBY, ROYAL ARTILLERY, WHO WON THE CROSS AT SANNA'S POST, ORANGE RIVER COLONY, MARCH 31, 1900.

CAPTAIN C. MANSEL-JONES, OF THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT, WHO WON THE CROSS AT PIETER'S, NATAL, FEBRUARY 27, 1900.

THE REV. JAMES W. ADAMS, THE ONLY CLERGYMAN WHO WEARS THE CROSS. HE WON IT AT KABUL, DECEMBER 11, 1879.

done in the swirl of battle, in the climacteric moment of events, can never be fully related, because those who see them are laboring under the fiercest excitement men can know. There is a curious sameness about the official reports, which use conventional words over and over again, so that one loses the sense of danger, the smell of powder, the sweat and smoke of battle, the wild elation of the fearful struggle. Now and then a master hand, one who feels it all in the heart of him, pens a story that makes one thrill and shudder; but these are painfully few. I do not recall that the man of all others best equipped to do the work, Tommy Atkins' own laureate, Kipling, ever told how a Victoria Cross was won.

And yet there is not a single cross whose winning is not worth a chapter by itself. To treat the story comprehensively would be to epitomize the work of Britain's army in the last half century—Alma, the Valley of Death at Balaklava, Inkerman, Sebastopol, Lucknow, Delhi, and all the horrors of the Sepoy Mutiny; Afghanistan, Persia, China, Abyssinia, Ashanti, the Sudan, South Africa—all these would have to be woven into an epic—and Homers no longer wander through the world.

CROSSES WON IN THE CRIMEA.

A boy was the first to win the Victoria Cross, and he still lives, full of years and honor, an admiral now. Charles Davis Lucas was a midshipman on H. M. S. Hecla during the bombardment of Bomarsund in the Baltic, on June 21, 1854, when a shell dropped in the midst of the men he commanded. The fuse was almost burned away. Lucas leaped towards the shell, picked it up in his hands, and hurled it over the ship's side, where it exploded before it reached the water. That was the sublimest courage, for it was coupled with intelligence and instantaneous action.

Two similar feats were performed in the Crimean campaign. A shell dropped in the midst of a quantity of ammunition in one of the British trenches. Sergeant Ablett, of the Grenadier Guards, sprang towards it, but it rolled away from him. He pursued and captured it, and threw it with all his might. It exploded in the air, knocking him down. Captain Peel, of H. M. S. Diamond, was working his battery before Sebastopol, when the ammunition ran short and the frightened horses refused to move. The wagons had to be unloaded in the open, and Captain Peel started for them with some volunteers. They attracted the enemy's fire, and a shell dropped among the workers.

"The fuse is burning!" came the cry of warning, and the men scattered—that is, all but Captain Peel. He jumped over the powder cases, grasped the shell, and threw it over the parapet. It exploded within two seconds after it left his hands.

There is no finer illustration of heroic courage than that which won the cross for John Sullivan, boatswain's mate of H. M. S. Rodney, and a mere boy, before Sebastopol. A mound between the sailors and a Russian battery prevented the former from using their guns with proper effect. Sullivan volunteered to place a flag on the mound, as a guide to the gunners. He reached the hillock safely, and, carefully noting his bearings, knelt down, scraped away the earth, planted the flag staff, and made it secure with sticks and stones. His appearance on the mound made him a target for the Russian sharpshooters. The bullets cut the earth around him, they whistled about his ears. Faster and faster they came, yet the boy went about his task as if he were placing a flag on a play fort. There is something magnificent in courage like that. A man may do many things in the heat of the fight, when his blood is boiling, and the lust to slay sears his brain, but to stand alone in the open, a target for hundreds of marksmen, and give no heed to them, requires courage of a different sort. In truth, fortune sometimes favors the brave, for Sullivan returned to his comrades without hurt.

It might be told how Lieutenant Lindsay, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, stood on the heights of Alma, back to back with one of the color guard, the others being shot down, and kept the Russians at bay with their revolvers until a little band came to their rescue; how Sergeant Luke O'Connor, sorely wounded, clung to the colors that were hit in seventy five places; how Captain Edward Bell captured a field piece un-

aided. The splendid deeds at Balaklava might be told over again, but perhaps it is better to describe how the Victoria Crosses were bestowed in London upon the sixty two men who won them in the Crimean war.

It was made a public function, and it took place in Hyde Park, on June 26, 1857. There was a great gathering of troops, and the queen rode a white horse. She wore a scarlet tunic with an embroidered sash, and a round hat with a plume of red and white feathers added to her military appearance. There were mere striplings and gray headed men, peers of the realm, and privates and ordinary seamen in the little company of honor men. But read what an eye witness said of them:

Then came the saddest possession—rank after rank of men, hardly one not mutilated, an arm gone here, a leg wanting there, this old soldier hobbling on his crutches, another with bandaged head and guided in his semi darkness by another's hand. With face gradually paling, and lips steadily compressed, the queen bore the pitiful sight and handed the medals with fingers that scarcely shook. In several instances, she bent down in sweet womanly fashion, and herself attached the medal to its clasp.

CROSSES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

Many Victoria Crosses have been won in India, especially during the great mutiny, when there was sore need of devotion and heroism. Before glancing at some of these, there may be a reference to Lieutenants Moore and Malcolmson, who were in the expedition into Persia in December, 1856. All alone, Moore broke a square of infantry that held the key to the biggest fight of the campaign. He spurred his horse and made it leap upon the line of bayonets. The animal was killed, and Moore's sword was broken. With the stump of the weapon and his pistol, he prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible, seeing no chance of escape. But he had broken the square, and Lieutenant Malcolmson cut his way to Moore's side, gave the imperiled man a stirrup, and bore him out of danger.

Death claimed many a man in the Mutiny who would have received the Victoria Cross had he lived. Surely none could have done more than Lieutenant Willoughby, who was in charge of the magazine at Delhi, the largest storehouse of military material in India, and the eight men under him, Lieutenants Raynor and Forest, Conductors Scully and Buckley, and four British privates. They defended their charge to the last, against a host of rebels. When half of the eight were wounded, and the natives were swarming in, they deliberately fired the magazine. The earth shook with the explosion. Five hundred natives were killed. Of the nine defenders, only Forest, Raynor, and Buckley lived to wear the first crosses of the Mutiny.

It is remarkable how often British soldiers have saved their lives in battle because of ability to use their fists. Lieutenant Hills, an artillery officer, made a single handed attack on a party of rebel cavalry, in order to gain time to bring his guns into action. He shot two, and unhorsed a third by hurling his empty pistol at the man's head. The other sowars charged him, hurling horse and rider to the ground. Hills drew his sword, and killed one man and wounded another before the weapon was knocked from his hand. He closed in on his remaining adversary, and fought with his fists until aid came.

A famous exploit was the blowing up of the Cashmere gate in the walls of Delhi, on September 14, 1857. Lieutenants Howe and Salkeld, Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, and Corporal Burgess, each with a twenty five pound bag of powder, and Bugler Robert Hawthorne, a boy whose duty it was to sound the charge when the gate was destroyed, crossed the broken drawbridge leading to the gate, exposed to the rebel artillery on the walls above. All reached the gate safely. Howe planted his bag and crouched in the ditch with the bugler beside him. Carmichael was shot dead before the bag left his hands, but Smith, having placed his own bag, also arranged his comrade's. Just as Lieutenant Salkeld was stooping to apply the quick match to the fuse, he was shot, and fell into the ditch. Corporal Burgess snatched the match, but it went out; he was taking a box from Smith when he, too, rolled into the ditch with a bullet in his body. But the fuses were lit, and there was an explosion that blew down the gate. Little Hawthorne sounded the charge, and the troops rushed the

breach to the capture of Delhi. Of these six men, only Smith and the bugler lived to wear the Victoria Cross.

Lord Roberts won his most prized decoration during the Mutiny, in which he first demonstrated the fighting abilities that have made "Bobs Bahadur" recognized as the greatest living soldier. This is the official report of how he gained the Victoria Cross:

Lieutenant Roberts' gallantry has on every occasion been marked. On following the retreating enemy, on January 2, 1858, he saw in the distance two sepoys going away with a standard. Lieutenant Roberts put spurs to his horse, and overtook them just as they were entering the village. They turned and presented their muskets at him; one pulled the trigger, but the cap snapped. The standard bearer was cut down by the gallant young officer, who carried off the colors. He also on the same day cut down another sepoy who held a soldier at bay. Lieutenant Roberts rode to the horseman, and with a blow of his sword killed him on the spot.

Heroic deeds came fast during the Mutiny. There was Thomas Henry Kavanagh, "Lucknow Kavanagh," who, after being forbidden to leave the Residency because it meant certain death, so thoroughly disguised himself as a native that the officers were deceived, and made his dangerous way to Sir Colin Campbell, who was coming to the garrison's relief. It is a story that reads more like romance than truth.

The Afghan campaign of 1880 was one that tried the souls of the men who took part in it. James Collis, a gunner, won the greatest individual honor. He was a true fighting man with cannon, musket, pistol, or fists. He did a succession of marvelous things, the most notable of all being his action in drawing the fire of ten or twelve of the enemy's cavalry who were bent on capturing a gun. He held up the natives until reinforcements came.

Several army surgeons have won the Victoria Cross by conspicuous bravery in rescuing wounded men under the enemy's fire, but only one clergyman wears the badge—Chaplain James William Adams. He earned it in that same Afghan campaign, by saving two wounded men who had fallen into the water in a gully, and were entangled with their horses. Parson Adams dashed down the slope, in deadly danger at every step, jumped into the water, and with much pulling and hauling got them safely to land.

Something more than three years ago, the latest Victoria Cross to be won in India made a stir around the world. It has been told many times how Piper Findlater, with bullet wounds in both ankles, received in charging up the heights of Dargai, sat exposed to the hail of Paythan lead, and played with all his might while his comrades fought to victory. The queen personally decorated the piper with the Victoria Cross.

CROSSES WON IN AFRICA.

Many British soldiers have died in Africa, and a few have won the Victoria Cross there in fighting Zulus, Mahdists, and Boers. In January, 1879, when a hundred and thirty one men held Rorke's drift against some three thousand Zulus, it was called the most heroic defense of modern times. The little handful of men hastily made a barricade about two houses, one used as a hospital. Six men were told off to defend the latter, which the natives were determined to capture. They charged it in parties of twenty and thirty in rapid succession, and forced the doors by sheer weight of numbers. The soldiers' ammunition became exhausted, and they fought on with bayonets, clubbed rifles, and fists, bleeding with assagai wounds, and scorched by heat, for the building had been fired. Private Henry Hook made a barricade of the savages he killed in defending one door. The six held the natives in check until the thirty wounded men were taken from the hospital.

Sir Redvers Buller, who was commander in chief of the South African forces until Lord Roberts succeeded him, won his V. C. in fighting Zulus. "Six men he is known to have saved personally, and how many more by his orders and example it is impossible to tell," says the report. He rode out and rescued a trooper within a hundred yards of the enemy.

The circumstances under which the late Lord William Beresford won his cross, in the same campaign, were rather unusual. He was scouting in the long grass with a party, and was fired upon. Two of his men were killed, and Sergeant Fitzmaurice was wounded and his

horse slain. The savages rushed forward to complete the work. Beresford rode to Fitzmaurice's aid. He jumped out of the saddle, and told the sergeant to mount; but the latter refused, saying there was no reason for two lives being lost.

"Get up!" roared Beresford. "If you don't mount, I'll punch your head!" Then he lifted the wounded man into the saddle. It is likely that they would have been killed had not Sergeant O'Toole come to their aid, and repeatedly stopped the rushes of the Zulus with his revolver. Lord William declared he would not accept a V. C. unless Sergeant O'Toole was also decorated.

BRAVE DEEDS IN THE BOER WAR.

The South African war, which persists in dragging along so unprofitably, has been productive of many Victoria Crosses. One of the first to receive the decoration was Sergeant Major William Robertson of the Gordon Highlanders, who at the battle of Elandslaagte, in October, 1899, led each successive rush in the final advance; and after the main position was captured, he led a small party that seized another Boer camp. He was constantly exposed to a withering fire, and seemed to have a charmed life until, just as the enemy's last position was carried, he fell with two severe wounds. He was rewarded with the cross and a commission.

It was in the fight for the last convoy at Sanna's Post that Major Edmund John Phipps-Hornby, Sergeant Parker, and Gunner Lodge of Q Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, handled their guns with such coolness and daring under a frightful shell and rifle fire that the Boers were checked, and a shattered brigade was able to retire to its supports. An American won the decoration in this same fight, Trooper Todd, of Roberts' Horse. He volunteered to bring in stray horses for the guns. This he did, and went back again, under a continual fire, to search for a surgeon, whom he failed to find; but he brought in the only wounded man he met.

Sir John P. Milbanke, of the Tenth Hussars, gained a captaincy and the cross at Colesberg. During a reconnaissance, a patrol was fired upon. Although wounded severely, Sir John rode back to the assistance of a man whose horse was exhausted, and under a deadly fire brought him safely back to camp.

Captain Charles Fitzclarence of the City of London Regiment won more than his share of glory at Mafeking. With a few men, he saved Baden Powell's armored train when its loss seemed certain. He also led his squadron across the open in one of the garrison's desperate attacks on the besiegers' lines, and killed four of the enemy himself. In fact, he was constantly distinguishing himself by his coolness and courage.

Colenso is a dark chapter in the Boer war to the British forces. It is the saddest name in warfare to Lord Roberts, for there his only son was killed while performing a splendid act of chivalrous heroism, which won for him the Victoria Cross that his mother wears. Inspired stupidity in the plan of the battle gave opportunity for marvelous valor in the men who fought it. Captain Congreve, Lieutenant Roberts, Corporal Nurse, and half a dozen others volunteered to try to rescue some of the guns of the two batteries whose men and horses had been simply slaughtered by the enemy's terrific fire. They galloped out with two teams, and their appearance in the open made them a target for a thousand rifles concealed in the trenches and bushes only three or four hundred yards away. Congreve was shot in the leg, Roberts was hit three times and mortally wounded, but they succeeded in bringing out two guns. Captain Reed, of the Royal Artillery, made another dash. Nearly all his horses were quickly killed and he, too, was wounded. Buller forbade further attempts. Reed, although shot through the thigh, went back to his own battery and insisted on remaining with it until he was ordered to the rear.

Such is a brief epitome of the deeds of some of the men who have won the Victoria Cross, and they show why it is so highly prized. The navy has won rather more than its share. The artillery stands first in the army, the engineers second, the infantry third, and the cavalry last in the number that have been awarded. The South Wales Borderers is the honor regiment, its men having earned sixteen crosses.

THE TRAITOR'S WAY.*

BY S. LEVETT-YEATS.

STORY OF THE CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

AS I look back into the past, it seems but as yesterday to me, that gray afternoon, the day following the discovery of the St. Germain's conspiracy, when I rode from the Louvre, through the buzzing streets of Paris, to my house in the Rue Coquillière.

Of course I was hilt deep in the matter, and, even as I rode, there was a list of names in my pocket that would have brought the heads of the owners thereof to the block did the Cardinal of Lorraine or Catherine de Medicis cast but an eye on the scroll. Prudence had counseled me to leave Paris, as most of the others had done; but as yet I was sure that the suspicions of Guise had not settled upon me, and again, when a man is four and twenty, and in love, prudence is cast to the four winds of heaven. And so I risked my neck for a pair of blue eyes, as many another man has done, and will do, and whilst I rode I placed my hand at my breast pocket, not to feel if the scroll of names was safe, but to assure myself that a letter and a delicate embroidered glove lay there over my heart. They were there; but even through my madness I felt a touch of shame, and my hand dropped to my side, for glove and letter had come from another man's wife—and he was my friend.

It was a mad, pitiful letter, and in the blurred and hasty lines were words that could have been written only by a woman who for the moment had lost all power of reason, and was ready to leap into the abyss from which there is no return. I should have destroyed it then and there, but that I too had lost all control over myself, and for the sake of Marie de Marcilly was ready to deceive my friend and beggar myself of my honor. When I thought of her and her unhappiness, all thought of Jean de Marcilly was lost, although he was a brave and noble gentleman, and my friend. At that moment, however, he was to me the man who stood between me and my love.

Marie had promised to fly with me that night. Every moment I stayed in Paris added to my danger, but for her I would have braved a far worse peril than those few hours could offer me. And indeed they brought peril enough. For, provoked into a senseless quarrel in the café of the Bouton d'Or, I flung aside my coat to cross swords with the half drunken fool who had slighted her name.

On the bench where my coat lay sat a cowled and somber Capuchin. It was not till after I had hurried away, leaving Lignières very still on the ground, that I turned to my coat pocket for the mad letter and the glove and the fateful scroll of names. They were gone. A spy of the queen mother had been hidden under that Capuchin robe.

And that night I lost my love, too, for Marie's heart failed her at playing traitor to her husband, and she sent me away alone.

Wars and plots followed. By strange fortune, I served again with Marcilly, and strove to efface by my loyalty and zeal the memory of the wrong I would have done him. Then I heard that husband and wife were reconciled, though she still remained at Orleans with the court, and the thought that she had hopelessly passed out of my life maddened and tortured me beyond endurance. I began to hate Marcilly as the man who had taken away from me my only chance of happiness, and after that I was ready to yield to temptation.

Things went against us, as all the world knows who has followed this bitter struggle between Catholics and Huguenots. Then came the news of the arrest and imprisonment of the Prince of Condé—the one hope of all Frenchmen who loved their country and hated Catherine de Medicis and the Guise. His life hung by a thread.

It was then that the strange likeness between the prince and Jean de Marcilly suggested a wild plan of rescue. That Marcilly would merely lose his own life was only too probable, and the Princess of Condé, the wife of the unhappy prince, was long in consenting. At last—

"May God bless you," she said, her eyes swimming with tears. "Be it as you will."

I was certain that Marie de Marcilly

* *This story began in the January number of* THE JUNIOR MUNSEY.

loved me still, and that in her heart she would welcome freedom. But an hour or so back, this had made me long, yet fear, to see Marcilly stretched dead in the snow. It was this that made me hate myself, and yet urged me on. Fifty times during the scene with the princess had I been within an ace of stepping to Marcilly's side, and asking to share his enterprise. Each time I was held back, caught by the throat and held back by my evil thoughts.

To my mind, the attempt was impossible. He must die—and then I became aware that I was not alone, for Marcilly stood at my right hand, smiling at me with his kind eyes.

"Gaspard," he said, "I want a friend. Will you come?"

I was not altogether lost. I was sick with the shame of past thoughts and deeds. I dared not refuse.

"I will come," I answered, and my voice was strange, even to my own ears. It was fate.

"For our faith, and for our king!" he said, linking his arm in mine.

Our ride to Orleans, where the Prince of Condé lay, was fraught with perils and adventures. The bitterest of these was that which forced upon me a treachery not of my seeking. For, on the first night, at the inn, I fell in with an old soldier friend, Ponthieu, who confided to me that he, too, was riding to save the Prince of Condé. And we pledged the Protestant cause and confessed our errand to one another, never dreaming that in the shelter of the great press lurked a spy of the queen mother—Achon, Bishop of Arles.

And when Ponthieu had gone off, unsuspecting, into the trap that awaited him, out came the bishop, and both Marcilly's life and mine lay in his relentless hand.

For the sake of the prince we went to save, I purchased our lives by giving my word, the word of Vibrac, that I would come to the castle of Orleans in five days' time and testify as to what Ponthieu had told me; and went on heavy hearted, knowing that my old friend was tight in the bishop's grip. But Ponthieu had his resources, and less than twenty four hours after a spattered, white faced horseman came dashing upon us with a pursuing crowd at his heels—Ponthieu himself, who had escaped the clutches of Achon, and was making a brave bid for freedom. We flew to his aid and saved him—not without some bloodshed—and then we three rode on together till he left us at the Beuvron.

At Orleans we were met by the news that the Prince of Condé had been sentenced to death. Other deaths by fire and torture were making the town horrible. To get an interview with Catherine de Medicis was our first task, and for this we had the aid of Cipierre, Captain of Orleans, as well as uncle of Marcilly, and the Comte de Sancerre, both stanch haters of the Guise.

It was not without misgiving and dislike that I looked on the queen mother. She came towards us with a firm but slow step, bending slightly to our bow, and appearing not to recognize either Marcilly or myself. She looked at our companions as she said in a quiet, even voice:

"Messieurs, the hour is late. It must be a matter of urgency that brings you."

"It is, madame," replied Sancerre; "we bring you news, and in connection with that news monsieur the Captain of Orleans and I require the orders of the king."

"Indeed! And the news?"

"The admiral has written to the constable urging him to move at once on Orleans, and Montmorenci is in strong force now at Yvoy le Marron."

They looked at each other steadily as Sancerre spoke, both with the same thought in their hearts, each trying to conceal that thought from the other. How much Sancerre knew, I am not sure; it was only in after years I discovered that it was Catherine herself who had prompted the sending of the admiral's letter. In her desperate attempt to free herself from the Guise, she was willing to take any step, however humiliating, though it must have been gall and wormwood to have been compelled to seek aid from Anne de Montmorenci, constable of France.

"I know all this, and more," she said. "I know, too, that the Princess of Condé is close to Orleans, on her way here—here!" she repeated, with a slight laugh.

"Ah, this was the news Richelieu brought! He passed us in the corridor with red spurs." It was Cipierre who spoke, and Catherine laughed again.

"Perhaps. But I know even more. Monsieur of Arles writes to say that certain men of his guard have been attacked and slain by the following of the Princess of Condé, and "—here she glanced at us—"I know, moreover, that swords have been drawn on my captain of Chenonceaux in broad day by those who call themselves faithful servants of the king."

"Madame," answered Sancerre, "if those swords had not been drawn, the admiral's letter would never have reached."

She began to play with the poniard at her girdle, and to bite her under lip.

Sancerre continued:

"Would your majesty prefer our taking our orders on these matters from the Duke of Guise or the Cardinal of Lorraine?"

"As the matter is urgent, I will deal with it now," said the queen in an icy voice. "The princess must not come to Orleans, you understand, and the constable should be warned that he comes at his peril. This is all, gentlemen?"

"All, madame, except one thing. We have two prisoners here, who voluntarily surrender to your majesty, and beseech your mercy towards them."

At these words both Marcilly and I started, but Sancerre gave us a warning glance.

She was looking at us now, with a faint smile, whether in mockery or not, playing on the corners of her lips.

"So these are the prisoners?" she said. "I know these gentlemen as——"

"Faithful servants of the king and of the house of Valois," said Sancerre, adding, as he lowered his voice, "There is still time before all is lost."

"Before all is lost?" She shuddered slightly, then recovered herself.

"Madame," said Sancerre, "this is no time for hesitation. Cannot you see what the Guise will do at the first hint of the constable's moving? The prince must be saved. He, and he alone, can make head against Lorraine. With his death, there would be an end to us. We must play every card now."

Catherine looked around the room as if seeking to find words for her reply. At last she broke out:

"What would you have me do? I am powerless. Ah," she hissed, rather than spoke, "they compass me like bees—I can give you no help."

XIV *(Continued).*

"Your majesty has only to extend to us the king's peace for our late alleged offenses," said Marcilly. "We would then be free of the streets of Orleans. That is all the aid we seek. We answer for the rest."

"We must get that tonight if it is to be of any use," I added.

She had played her game long enough, whatever her object was in thus delaying. Perhaps it was to test our sincerity. Who can tell? But now she yielded, yet even in yielding remained an actress. She glanced at me for a moment, and then turned to Marcilly with a smile on her face.

"*Monsieur le comte*, there is some one else whose pardon you should first seek, for not having seen her before. You will find her waiting for you in the passage;" and with a wave of her hand she indicated the door by which she had entered the room.

I knew what she meant, and for a moment my brain seemed to reel; but I felt the queen's eyes on me, and steadied myself. Marcilly had gone like a flash, and as he opened the door there was a glad cry—such a cry, such a tone, as could only come from the heart of a woman who loved, and it stabbed me like a knife.

I knew in a moment that my house of cards had come down. I felt, I cannot tell why, that the love I thought mine was never mine, and with this sprang up a bitter resentment against Marie. It was Jean whom she loved, whom she had always loved, and I—I had been fooled. To think that I had been fighting a phantom all this time! To think that those struggles with myself, those victories gained, those hours of abasement, were due to a specter of my own creating! How different would the past year have been had I but known—had I but guessed! But to have been fooled! To have been made a sport and plaything, to while away the dull hours of a born coquette—I, Gaspard de Vibrac, knight of the King's Order! In a moment, it seemed that all my love had turned to a bitter hatred. There was a new madness burning in me, not the madness of passion, of love, but the more baleful fires of hatred and revenge.

And I was wrong, even then, in the conclusion I jumped to. I know now that it is possible for a woman, a good and pure woman, to mistake the feelings of her heart, to imagine she loves where she does not, and to tread on the edge of a moral precipice, where a false step means the ruin of a soul. And because such a woman was strong enough to save herself, I was base enough to brand her coquette, vile enough to think of revenge. I could hear nothing except that glad cry of welcome; I saw as in a dream before me the figures of the queen mother and our two friends engaged in earnest converse. What they said was nothing to me. I did not hear a word. Once or twice I fancied they looked at me, but I paid no heed to them, standing a little apart leaning on the hilt of my sword, my soul once more adrift on that dark sea from which but so short a while since I thought I had come safe to port. So I stood until the tension was broken by Catherine's measured voice:

"M. de Vibrac, be so good as to call Bentivoglio here. We will see the king at once."

XV.

I STARTED at the words; but they brought me to myself, and with a bow I turned and passed into the ante chamber. Some one was just quitting the room as I entered, for I caught the flash of a gay cloak as the Italian closed the door opposite to me, after his departing visitor, and then turned round with that eternal, treacherous smile of his, saying:

"*Per Bacco!* Your audience has been a long one!"

"'Tis likely to be longer. Her majesty wishes to see you. We go to the king."

He lifted his eyebrows slightly at my last words, only saying, however, as he stepped to the archway:

"Her nightly visit. It will not continue for long."

"Is it really so bad?"

He stopped, his hands resting on the folds of the curtain, then, bending forward, he said in a low tone:

"I keep relays of horses to two frontiers."

There was no more said, and we stepped into the cabinet. Marcilly had returned, radiant and happy; but, in the quick glance I cast around me on entering, I did not see Marie, and from my soul I was glad of this. I could not have endured meeting her. In the tumult then in my heart it would have been impossible to face her without betraying myself.

There was a whispered word or so between Catherine and her chamberlain, and then she spoke loudly, and with an imperious note in her voice:

"To the king—by the private way!" and, the Italian leading, we followed the queen mother through the door by which she had entered the cabinet, and along a passage lighted by a small lamp at its extreme end. Here we came to another door, which Bentivoglio opened with a master key, and, free of this, found ourselves at the base of a wide stairway that led to the apartments of the king.

All was in light—in white, dazzling light. There was a quick word of command, a flash of steel, the guard of the king's carabiniers presented arms, and Richelieu stepped forward, no longer the reckless soldier, but the suave courtier. The Star of the Order gleamed upon his silver cuirass, his short scarlet cloak was thrown back over his broad shoulders, and the blood red plumes of his hat swept the polished flooring as he bowed before the Medicis.

"The king—my son—how is he?" asked Catherine.

"But as before, madame. His majesty has asked for your grace twice."

The queen mother crossed herself and, preceded by Richelieu and followed by us, began to ascend the stairs, at the head of which we could see a gaily dressed group assembled, and among them some ladies—maids of honor, no doubt, to the reigning queen.

The balustrade terminated in a square column of veined granite, upon which was set a marble Aphrodite, one arm outstretched as if casting a flower. From the rear of the party, where I was with Bentivoglio, who had dropped to my side, the lights made the goddess burn a rose red, as if the statue were a living, palpitating thing. And, as I looked, a figure moved out of the throng above us, and stood beside the Venus—the figure of a woman, tall and stately, with deep, sleepy eyes and passionate lips, a living embodiment of the artist's dream.

The Italian nudged me, for he saw, too. "The Limeuil," he whispered, "for whom your Condé will lose his honor."

The words were almost prophetic, for it was for the sake of this woman before us that Condé, he for whom we were risking so much, trailed the honor of Bourbon in the dust, and broke the true heart of his wife, casting aside the priceless ruby for the sham, glittering crystal. If ever man was a moral murderer, he was; but he died like a gentleman and a soldier, while I—no, I dare not cast a stone!

And even as I write this there comes to me the memory of that grim story of the field of Jarnac, of that last devoted charge, for the sweet peril of Christ and the Fatherland, of Montesquiou's deed of blood, and of that red sunset when Anjou stood in doubt and hesitation before a stripped and mangled corpse.

And there came a cry from those around, "She comes! She comes!" and a tall, veiled woman stepped slowly forward through the battle worn group. Casting aside her veil, she looked long, with cold, hard eyes, on the disfigured features of the dead, and suddenly she laughed—a laugh that chilled the blood of all—as she pointed in triumph with her jeweled hand to the thing at her feet.

"It is he, Condé," she said. "***Enfin!***" and she kicked the dead face with her dainty shoe.

And while I gazed at her, we reached the landing, where all bowed with rever-

ence to the Widow of France, as Catherine was called.

As we came up, there was a slight murmur of surprise and curiosity, which even the presence of the queen mother was unable totally to suppress, and there were inquiring looks and glances interchanged, for it takes but a short time to forget in a court, and we, who had been but last year so well known, were almost as strangers now.

I could not forbear a glance at the Limeuil, which she returned with interest, coquette to her finger tips; and then, dropping her large eyes, she whispered something to a girl beside her, with a little laugh, as musical as the chime of a bell.

We were, however, not altogether unknown. Some one, I could not see whom, did recognize us, and I distinctly caught the words:

"What madness! To come back now!"

"Aye! Two more flies in the cobweb."

I turned to the voices. The first speaker I could not make out, but the second I was certain of. It was the jester of the Martroi. He was leaning against the wall swinging his bauble, and surrounded by a group of three or four people, listening, no doubt, to his quips and jests.

All this occurred very rapidly, and then we passed the landing, passed the folding doors, and entered the ante chamber beyond. Some of those who were on the landing followed us, the jester among the number; but here we were all stopped by a chamberlain, and Catherine, attended but by Sancerre and Cipierre, entered the private apartments of the king.

Marcilly and I stood alone, a little apart from the rest, who were grouped in knots, conversing in low, subdued tones. Bentivoglio had approached the jester and some others who were gathered round Mlle. de Limeuil, and Richelieu, after a quick word or so with the guard at the king's door, turned as if to join them, but, changing his mind, came towards us and, bowing, said:

"Permit me, messieurs, to present myself."

"It is unnecessary," I said; "the Sieur de Richelieu needs no presentation."

"In a way we are already acquainted," smiled Jean.

"Ah!"—and Richelieu twisted his heavy mustache—"I never thought I could have been so deceived. Your resemblance to the prince is simply marvelous."

"Your mistake was fortunate for me, though," said Marcilly.

Richelieu laughed. "For the first time in my life I thought I had seen a ghost. I confess I was fairly unnerved. But, messieurs, since two at least of us have exchanged a pass together, and since, as I understand, the king has recovered two good swords, I would ask the favor of your joining me at my quarters, after this is over, to empty a skin of Gascony."

"It is impossible, I regret to say," replied Marcilly, and I added my excuses.

"We will get Le Brusquet to come," he urged; "the jester sings rarely, and has a merry wit."

But it was not to be, and Richelieu took our excuses with an air of disappointment and a little annoyance.

I, for one, had my doubts about this sudden geniality on the part of Antony de Richelieu, and these doubts were not set at rest by the chagrin he displayed. My thoughts, however, were diverted from this matter, for, as Richelieu expressed his disappointment to us, the door of the king's chamber opened as if to let some one pass, and at the same moment we heard a high pitched, querulous voice.

"Lights! I want more lights! Where is Marie? I cannot see her."

It was the king who spoke. Every murmur was stilled where we were, and the door closed softly again, no one coming forth. For a moment or so there was absolute silence, and all glanced anxiously at one another, reading in one another's faces and eyes the confirmation of their misgivings. For there was in that voice an expression of pain and suffering, an intolerable agony, that told its own tale. It was a presage of the end to be, that filled us with pity and awe, and kept the most heedless tongue checked. At last some one, I know not whom, said softly, yet not so low but that the words reached us:

"He calls for the queen."

"She is with him," answered the Limeuil; adding, "he is better; the fever has quite gone. René himself told me so."

"That was the Jesuit's bark," remarked Bentivoglio; "'tis a rare specific."

"Aye, rare indeed!" said the one who had first spoken, adding, "Is it true he is to be blooded in the tongue?"

Bentivoglio shrugged his shoulders; but now the door opened once more, and there stepped out a tall figure, robed in brown taffeta, with a small cap of black velvet on his head. It was René himself, and he was immediately surrounded by a group, and eagerly questioned as to the king's health. But for the present their curiosity had to be satisfied with a brief

"The king is better;" and René, to whom we were known, turned to us and, beckoning with his hand, said:

"Messieurs, have the goodness to follow me."

Then, as we followed the physician, we heard whispers and murmurs, while eager questions, mingled with our names, flew from mouth to mouth, for curiosity had not been idle as we stood awaiting our audience. There were one or two who had recognized us, not to speak of Bentivoglio and Richelieu, and these were only too ready to pass their information on; so that as much as could be known of us was known already to that idle crowd of human moths that clung to the corridors and tapestries of the palace.

"They have been pardoned, I hear," said one.

"How can that be?" was the reply. "The amnesty is over."

"They might use Marcilly as a living effigy for the prince—he would do well for a proxy," said the jester; and then amid the buzzing I caught another speech that made me burn. It came from the red lips of Isabel de Limeuil.

"So that is De Vibrac! What was that story about him and——" I did not hear the rest, although I could guess; and with an inward curse at the tongue of scandal, that seemed to be able to stretch across space and time, I followed the physician and Jean into the king's chamber, the huissier, in violet and gold, closing the door after us, shutting out the buzzing voices and the prying eyes of the restless crowd in the anteroom.

"Lights! I want more light!" The breeze, as it sweeps through my open study window, and past the dark, shaking curtains, seems to bring with it the thin, high voice of the king; and as I write these lines, I can see before me that room, in bright, glaring light—a light that almost pained the eyes to look upon, and yet was but twilight to the dim sight of that poor, dying boy, who stared at us from his proppings of cushions, and who was now on the threshold of that long, dark night that, with God's mercy, was to bring with it a morning brilliant with the splendor that the eye of man has not seen.

But what caught us, what arrested our attention so that it could not linger for a moment on the luxurious room, so that we felt rather than saw the figure of a woman standing at the bedside, looking with infinite compassion on the pain worn face beneath her, was that face itself. There it was, shining out white and pallid from the white pillows, with that one red spot on the forehead, the crimson seal of that terrible disease which showed itself in the last stages of Francis' illness, and which, even if he had lived, would have placed him among those whom men set aside from themselves as accursed by God, among those whom man may pity in his heart, yet never look upon without horror and loathing.

There are those who deny the story, and, in truth, the king died before the new sickness had developed. Its presence was unsuspected by all except two—even the queen, Mary of Scotland, who now stood bending with sweet, pitiful eyes over her husband, did not dream of it; but René knew, and Catherine knew, and I knew when I saw, for it had come upon a man so in the Sicilies, when I served there with Ponthieu, and it was not to be mistaken.

To my mind, the king might have lived but for that scar on his forehead. He died, as we know, of a pain in the ear, as Bentivoglio mockingly said, and the phrase has become a byword.

There is a chapter of history that has yet to be told, but he who writes it must first learn the secrets that lie locked up in the hearts of the dead, for Catherine is gone and René sleeps his last sleep.

I can picture it all—the hopes, the fears, and then the dread certainty. Then comes the struggle between the love of a mother and the pride of race. It is a choice between unspeakable shame and death that hides all things. The queen mother and René are alone together with the king. He sleeps, and the lights that ever blaze within the room burn on that red splash, the mark of the unclean. The eyes of Catherine meet those of René, and the man of science knows that the choice has been made—that pride has conquered love.

"It must be now," she says, and then, with head held high, and dry, burning eyes, the Medicis steps from the room.

And René was alone with his king. What happened then will never be known until the last great trumpet blares out its call; but when the morning came Charles the Ninth was king of France.

All this was to happen in a few days, nay, in a few hours; but at the moment, in the hearts of those who stood around, had sprung up a hope—the fever was gone, the king would live.

We stepped forward and knelt by the bedside, and the thin hand of the boy wavered over us as he spoke:

"Are these my friends come back?"

Then Catherine bent down and whispered in his ear, and Francis spoke again.

"Pardon them! I would have pardoned them all. There was Castelnau, who used to play with me when I was a boy. There was Ste. Marie, who taught me to ride. There is Condé, always gay and laughing. And I—I have not laughed for months." He stopped for a moment, and went on. "But my cousin of Guise and the cardinal will not let me pardon any one—they forbid it," he added weakly.

"My son," said the Medicis, "are you not king of France?"

A faint flush spread over the ivory face, the pale lips drew themselves together obstinately, and he muttered to himself:

"Yes! Yes! I am king;" and then, in a louder tone, "I will be king for once—shall I not, Marie?" and he turned to his wife.

And the most beautiful lips in the world pleaded for us, and put courage into the heart of the king; and, boy as he was, there seemed to come upon him all the dignity of his high estate, as he stretched out his hand again to us.

"I pardon you the past, messieurs—I give you the king's peace—the peace that the king himself knows not."

Then we touched the thin hand with our lips, and, rising without a word, for there was something in the moment that took speech from us, stepped behind the group at the head of the bed, as the little king leaned back again on his pillows, all trace of the momentary strength in his face vanishing. Catherine turned towards us, as if about to give us the signal to go, when the king spoke again.

"My mother," he said, "am I going to die?"

A look of pain came over the marble features of Catherine; she bent over the boy, as if to hide her features, and her voice was very low as she answered: "No! No, my son."

And the child had become a child once more.

"I do not want to die," he wailed. "I am king. Why should a king die?" He stopped and beckoned to Cipierre.

"Monsieur," he said, as the *vicomte* approached, "you are a brave soldier, you have fought many battles. You must save your king from death."

The veteran half turned away as he answered:

"I, and all your soldiers, my king, would die to save you."

"Then you will not let death come? It comes in the dark, monsieur, that is why I always have these lights. You must not let death come. You must stand there! There!" he pointed to the foot of the bed and went on: "And my guards, who would die for me, must stand around, then death will not touch the king of France."

I saw the features of the old war wolf work convulsively as he bowed before the king.

There was no word spoken now. There was nothing to say. The lights burned brightly on the pallid features of the boy, who had flung himself back amidst his pillows, and wearily closed his eyes.

We stood still, looking at each other in silence. I saw Catherine and René exchange a glance, and then from behind us came a single, half suppressed sob. It was from the heart of the fair young queen, as, with a sudden movement, she turned and passed into an inner apartment.

And the Medicis spoke now in her icy, measured voice:

"Messieurs, the king sleeps."

XVI.

Bowing low, we stepped from the king's bedside and moved towards the door, Catherine stopping Sancerre to give a last injunction: "You will leave by the private way, through my apartments—tell Bentivoglio."

She was answered in an undertone, so that I could not catch the speech, and the next moment we reëntered the ante chamber, closely followed by René.

Those whom we had left were still there, in curious expectation; but René repeated to them the words of the Medicis, "The king sleeps," and there followed the murmurs of low converse, and a subdued bustle of departure, only those remaining whose duties required them to stay—a page or so, the officer of the night, and the archers at the door.

Bentivoglio and Richelieu moved together towards us, and Sancerre, whispering Catherine's command in the chamberlain's ear, turned to Richelieu and said:

"Monsieur, you will await her majesty the queen mother here."

A dark shade gathered on Richelieu's brow.

"I command the guards in the galleries," he answered; "M. de Baillieul"—and he indicated a tall, grim looking soldier, who stood stiffly, a little apart from the others—"is on duty here tonight."

"You do not follow me, M. de Richelieu," said Sancerre. "I said your orders were to await her majesty. It remains for you to obey or not;" and with that the

old count swung round on his heel, and moved forward to the stairway, leaving Richelieu biting his mustache with anger.

We exchanged a glance as we passed, and I read enough in Richelieu's eye to understand that it was not any delay in getting at his skin of wine that touched him, but that this order of Catherine had crossed some design which had little to do with the jests of De Brusquet, or the vintage of Gascogne.

We left him, apparently debating in his mind whether he should obey the commands he had received or not, and returned as we came. On entering the passage leading to Catherine's apartments, Marcilly and I were side by side, and he put his hand on my arm with a friendly pressure, as he said, "I think we win."

Win or lose, it was all one to me now; but the touch of his hand stirred the smoldering hate in my heart towards the man who had come between me and the woman I loved. I shrank back from him, muttering something, I do not know myself what, and thankful for the gloom that hid the expression which must have passed over my features.

It is a profound and awful mystery that man should carry within himself the poison that can kill his soul. Side by side in our hearts lie the noblest aspirations and the most deadly passions. It is as if a gardener reared, with infinite pain and labor, a beautiful plant, and then grafted upon it a poisonous cutting, whose growth meant death to the exquisite thing on which such labor had been spent.

And the poison herbs were growing apace within me now, spreading their long arms about my soul, choking, with their creeping growth, all the manly, the noble, the pure thoughts that, but for my own folly, might have made me a man fit to hold my head high among my fellows.

All these thoughts did not pass through me then. They came with the after years, with memory, with shame, and a too late repentance. But at the time, when I shrank back from Marcilly and followed my companions, the last of all, I was conscious only of a hideous turmoil in my soul; and I saw, with an ever increasing dread and horror, that I had again approached the edge of that abyss from which but so short a while back I thought I had escaped, and whose dark deeps were now calling me down to them with an irresistible force.

In a few paces we reached the cabinet. Bentivoglio, with suave politeness, held open the door to let us pass, and as I stepped in, the last of all, I became conscious that there was some one there. For the figure of a woman arose from a chair near the window, where she had been sitting caressing Nambu, the Barbary ape, and stood in the half light awaiting our advance.

A second glance assured me that it was no other than Mary of Scotland, the young queen of France herself, and with that recognition there came to me, like lightning, the thought that something had arisen to thwart our plans, else why should she, the secret friend of Condé, be here, and evidently expecting us?

For a moment we stood in irresolute surprise, and then the Italian recovered himself.

"Your majesty—here—and alone?" he began; but she stopped him with a slight gesture of the hand, and, turning to Sancerre, said with that sweet, low voice of hers:

"My lord, this should have been given to you by the queen, my mother. 'Tis the king's signet. Take it now." She placed the ring in Sancerre's hand, as she added, a little sadly, "I could trust no one to give it to you. This will pass you, and"—she hesitated a little—"your friends free, for there are those who would try and stop you, even tonight, on the chance of the king's pardon being recalled tomorrow. Nay, not a word, Sancerre!" She went on, with a slight flush on her face, as the old man began to pour forth his thanks, "It is for the cause we all have at heart, and may God give you success!"

Then Louis de Beuil knelt before his queen. "Your majesty had in us loyal and faithful subjects before—you now have men who are your very slaves;" so saying, he touched her hand with his lips, and, rising to his feet, stood beside her, a towering figure, looking, with his long white beard and silver hair, like some good enchanter of the legends of romance.

It was a curious picture—the light from the Mercury flickering over the room, the ape cowering among his cushions, staring at us with bead-like, unthinking eyes, the group of stern men around that fair young figure, that queen who was queen but for a day.

There as she stood, with the lights and shadows playing on her, and her sweet, trustful face turned towards us, I caught myself wondering why should she—the niece of Guise—be doing her utmost to help his most deadly foe? Was it pity alone? Or was there truth in the whisperings of the court, that Mary of Scotland had lost her heart, ere she was queen

of France, to the gay and gallant Bourbon, and that in secret she was ever true to her love? And even as I put these thoughts from me, the queen broke the silence:

"Messieurs, it is late. We must ask Bentivoglio to conduct us to the king."

With a slight inclination of her head, and preceded by Bentivoglio, she left the cabinet. When she had gone, we gathered round Sancerre, who stood near the lamp, the ring in his hand.

"*Tudieu!*" he laughed, as he slipped the signet on his finger. "I see now why Richelieu wished to accompany us. I would wager my best hawk against a hedge crow that we meet him yet. Come, gentlemen."

So saying, he led the way from the cabinet towards the outer gateway, where Lorgnac was yet at his vigil.

"Still on duty?" said Cipierre, stopping to exchange a word with the lieutenant of the guard, who was a favorite of his.

"As you see, monsieur."

"What! Do they make you watch all night? It was not so in my time."

"No, monsieur," replied the young soldier; "but till midnight, when Crequi relieves me. Good night, messieurs."

"Good night, De Lorgnac." We returned his greeting, and, moving quickly along the corridor, gained the entrance hall, where we found that Sancerre's words were true, for Richelieu was there, warming himself at the fire, and ranged near the door stood at least a dozen of his carabiniers.

We looked at one another in surprise, and Richelieu stopped rubbing his hands together at the blaze in the grate; then, putting on his plumed hat, that lay on a chair beside him, he came towards us.

As he approached, Sancerre addressed him. "You here, monsieur? I had thought your duties were with the queen mother."

"My duties are where my orders carry me," sneered Richelieu, "and, at the moment, these duties are painful—to others;" then, turning to us, he said in a loud voice: "MM. de Marcilly and De Vibrac, I arrest you in the king's name! Your swords, please, gentlemen."

"*Morbleu!*" exclaimed Cipierre. "This is too much, monsieur! I demand your authority."

Richelieu shrugged his shoulders. "It is at the door, *monsieur le vicomte;*" and he pointed to his troopers where they stood, grim and motionless.

There was a veiled triumph in his voice, a studied insolence in his manner, that made our blood boil, and Cipierre, ever hasty, was roused at once.

"You will do this at your peril, sir," he began, but Sancerre stayed him, and, turning towards Richelieu, looked him steadily in the face as he asked:

"Monsieur, do I understand you to say you have the orders of the king—the king, mind you—for your action?"

But Richelieu was not to be browbeaten. He cocked his hat fiercely on the side of his head, and answered with a haughtiness equal to that of the count:

"M. de Sancerre, it is sufficient for me that I have my orders. It is my duty to see them carried out, and yours, monsieur, not to hinder me."

"Precisely, provided you have orders."

"Monsieur!"

"Come, monsieur, there must be some mistake. One does not arrest gentlemen who have but a moment ago received the king's pardon. If you have the king's warrant, produce it, and the matter is ended."

Sancerre's words had their effect on the man. He had started perceptibly at the mention of the king's pardon, and for a moment he was shaken. But Richelieu was a hardy villain, and steeled himself. He turned insolently from Sancerre, saying:

"I cannot stand here talking all night. Messieurs, your swords—or must I use force?"

But here Cipierre's patience was exhausted. "Stay!" he cried. "I give you my word, monsieur, that if you do not produce your authority, and if you arrest these gentlemen by force without producing it, that I, Philibert de Marcilly, Captain of Orleans, and colonel general of cavalry, will break you like a reed. There is an old story, monsieur, of an earthen vessel and a metal pot going together down stream—you have worn the black robe, and ought to know the fable—and I take it you are wise enough to apply it. Come, sir, no more fencing; your authority."

There was a ring in the *vicomte's* voice that showed he meant every word he said. It was one thing to beard Sancerre, who, highly placed as he was, held no great office; it was, however, quite another thing to cross Cipierre, whose power as governor of Orleans, and as a general of cavalry, was sufficient to crush a man like Richelieu easily. He felt, too, that every moment he delayed weakened the ground under his feet, and made our belief that he held no warrant for the arrest a cer-

tainty. As a matter of fact, he had not, and confessed it the next moment.

"I have not the warrant with me," he said sullenly.

"Whose was the order, then—the king's, the chancellor's?"

"My instructions were from the cardinal;" and then, recovering his spirit, "and they are enough for me."

Cipierre laughed harshly. "So, monsieur, your orders came from the cardinal, and they are enough for you, are they? Since when did Charles of Lorraine become colonel of carabiniers? Or is it that you think you wear the iron and yellow of Guise, instead of the silver and red of the king's house? Come, Sancerre, end this farce; show them the signet and let him begone!"

Richelieu had paled to the lips with anger as Cipierre spoke; but prudence, and perhaps fear, kept him still; and now his eyes were fixed on the signet that Sancerre held towards him.

"It is the king's," he said, in a voice thick with rage.

"And you obey that, or do you refuse? If you refuse, I will order your own men to arrest you," said the *vicomte*.

"I have no option but to obey."

"Very well. Call off your guard from the door. And tomorrow the king shall know what a servant he has in you."

Richelieu was no coward, and the stinging words of Cipierre's voice raised the man to fury. He put his hand to the hilt of his sword, and then, recollecting himself, withdrew it slowly; but it was in a voice that trembled with passion that he answered:

"*Monsieur le vicomte*, I obey the king's signet. These gentlemen are free. But, monsieur, I have a word with you——"

"Tush, man!" and Cipierre broke in roughly upon his speech. "You think you are in a tavern. I cannot cross swords with you. The difference between us is too great. Come! Call off your guards."

And Richelieu did as he was bidden without another word. In passing out however, I had my opportunity. "Monsieur," I said, "I shall be pleased to hear the word you intended for *monsieur le vicomte*."

A dark flush came on his face. "In another place," he answered.

"In your own place, and at your own time, monsieur. I commend myself to you;" and with a slight bow we separated.

"They will do their utmost to get the pardon recalled tomorrow," said Marcilly, as we trotted down the silent square of Ste. Croix.

"Remember, however," I said, "that I am under the protection of Monsieur of Arles. He wants me as a free agent, as he said. I fear little for myself for the next few days."

"I will be with the queen mother at her rising," said Sancerre, "and you, gentlemen, must see the prince early tomorrow and arrange all. There must be no delays now. In case of accidents, you had better keep this signet for the present;" and he handed the ring to Marcilly.

We left Sancerre at his house, and, the hour being late, pushed on at a round pace homeward. In a few minutes we were again in the Martroi, now to all appearance totally deserted, except by the watchmen keeping ward over the scaffoldings and wooden galleries that filled the square. Here and there they had lit fires, and were huddled around them, for the winter wind blew chill, though the night was clear as crystal and the moon was out.

On the far side of the square, behind the huge scaffolding, which almost hid the houses beyond them from view, there seemed to be a wakeful and merry party around the night fire, which spluttered up redly, casting its light on the tracery of the crossed beams and network of galleries above it. Some one was singing, but we could not catch the words of the song, though the chorus came to us distinctly:

Bon jour! Ma Margoton!
Bon jour! Belle mignonne!

The cheery refrain jarred on our ears, coming as it did from almost under the spot where Condé was to die—where, if the plans of the Guise succeeded, not only would Condé die, but with him, as we thought, our France—the France that we loved so well.

We were now almost opposite Cipierre's house, where the wooden galleries in the square were but partly finished. It was here, as we slackened pace to approach the gates, that we saw a man, mounted on a white horse, emerge from the shadow of the scaffolding, and come half out into the moonlight.

Something in his air and manner made me feel that I knew him, and then a small, dark figure slipped from the saddle behind him, and ran towards us. It was Majolais, as I live!

"*Blitzen!*" swore one of the reiters, as he drew his sword and attempted to make a cut at the dwarf, but I struck the blade up, saying:

"A friend! A friend! Here, Majolais!"

The next moment the imp was at my

side, and, thrusting a packet into my hand, was off again like a flash.

"Stay! Stay!" called out both Cipierre and Marcilly, but the dwarf only laughed that cackling, tongueless laugh of his and sprang behind the saddle of the white horse, while its rider, turning its head on the instant, went off at a gallop.

"Come back!" shouted Cipierre, and an answer came to us through the moonlight:

"*Bon coq, Coqueville!*" And then we heard him going ding dong down the deserted streets.

XVII.

So taken aback were we that for a breath we did not realize who it was. We heard the reckless cry riding back to us through the shivering winter moonlight, we heard the excited "*Hou! hou!*" of the alarmed watch, and the clatter of iron shod hoofs, that stilled suddenly as the rider turned into a side street, and then, only then, did the understanding of the thing come to us, and Marcilly almost shouted out:

"By all the saints! 'Tis Coqueville!" What blind folly!" and with an oath, he struck his gloved hand on the flap of his holster.

"Perhaps this explains things;" and I held up at arm's height the letter Majolais had given to me, while Cipierre cut in:

"Come, then, let us read it. We have no time to waste."

A moment after we were in the hall of Cipierre's house, grouped around the letter, which I had handed to Marcilly, while a tall Swiss held a lighted candle so that we could read.

"From the princess," said Jean, cutting the yellow seals with the point of his dagger, and we bent over and read with him. It was from madame herself, explaining her change of plan, and stating that she, with a small suite, was at the moment lying in safe concealment in the deserted château of St. Loup. She went on to say it was here her husband was to be brought, and that she had horses provided to take the prince, not to Poitou, but to her uncle, the constable.

"Montmorenci," said Cipierre; "that is not so bad. He is closer than Coligny."

"Yes, there is something in this, especially as from what passed today between Sancerre and the queen mother I gather that the old fox is leaving his earth," I said, and added, "but does not madame say anything of this?"

"Not a word. Stay! You are right;" and Marcilly turned over the page. "It's here in the postscript. The constable has moved from Yvoy le Marron. If this is true, 'tis only a five league ride to reach him, if we could effect the escape the day after tomorrow."

"Bravo, Ponthieu!" I burst out.

"Ponthieu! Eh! What do you mean?" asked Cipierre.

"That the constable would never have moved, but for a gallant gentleman of Gascony, one Perducas de Ponthieu, who risked his life ten times over for the cause —but the story is a long one, monsieur, and it grows late."

As I spoke, the huge clock in the hall struck midnight, and the bronze bell in the courtyard clanged out a hoarse echo of the hour.

"Ste. Croix! I did not believe we were so far into tomorrow," said Cipierre; "it is, indeed, too late for further talk, gentlemen, and you need rest."

He spoke truly enough, for even Marcilly, despite his iron endurance, looked pale and worn, and I—I was longing to be alone.

And at last I had my desire, and regretted it the instant it came. In the excitement of passing events I was taken out of myself; but here, in this huge bedroom, where the candles seemed but to make little circles of light, where the logs burned low on the hearth, where thoughts black as the shadows that flitted in the uneasy light over the heavy curtains of the bed and thick tapestries on the walls crowded round me, I dreaded my loneliness. For a moment I thought of seeking Badehorn to discuss with him arrangements for the morrow, and then I laughed at my weakness, and, undressing, flung myself into a large easy chair by the fire, for I felt it was useless trying to sleep. My body was wearied, it is true, but my brain was working like a clock; it was the old story—that mania which I had fought so long, and thought defeated, come back again stronger, more insistent than ever.

Sometimes when I think of this period of my life, I try to delude myself into the belief that I was mad then; that it was not I, Gaspard de Vibrac, who walked the earth, but a fiend that had ousted my soul from its earthly tenement—else why was this hateful consciousness of a double presence within me? What was this impalpable but resistless power that was able to force me, despite my struggles, to follow its malign course?

But let this rest. Mad or sane, I have

to answer for my past, and the scroll, with its damning record, is running red before my eyes as I write; but then, as I sat there, the things that were to come, the things that were to be of my own doing, seemed to quiver like uneasy phantoms before me, and finally to resolve themselves into the one devilish thing that made me what I am.

I had sought to injure Marcilly, therefore I hated him. I had lowered myself to play the traitor to him in all that man holds dearest. But that he stood between me and my love, this would not have been, and I hated him the more for that. I had tried to win my way back to honor, and all but succeeded, when, but a few hours ago, I found, as I thought—I jumped to conclusions as usual—that I had been made the victim of a coquette's pastime. All my vanity, all my self love, was wounded and in arms; I was filled with the rage that burns in a heart in which love is turned to anger. I was capable of anything, and I had paved the way for this total descent. It was no case—it never is—of one becoming at once supremely vile. I would have revenge, a full and complete revenge for my abasement; and then came the whispered temptation that lost me my soul.

I started as the thought came to me, and then with it came a horror and loathing of the evil thing. I sprang from my chair and paced the room. It could not be. It was impossible. I looked around me like a guilty man, and then I clutched at a straw. I tried to pray, but my heart would not feel the words that my cold lips uttered, and for the first time I rose to my feet without even that momentary strength that prayer had hitherto given me. As I glanced around me, I saw what I had not noticed before—a flagon of wine, and near it a cup, left there by the thoughtful care of Cipierre's servants. Three times did I fill the cup to the brim and drain it. I wanted sleep, rest, forgetfulness—if it was but for a moment.

And for a space it came to me, a deep and dreamless slumber, and when I awoke the morning was well advanced. I made my toilet, and looked out of the lattice window. The day was one in which sunlight and mist strove with each other, and the sun was winning, aided by a breeze, which shred the clouds into woolly wisps that floated westwards in long lines, with patches of blue sky between them.

The rest had done me good. I held my hand to the light, and it was steady, not trembling like an aspen leaf, as it was when I lay down to sleep; but the evil thing in my mind was still there, and, strange to say, I no longer looked at it with the horror and loathing of a few hours back.

As I turned from the window there was a knock at the door, and I heard Marcilly's voice asking if he could come in.

"Come in!" I answered back, and my voice was gay and cordial, for a traitor must know to be a hypocrite.

Jean entered, looking refreshed and strong again, his slight, spare figure set off to advantage in the rich brown and yellow of his dress, while a short cloak of the same colors, fastened at the throat by a jeweled clasp, was hung carelessly over his shoulders.

"Is it time to be moving?" I asked as he came in, adding, "I fear I have slept late."

"There is time yet, Vibrac," he answered, seating himself in the armchair and playing with his gloves. There was something on his mind, something he desired to say; but I would not help him, and at last he spoke.

"Gaspard," he said, "there is a thing I want you to do for me."

I remained silent, our eyes met for a moment, and then he went on, his voice shaking a little: "I must not see Marie again. The sight of her unmans me. I want you, however, to do this for me;" he pulled from his breast pocket a letter which he held in his hand. "I want you to give this to Marie. It is my farewell;" and he laughed a mirthless laugh.

(To be continued.)

THE BALANCING.

A WOMAN heaped the scales of life
With toil and trouble, care and strife,
The bitterness begot of tears,
The garnered heartaches of the years.

And to outweigh them only this,
The rapture of a memoried kiss—
One moment sacred to love's name;
But lo! the balance even came.

Ethel M. Kelley.

AUTHORS' NAMES.

BY JOEL BENTON.

A BRIEF CONSIDERATION OF LITERARY APPELLATIONS, AND OF THE SUPPOSED RELATION THAT MAY OR MAY NOT EXIST BETWEEN LENGTH OF NAME AND BREADTH OF FAME.

NAMES, in the last analysis, are something more than mere labels and appellations: they are veritable things. The rose simile of Shakspere does frequent duty to enforce the fact that the thing in itself, to use a metaphysical locution, is more than the word that classifies it. And yet a name has its quality and flavor to depress or elevate the person or thing winged or weighted by it. Certain names are poetic and inspiring; certain others are soporific and leaden. Could it be possible to imagine that a maiden named "Patience" or "Thankful" would be otherwise than plain or homely? The Puritan nomenclature, whether Biblical or in secular hyphenated phrases, of which there are such startling examples, was largely of the depressing variety.

To name a child "Barebones" or "Ebenezer" seems almost as if it would foreclose fame and fortune against him. It is true that a person of real force and genius can override great obstacles. But why compel him to do so? All of us have enough to contend against without having to carry with us through life a deliberately donated handicap.

In the middle ages, and later, names were rarely dual. A single word of one or two syllables sufficed to distinguish a person. It was usually both felicitous and descriptive. At any rate, it had the saving grace of brevity. It did not need a visiting card to secure remembrance.

I imagine that, for the most part, it was in the last century and a half that the long drawn out and multiplied names got their commonest currency. Members of a royal family often affect long names of a dozen or more parts; but these are mainly kept for the christening book, and the one or two principal ones are all that are employed or remembered. As the royal person bearing a name that fills the space of a paragraph is born distinguished, he will remain so, whatever name he may assume or have thrust upon him; but with the ordinary mortal the case is different. If he tries to scale the heights of renown, the simple and more striking his name is, the more indelibly it will be fixed in a fickle public's memory.

Apropos of this preamble, has any one ever noted the fact, to the extent of giving it much emphasis, that our American authors, for the most part, affect long drawn out names? To the young and aspiring author, especially, a tripartite name seems to have a particular fascination. This fashion is, perhaps, partly of collegiate origin. At any rate, whether it was done to make future identity sure, or as an affectation, the college catalogues from time immemorial have recorded the whole name of the student, even when it was from four to six parts. On that account, perhaps, we had William Cullen Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Edgar Allan Poe, and James Russell Lowell; but, uncollegiately, Washington Irving, John G. Whittier (the middle name rarely spelled out), Herman Melville, and Fitz-Greene Halleck—the first two parts being one name. There were exceptions—George Bancroft, for instance, who won distinction at Harvard. James Fenimore Cooper supports the rule, for he was at Yale before he went to sea.

Of course an extremely horizontalized name is not actually a college matter; but our second generation of authors, finding the literary *Dii Majores* triply named, and feeling that no two named writer can so easily catch the certificate of fame, soon began to use names of three sections, even when it was found necessary to invent or borrow one to fill out the number. Authors of the very minor sort, therefore, as well as a few of excellent quality, usually take great pains to write themselves John Mortimer Jones, Thomas Evergreen Robinson, and James Ichabod Smith, to make sure of their literary importance.

THE GREATEST NAMES ARE SHORT.

One would suppose, though, that the more successful approach to remembrance or a high regard would be compassed by a

short appellation rather than by a long one. Alexander, Cæsar, and Hannibal, as well as Homer, Dante, and Goethe, made no parade of multiplied names, even where more than one was actually possessed; and they seem to be fairly well remembered. Would Napoleon Bonaparte and Oliver Cromwell have had a larger recognition by the generations that have followed them, or by the one in which they were dominant, if they had affected a somewhat sonorously syllabic middle name?

Certainly George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and Horace Greeley are pretty well imbedded in public memory with only two name divisions. Their names are famous because of qualities inherent in the owners of them. Not one of them climbed up to notice by his name; but each made the name debtor to its wearer.

To take another line of examples, there are our presidents. Out of the twenty five, only two had more than two names spelled out; and they are John Quincy Adams and William Henry Harrison—the Van in Van Buren not being an independent name. Polk, Grant, Hayes, and Arthur had simply middle initials; and it is safe to say there is not one person in a hundred who can give the middle name of Polk, which is a legacy from Scottish history.

While an author, or a citizen of any sort, cannot legally control his name as to its length or quality without applying to the legislature for permission to do so, yet many changes have been made without official sanction. An undesirable part of a name may readily be dropped. For example, Bayard Taylor, for some years after he began to write for the magazines, was really "J. Bayard Taylor," and so signed himself. Very soon, however, he felt the "J."—meaning James—was a burden, and forever after habitually dropped it. The change was certainly an improvement.

It may be noted here that while the prevailing fashion has stood for length and triple parts in our authors' real names, the contrary rule seems mostly to prevail in their pen names. "Mark Twain," "Artemus Ward," "Josh Billings," "Bill Nye," "Bill Arp," "M. Quad," and "Sam Slick," are among the examples that occur to me. In fact, a single word, like "Warrington" or "Richelieu," often makes an effective pen name; and, when a vigorous writer is behind it, it gains a very quotable currency. If a short article is more impressive than a long one, why is it not the same with a short signature?

I have an idea, without having made a census in regard to it, that the best names in fiction are the short ones, and that the short ones are the most numerous. *Becky Sharp*, for instance, is much more felicitous than *Rebecca Ann Maria Sharp* would be. Could any one improve upon *David Copperfield*, *Pickwick*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Hester Prynne*, and *Maud Muller* by lengthening them, or loading them with intermediate initials?

THE FUTILITY OF LONG NAMES.

Since Fame is going to dismiss the great multitude of us from her coveted hall, and oblivion is to be the destiny towards which the longer human procession must tend, why does any one imagine that a bulky name will put him with the elect? When we study the effect of Christian naming, plus cognomenclature, the irresistible conclusion is that a long name may be considered really impedimental to memory's embalming. As the busy world has little time, now, to remember anything long, is it not fair to conclude—other things being equal—that the short named author will be spoken of longer, and kept in mind more easily, than he will who is equipped with a name needlessly stretched out?

But there is another affectation to be spoken of which is, perhaps, worse than the tripartite and elongated name. And this is the habit of initialing the first of three names, and spelling at full length the last two—as J. Jenkinson Levy, D. Robinson Smith, and the like. It would be curious to know who invented this absurdity. The English way of dropping the first of three names, when they speak of the tripartite named person, works a tendency to get towards essential and simple nomenclature, and to dismiss that which is superfluous. We don't do this in America; but in English journals and books we have long been accustomed to read of Ward Beecher, Russell Lowell, and Wendell Holmes. English writers have even been known to say Beecher Stowe, in speaking of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in spite of its disrespectful lack of femininity.

At first, this shortening of honored names produced in the American mind a sense of insult, and corresponding resentment. We know now that the habit is merely a time saving device—an effort to get rid of troublesome and unreasonable superfluity.

THE WESTERNERS.*

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

STORY OF THE CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

LAFOND pitched camp within sight of the Spotted Tail reservation, and was about to wrap himself in his blanket when he became aware of a prairie schooner swaying leisurely across the plains in his direction. He at once sat up again. Every man was to him an object of suspicion.

Not until the wagon had halted within a few feet of him could he distinguish the occupant. Then he perceived that the latter was a gentle faced, silver haired individual of mild aspect, possessed of introspective blue eyes, which he turned dreamily on Lafond.

"May I camp here?" he inquired deprecatingly.

The half breed considered.

"I s'pose so," he said grudgingly. As the old man descended he asked bluntly, "What do you here?"

The old man fell silent for a minute or two, and gazed into the coals of the dying fire.

"My name is Durand," he said at last. "I am here to get specimens—butterflies; but it is not here that I belong." He broke off. Lafond looked on curiously, for the dreamy haze had faded from the speaker's eyes. "My friend," Durand went on, "when one has been wronged, there comes a hate of cities and the things men do. Some men have had their will of me, and I am come to the wilderness. They called it revenge to drive me here."

"Revenge! But you still live!" repeated Lafond in wonder.

"And you think the taking of life is revenge?" cried Durand, with sudden energy. "They who take their revenge in killing are actually the merciful ones, and they cheat no one but themselves."

"Yes?" asked Lafond, his soul in the question.

The other turned in surprise at his companion's vehemence. He saw a stolid, dark skinned man gazing impassively into the fire.

"They are fools," went on Durand bitterly, after a moment; "just fools. These others were of more ingenuity; they knew what would hurt, what would avenge them better than the killing."

"I do not understand," said the half breed, feeling his way slowly, for the fear of damming this flow of confidence. He looked away, for his eye glowed, though his voice was steady. "What is it? If one kills, if one takes that life, what is worse?"

"Worse, worse?" cried Durand, flinging his hands impotently upward. "A thousand things!" He suddenly became calm, and turned to Lafond with impressive forefinger. "Listen, my friend. Life is a little thing. Any one can take it who has a gun or a knife or even a stone. But the true revenge is in finding out what it is that each man prizes the most, and then taking it from him. And that requires power, power, power. Few there are who have not something they prize more than life," he added gloomily. The fire died from his eye. He became once again the timid old butterfly hunter, pushing blindly out into the wilderness.

But out of these few moments it came about that Michaïl Lafond became civilized, and a seeker for wealth in the development of the young country. In wealth he saw power; in power, the ability to give or take away.

The depriving each man of that which he prizes the most! There lay the revenge on which all the Indian in him had been secretly, coldly, immovably fixed since the day, a year ago, that had brought him six enemies. Of these, one, the woman, had died by his hand, and another, her husband, had followed her out of his grief. The three frontiersmen, Billy Knapp, Alfred and Jim Buckley, were still to be dealt with.

And the sixth? As the old man ceased speaking, the half breed turned to a bundle on the ground beside him. The dying fire flickered on the face of a baby girl—the daughter of the murdered wife. To deprive each of what he prized the most—what was most precious to a woman? Her honor, surely. Well, then, this little one must be carefully brought up, that she might have the more to lose.

Fifteen years later Lafond took this

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child from the dreary quiet of an Indian agency and set her down in the rough mining town of Copper Creek, where there was not another woman; then stood back to watch and wait. With her beauty and her audacity, she had the camp at her feet in two hours. She flirted wildly, especially with one Cheyenne Harry. But there was a sternly Puritan ancestry behind her, and deep in her nature lay the faint inheritance of a Puritan conscience, of which Lafond, who passed as her father, had no means of knowing. His plan's fulfilment was terribly possible, but still not certain.

Another of the six against whom Lafond had set his ominous cross was a leading citizen of Copper Creek—vain, impulsive, shallow Billy Knapp. The way to hurt Billy most deeply was through his vanity, and Lafond chuckled to himself as he saw this piling up with his rising fortunes.

Billy had now sold his mining claims to an Eastern syndicate, taking his thirty thousand dollars in shares, and spreading gloriously on his large salary as superintendent. To take from a man what he prized most—the half breed watched the new superintendent's ignorance and lavishness with deep satisfaction. "A fool for luck," he exulted. For there was nothing in life so great to Billy as his prestige as the wise and trusted manipulator of Eastern capital. Two of the half breed's treasured revenges seemed in a fair way of accomplishment.

XXV.

FROM that moment Graham ceased to be an integral factor in Molly Lafond's history. His only hold on her imagination had been his moral superiority, and now that was gone. She treated him, thenceforth, as an admirer whose sincerity deserves the consideration which his insistence makes difficult to give ungrudgingly.

He was not discouraged, nor frowned on. He was forgiven promptly, as a child is forgiven. But he was kept in all ways scrupulously in his place. The girl now held the whip hand. After a little, when he became too insistent, she cut him cruelly in punishment, and only deigned to smile on him again when, to sue forgiveness, he had quite abandoned his attitude of fault finding.

As for him, the girl's actions soon became hateful. He saw them all wrong, and he felt his powerlessness to alter them in even the slightest degree. This aroused so powerful but so impotent a rage that before long he came to rebel irritably against everything that Molly did, whether right or wrong. He instinctively arrayed himself in opposition. He did not want to do this, and his reason accused him strongly of unreasonableness, but he could not help it. It was stronger than he. No matter what the plan, discussion, or even conversation, his morbidly sensitive consciousness of the girl's error impelled him to object.

"Let's go over to Rockerville today," she would suggest.

"The horses aren't here."

"But it's no great matter to get them. Let's send the Kid."

"I don't know where the Kid is."

"Well, Frosty, then."

"Frosty's busy."

"It wouldn't hurt you any to get them yourself."

"One of the saddles is broken."

"You know very well it's only a cinch ring. It can be fixed in five minutes."

"We'll—don't you think it is going to be pretty hot?"

"No, I don't; and if I can stand it, I should think you could."

"And——"

"Heavens and earth! It's harder than climbing trees to get you to do anything. Never mind! *I* don't want to go to Rockerville or anywhere else, if it's all that trouble!"

And then Graham would wonder at his stubborn fit. Why shouldn't they have gone to Rockerville? In five minutes he could have got the horses, fixed the saddle. And the day was beautiful. What real reason did he have? He did not know; only he felt an irresistible impulse to object. This was because he loved her, disapproved of her, and was quite powerless over her.

When he was not merely contrary, he was urging strong advice on an unwilling recipient. It was offered now in either the pleading or the blustering spirit. If in the former, Molly merely teased him. If in the latter, she became very angry. It was always on the same subject. The girl was wearied with it.

And yet, if that were any consolation, Jack Graham could have comforted himself with the truth that, next to Cheyenne Harry, he claimed a greater share of her thoughts than any other in camp. His offices were ungrateful, but they had a certain sincerity which prevented their being ignored; and, not forgotten, their acid-like drop of truth ate into that conscience of which she did not yet realize the existence.

Her horizon was becoming banked with thunder clouds, looming huge and black, and heavy with portent. Graham, as an ideal, had stood for a higher existence. Now, however shrunken his image appeared, the ideal itself remained as something tangible in her collection of moral standards. She acknowledged to herself fiercely that she had fallen from it. She told herself that she did not care.

She was dreadfully alone. Lafond was always kind to her, but she never felt she knew him; Graham, in spite of his frequent presence, was in reality quite estranged. The Kid and Peter and Kelly and Houston and even old Bill Martin had fallen away from her somehow. She did not know that the reason the older men were less intimate was because she was supposed to be Cheyenne Harry's mistress, and the rule of such cases is "hands off." And then there was always the stifling, formless weight at her heart which she did not understand. She was very unhappy. That, with her, meant that she was reckless. She threw herself passionately into her affair with Cheyenne Harry as the one tangible human relation left to her in its entirety.

The days followed each other in a succession of passionate exaltations and dumb despairs. Harry kissed her whenever he pleased now. She had long since got beyond mere coquetry. It meant much to her hereditary instincts, so to yield, but she delivered herself up to it with the abandon of a lost soul delivering itself to degrading wickedness. For, in spite of her life and companions, she was intrinsically pure, so pure that even Cheyenne Harry, with all his extraordinary influence, did not, somehow, care to go too far. He kissed her, and at the first, when the long resistance had enhanced her value, he was persuaded that he loved her—that these interviews meant to him what lovers' meetings mean—and so he responded to her passionate devotion with what seemed to be corresponding ecstasy.

But then, after a little, insensibly, the flood ebbed. In the old days she had amused him with her bright laughter, her gay speech, her mocking superiorities, her little coquetries of manner or mannerism. Now she had thrown these weapons away. Her surrender was complete. Her life had simplified to one phase, that of dewy eyed, pleading adoration.

At first it pleased his masculine vanity. After a time it cloyed ever so little; Cheyenne Harry missed the "comic relief" in all these heroics. He would have liked occasionally to climb hills; or take long walks; or even run a short race, say to the bend of the road; or to have played on him a small practical joke; or to experience some other such indication that man is a laughing animal. The girl seemed capable of enjoying nothing but slow and aimless saunterings.

In the beginning, he had experienced the nameless ecstasy and thrill inherent to the personal contact of the kiss. Now he missed something of those qualities. It seemed no longer strange to him to feel her lithe body near his, to watch her wide eyes half closed, to press his lips against hers, half parted. It was still delightful above everything in the world; but there had been one thing better—the kiss of yesterday. In a word, Cheyenne Harry's experience was beginning dimly to trace the word "satiety."

Not that either he or the girl realized this. To their thinking minds everything was as usual. But their subconsciousness appreciated it, and interpreted it according to its value. Cheyenne Harry, as has been pointed out, turned instinctively towards a desire for lighter phases in their relationship. Molly Lafond clung the more blindly to her passion. Her only excuse to herself for her abandonment of her better ideal was the reality of that passion. When it should go, her self respect would vanish with it.

It rather amused Harry, too, to see Graham jumping around the outer circle like corn in a popper. Graham was usually possessed of so much innate dignity, and now his self abandonment to the essentially undignified attitude of begging for the petty favor of a quarrelless quarter of an hour, or even a little good humored smile, tickled the other's sense of the incongruous and pleased his vanity. He was held to the girl now to a great extent by his pride. One likes to have a rival when perfectly secure oneself; especially when the object of rivalry tells one what the rival says to her. This may not be honorable in the girl, but it is very human. So amusing was it that Harry did not get angry at the reports of Graham's repeated warnings against him.

The latter seemed unable to keep off the subject. He knew that his suspicions only strengthened the girl's obstinate opposition, but he could not help their expression for all that. Sometimes he pleaded, sometimes he threatened, sometimes he assumed the prophet's mantle and foretold all sorts of dire disasters. The girl laughed, or became angry. It would have puzzled Graham to tell which of these moods he preferred: perhaps it

would have depended on which of them he was experiencing at the moment.

His saving grace was his sturdy sense of his duty to himself. He felt that sense to be sadly shaken in many ways; but he clung to his work tenaciously, perhaps a little feverishly.

"Nuthin' like a woman to make a man work," observed Bill Martin sagely, "whether she's fur him or agin' him."

"How about Billy?" inquired Old Mizzou.

Bill Martin laughed. "Billy? Oh, he's playin'," he replied.

XXVI.

BILLY did not think so, however. He posed to himself as the most industrious man in the Territory. He had much to see to that year, for, throughout all the mild winter that succeeded, he had pushed forward with the greatest rapidity all work on the Great Snake and its sister claims. The log structures, the plans of which he had displayed to Lafond, were completed, as far as the mere erection of them went, within a fortnight. Billy gave a great deal of personal direction to this work; but, after all, it was simple enough, so he managed to chink in a moment here and there for the completion of certain bargains which came to him.

For instance, a man in Spring Creek valley offered eight draft horses at a marvelously low figure. That made two teams. Billy did not need two teams just then, but, of course, later, when the mill was up, he would need a great many more than two teams for the purpose of carting ore; and it seemed criminal to let such a bargain go. Then he found he needed a man to take care of them. Some days after, he came to the conclusion that it would be good economy to buy the ore wagons now instead of waiting until later, for the following ingenious reason. The horses must be fed; hay costs fifteen dollars a ton in the hills and five on the prairie; with wagons the horses could be utilized to haul their own forage from the plains, at a net saving of ten dollars a ton on all consumed. So Billy placed an order for two heavy wagons, and dismissed the matter from his mind until they were delivered. During the interim, he sat on top of a ladder and dabbed contentedly at a scroll work cornice with a small red paint brush.

From that elevation he bought a whim, also a bargain. The man was anxious to sell, and it was a very good whim. To be sure, one might have argued that, inasmuch as whims are machines for hauling ore from depths which Billy's operations would not attain for a year at least, the purchase was a little premature; but, then, it is equally certain that all mines own whims, and another opportunity for getting one so cheap might never again present itself.

When the wagons came, he and the man drove fifty miles to Rapid, where they hobnobbed with Tom Sweeny and looked over his establishment. Billy bought his household goods. He also took a fancy to some large brass bound collar hoods for the horses, which he had marked with the company's initials, "G. S. M. & M. Co.," also in brass. The return trip was made with difficulty on account of the low hanging branches of trees. Then Billy spent an ecstatic week distributing things to suit him.

The work in the shafts went steadily forward. Billy was willing to offer a bonus on the contract price for a quick job, so the contractors took on extra men. They averaged almost a foot and a half a day, which is wonderfully good. The work, indeed, went on so well that Billy saw he would need the mill sooner than he had expected, so he resolved to begin its erection at once. He hired all the available men, but soon found that he would have to seek elsewhere for a gang adequate to such an undertaking. He imported one from Rockerville.

As the winter came on, he found it expedient to start the boarding house, in order, as he said, "to get those cusses up in the mornin' afore the sun sets." The move necessitated a cook and "cookee," and the weekly purchase of provisions. As long as he had the men handy, he argued, there was no reason why he should not finish up the small details and odds and ends of the camp in a respectable manner, and so he made little extraneous improvements, such as a flag pole, and a rockery of pink quartz from the Custer trail. Three or four were always away from the mill, levelling up, clearing out, or decorating.

From Kansas City he imported some chickens with crested heads and a number of pigeons of ancient lineage. The latter promptly flew back to Kansas City. As the novelty of them had worn off, Billy took their loss philosophically. In regard to externals, the camp began to assume a very prosperous air.

Copper Creek, too, was busy. Over forty men were hard at work on the Great Snake itself. Upwards of fifty claims were in the course of development, near

at hand. With the completion of the mill would begin the crushing of ore; with the crushing of ore would begin the camp's commercial output; with that, provided it were satisfactory, would come more capital anxious to invest. It behooved the claim owner to have his exhibit of shaft and tunnel ready for the public inspection. When you reflect that three men usually worked on a claim, and that Copper Creek's entire population at that date was a little over two hundred and fifty, you can readily see that it was indeed a busy camp.

Even those who were not actually engaged in prospecting operations found their time fully occupied in providing for those who were. Black Jack had an assistant now. Moroney's paper came out as often as once a fortnight and was beginning to be mentioned by the *Deadwood Miner* as "our esteemed contemporary." Bill Martin had been seen sweeping out his own office. The dozen of women and girls who had drifted in with newcomers scrubbed, cooked, washed, and sewed in a struggle to keep even with muddy boots, miners' appetites, and the destructive demands of miners' work.

The men who seemed to enjoy unlimited leisure could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Cheyenne Harry laughed at it all. His one claim was known to be a mere excuse for existence, a symbolic reason for his connection with Copper Creek. Everybody knew really why he stayed. He was supposed to be independently rich, though none claimed any knowledge of how he came to be so.

Then there was the gambler, the faro man, who sat on the hotel porch all the morning smoking endless cigarettes, his broad, straight hat tipped a little sideways, his mustache brushed neatly away to show his white teeth, his fine inscrutable eyes looking cynically from his equally fine, clear cut face, speaking seldom, smiling never, imperturbable, indifferent, cat-like. And there was Durand, but he did not count. And there was Michaïl Lafond.

To be sure, the half breed was building a new dance hall, to which the entire camp looked with anticipatory delight, but that was a matter of four walls and a smooth floor. He had only to give his orders. After a perfunctory morning inspection, he had the day to himself.

The work at the Great Snake interested him, as it did everybody. He spent much of the morning about the works, poking into odd corners, questioning the workmen, making suggestions to Billy. He sent the horse dealer to Billy, and mentioned to the whim man that he might find a purchaser there. He often was enabled, in his vaster leisure, to perceive the little things that lacked, and to point out their necessity to Billy, who was, of course, always duly grateful, and hastened at once to remedy the defect.

After a more or less lengthened visit, the half breed returned to camp. If it happened still to lack some time until dinner, he called on Moroney in the editorial rooms, or exchanged sententious comment with Bill Martin, or chatted with one or the other of the visitors who happened to be in town. After dinner he disappeared until supper. The time was spent with Durand. The assaying was long since finished, but the two men had grown fond of each other's companionship. It was a silent companionship, for the most part. Lafond smoked interminably his short black pipe, turned upside down, watching the naturalist setting carefully the delicate wings of a butterfly, or arranging in a paper cylinder the skin of a bird, or searching, spectacled, in black volumes of Government Reports.

Occasionally, when Durand looked up from his absorption, they exchanged a few swift remarks, elided, compressed, telegraphic; for they understood each other so well that the unabridged form of speech was no longer necessary. On fine days they beat the brushy creek bottoms for the *Nitra*, the rare *Papilio* which men supposed to be extinct. And then, after the early darkness of winter fell, they would be seized by strange obsessions of loquacity. Jacques, the raccoon, a ball of fur under the faint red stove, blinked at them shrewdly, wondering what it was all about.

In the evening, of course, Lafond had the Little Nugget to take care of. The saloon had as yet no rivals. The size of the town perhaps warranted another establishment, but Lafond was a monopolist by nature. He treated the men well, with a geniality behind which were unsounded depths of reserve; therefore they respected him. The space around the round iron stove before the bar came to be the Town Hall. Matters of public importance were discussed there every evening. Billy there told things he ought not to have told. The atmosphere was expansive, encouraging one to show off. After one had recounted the obvious, one was inclined, in the heat of the moment, to fall back on the confidential, merely for lack of something else to say.

The camp, to a man, knew the amount

of Billy's expenditures, the number of his shafts. It heard extracts from all his letters to and from the East. It was acquainted with all his and the company's plans. A good many of the cooler heads felt the intrinsic injudiciousness of this; but, after all, there could be no traitors among them, because in the end the prosperity of every man present depended on Billy's success.

But while the Great Snake was the main topic of conversation, and always remained ultimately the most important, its present interest, as spring drew near, became overshadowed by that of the new dance hall.

The Westerner loves to dance. A street organ will set him shuffling. He will drive twenty miles in a springless wagon, and twenty miles back again in the grayness of dawn, to stamp his feet to the sound of an accordion. Every camp has its organized dance joint, a sort of hall mark of its genuineness as a camp. Now, with the approach of the date for formal opening, this long musicless community woke up to its deprivation.

All the details of the new establishment were enjoyed in anticipation. It had a planed floor. The boards had been brought by wagon from McGuire's mill at Hermosa. It was to be lighted by real locomotive lanterns of an impressive, but meaningless, number of candle power. It was to be entirely draped with flags. The musicians were to be imported from Custer. Lafond dispensed this and similar information sparingly, in order that it might be made the most of. He promised the "opening ball" for May, if possible.

"That depends, of course," he always concluded his statements, short or long.

XXVII.

About the middle of February Lafond varied the monotony of his daily program. He ceased to visit the Great Snake camp, on which work was proceeding as rapidly as ever, and took to writing letters. He wrote a great many, and always mailed them himself with Blair, the driver of the stage. He announced one evening in the middle of March that he was about to leave them all for a short trip.

"I have the round to make," he said resignedly. "There are many places which each year I must visit. I go to Deadwood, Spearfish, Custer, Sheridan, Edgemont, Rapid, Buffalo Gap, many others. I may be gone a month."

"But yore comin' back, ain't you?" asked some one.

"But yes," assured the half breed. "Have we not the opening of the dance hall?"

So the very next morning he boarded the stage for Rapid. At Rapid he bought a return ticket to Chicago. This was one of the results of the correspondence he had been carrying on for a month past. His first letter had run about as follows:

Mr. Frederick Stevens, Chicago.

Dear Sir:

You will perhaps remember me as one of your hosts during your late visit to this camp. If you do, you will remember also that I am interested financially, and so the good of the camp is my good. You will further recollect that I was present at the meeting held in Knapp's shack for the purpose of settling with him. For that reason, I happen to know your plans and expectations. The expectations were that your first investment of fifty thousand dollars would complete the works to a paying basis. I have no means of knowing the exact amount of Knapp's expenditures to now, but they must be considerable, and I feel that my interests and yours require that you know just what the returns are.

The results you should get with your fifty thousand dollars are that you should have, on each claim, shafts to below water level with cross cuts and drifts, a mill set up and ready, a pump and hoist on each shaft, a month's fuel, a month's wages for men, with food and expenses, and a camp in good working order.

The shafts are almost done, but they are sunk on contract and are not paid for yet. The mill is half up, there is one pump and two hoists not up yet. That is all that is done. It seemed to me Knapp has not spent his money well, because there is much about the camp which he does not need.

I tell you this because I am interested.

Here Black Mike paused and tapped his teeth thoughtfully with the end of his penholder. Then he smiled cynically to himself and went on:

To speak plainly, I think the waste has gone beyond what you can afford. Only a man living here and knowing mining well could make it pay. I do not ask you to believe this, but see for yourself how you stand and I may make you an offer.

Lafond was frantically called upon, by return of post, to explain. He did so. Billy had been wasteful and extravagant. It was not Billy's fault, perhaps; but he was evidently not the man for the place. Lafond had had but a vague idea of how things were going, but lately he had been at more pains to gain an accurate knowledge of affairs. He had found things as above stated. He did not write at all as a friend of the company, but because he believed he could, perhaps, make something by taking the property himself. Instinctively the half breed knew that an insistence on his own selfishness was the surest way of impressing these Easterners with his sincerity. For that reason, he demand-

ed his expenses when he was asked to go East for consultation.

The Chicago men were badly frightened. Lafond repeated clearly, at greater length, what he had told them in his letters. It had been a case of a man unused to the handling of money. He insisted that in actual value there existed not one quarter of the sum Knapp had expended; and he further claimed that affairs were in such shape West that as much more would have to be invested before the mine could be put on a paying basis.

"Then," said he, "you have your cost of production, and your camp expenses always. From your profits above them, you have to make up what Knapp has spent, and what you will have to spend. That takes your close attention, and many years. For that, I think you will not wish to go ahead; and for that, I come to make you an offer that will make it for you not an entire loss. I do not ask that you believe me. Investigate."

"Would you be willing to wait here while we investigate?" asked Murphy.

"Always for my expenses," replied Lafond calmly.

The Easterners consulted.

"Very well," said Stevens; "call it that."

Lafond, in the little room at his hotel, looked at himself closely in the glass.

"A fool for luck! A fool for luck!" he cried at the imaged reflection, repeating his old formula.

Stevens was gone just ten days. Of course he said nothing of Lafond's presence in Chicago. He had merely dropped in to look over the property, as was natural. Most of the men wondered why he had not done so before. He was cordial to Billy, looked over what had been done, asked many questions, listened attentively to all Billy had to say, and departed in the most friendly spirit. When he arrived in Chicago he went directly to his office in the Monadnock Building, where he had already assembled his associates by telegraph.

Stevens was brief, businesslike, and coldly impartial. In a man of his sort, that indicated that he was very angry and chagrined.

"I have the following figures to submit," said he, taking up a paper. "They are accurate, as I consulted with an expert as to the items of future expense before leaving Rapid.

10 horses at $105.00	$1,050.00
10 sets harness at $60.00	600.00
Mill machinery	6,500.00
Pumps, hoists	1,250.00
4 months' wages at $4.00 a day	4,800.00
2½ months' boarding expenses	610.00
Hay, tools, implements	1,165.00
Wagons, household goods	2,560.00
Miscellaneous	2,112.00
Building roads	829.00
	21,476.00

"That is what has been spent up to date, according to Knapp's accounts."

"But, hold on!" interjected Murphy. "He has drawn six drafts. That makes thirty thousand. Has he eight thousand in hand? Why did he have to draw the last draft?"

"He doesn't know," replied Stevens grimly. "His bank balance," he declared, consulting the paper again, "is just $1,126.40. He says he don't know where the balance is."

"Do you think——"

"Not at all. He is perfectly honest. That is the way he does things."

"Here," went on Stevens after a moment, "is what remains to be done before we can even start to work. It is an estimate, but it is a close one; for, as I told you, I had assistance in making it out.

Mills, pumps, hoists	$12,000.00
Sheds, ore dumps, etc.	1,500.00
20 horses and harness	3,200.00
Men, etc.	5,000.00
Wagons and tools	5,000.00
	26,700.00

"That is to bring us up to the efficient working point. Now, here are our liabilities:

Miscellaneous bills	$ 850.00
Contract on 1,100 feet of shaft and tunnel at $20 a foot	22,000,00
	22,850.00

"That is what we owe, gentlemen," concluded Stevens, slapping his papers on the table and looking about him. "Now, if you want to throw good money after bad, you can do so," he continued after a moment, "but this is a limited liability company, and I am done. I am strongly in favor of pulling out some way to save our names as promoters of such a fool enterprise, but I think we should pull out. This man Lafond thinks he can do something with the property, if he has a fair show, and perhaps we can save something through him. Our fifty thousand is gone —and more, after we've paid our debt to those men; and anything we can save out of such a mess seems to me clear gain."

And so with equal haste they scrambled out. The first inexplicable phenomenon is the sanguine blindness such men show in going into mining; the second is the headlong thoughtlessness with which they

draw out. Anything to get back to daylight, apparently.

Again the parallel of the button hook factory. In case of failure, these men would have first looked the ground over well for possible retrenchment along the old lines of expenditure; that failing, they would have examined closely for a possible new plan. But in the present case, they never even conceived the possibility of any scale of operation different from that grand vision of eleven contiguous mines all going at full blast, which Billy's vivid imagination had called into being. Lafond saw it clearly enough. Had he been so minded he could have set the whole matter right; just as, if he had been so minded, he could have turned the trend of Billy Knapp's extravagance with a little timely advice.

"Gentlemen," he could have said, "has it ever occurred to you to start on a small scale and work up gradually to a larger? You can mine one shaft on one claim with one cheap five-stamp mill. In that way you could pay expenses, at least, from the very surface. After a little you can pay more. Then you might open up another claim. That would take time, to be sure, but what business does not take time?"

His actual speech was of quite different tenor. When called before the meeting and asked to name the terms he was willing to offer, he replied quite simply:

"Fifteen thousand dollars."

This was, of course, quite unthinkable. An animated discussion ensued.

"We have spent over twenty thousand dollars," said Stevens, "and we owe twenty six thousand more. Then the claims are worth something, surely. It would be better to hold the property, just as it stands, on the chance of some future sale."

"Of the twenty thousand you have spent," retorted Lafond, "fifteen has been spent uselessly. I mean not that it was all waste, but that if I had been running the mine, I could have bought all I would need for five thousand. And as for the twenty six thousand you owe—thanks to bonuses for fast work, and contracts at a high price—it ought all to have been completed for fifteen thousand. And, besides, if it was I who had developed the property, I would not have sunk all these shafts before putting the mill to work. I am making you the offer of five thousand for the mine, and ten thousand for the works."

This argument carried some weight. It availed to induce an acceptance of Lafond's final offer of five thousand cash and the assumption of the twenty six thousand debt. A man in his position, and in his business, could easily reduce the latter item.

"Of course this is merely informal," explained Stevens. "We have to call a directors' meeting yet to take official action."

"We hold a controlling interest," added Murphy.

"I understand," said Lafond. "And now another thing. What are you going to do about the camp itself?"

Stevens hesitated. "I suppose we'll shut down, and give Knapp his walking papers," he answered at last.

"That is just it. I want that you look out for my interests in that. If you shut down, that gives the camp a bad name, and a bad name is of all things in the West the worst. And you know not that man Knapp. You discharge him. Eh, well! He is angry; he is without law: he is reckless. He is able to do that which he wishes. He can burn the buildings, break the machinery. Who is it that will stop him? No, when Knapp is discharged, it must be that the deeds are in my hands, so that I can protect my property."

All saw the justice of this argument.

"What would you suggest, then?" asked the chairman.

"How is it that you intend to discharge him?" returned Lafond.

"What do you mean?"

"What is the formality? Do you just write and tell him he is discharged?"

"Oh, no; we call a directors' meeting, and pass resolutions to that effect, a copy of which we send him. We will do that at the same time we authorize the sale to you."

Lafond drummed for a moment on the polished table near his hand.

"Eh, well," he announced at last, "let it be like this. When it is that you have had your directors' meeting, and have passed your resolutions, then you send your copy to me, and I will give it to Knapp. Thus I will be on the ground to see that he makes no trouble. And at the same time you send the deeds to this man"—he rapidly scribbled an address. "He is a notary public at Rapid. You will have time to look up his reliability. He can hold the deeds until I pay to him the five thousand dollars, and sign a contract to take the debt we spoke of. Is that satisfactory?"

"Quite," they agreed.

"How long will it be before you finish your meetings?"

"Ten days. It takes a week's notice for a special meeting."

On the way to South Dakota again, Lafond stared out of the windows with unseeing eyes in which lurked laughter. "Ten days," said he to himself, passing the fingers of one hand softly over the palm of the other. His dark bearded face in the twilight lost its outlines against the upholstery of the Pullman. A nervous little bride on her wedding trip to California grasped her husband's arm.

"What is it, dear?" inquired the latter.

"Foolishness," she laughed, a little forcedly; "but see that man's eyes. Aren't they uncanny?"

"Looks a bit like a maniac," admitted the groom, "but it's this queer light. Odd fellow. Looks as if he might have one of these interesting Western histories you read about."

"A fool for luck, a fool for luck!" Black Mike was repeating to himself. "Ten days! I can fix the date for that dance hall opening now!"

XXVIII.

As has been hinted, the outward and visible signs of prosperity had, to some extent, increased the feminine population of Copper Creek. Molly Lafond had long since lost the distinction of being the only woman in camp. Some of the newcomers were blessed with wives, one or two were favored with daughters. All told, there were perhaps fifteen or twenty of the gentler sex scattered among the new and old log cabins of the valley.

But from them Molly had little to fear in the way of rivalry. The older women were either buxom and decisive, representing the sturdier pioneer race, or dyspeptic and drawling, as typical of the effects of a high altitude on nervous and underfed organizations. The young girls were angular, awkward, and shy; especially so when in the presence of Miss Molly's breezy self possession. They would all make good "filling" at the new dance house ball, but they would never obtrude into the foreground.

Then Bismarck Anne came to camp. She conceived the idea quite suddenly, late one afternoon, and, without so much as a word to anybody, she strapped her most becoming ball gown inside a poncho and rode across from Spanish Gulch on her little pinto pony.

Bismarck Anne was at that time in the heyday of her youth and prosperity. She was of the dark skinned, black haired, black eyed type, so "common" when it falls just short of attractiveness; but so abundantly vital when, as in the present case, it does not fall short. Bismarck Anne was instinct, charged, with life. Into everything she did she threw a verve and abandon that carried the adventure well through with something to spare. And she was afraid of nothing. She denied the possibility of nothing.

About three o'clock of the afternoon she galloped in. A number of men recognized her and ran to help her down from her horse. Everybody knew her by sight or reputation, but few had ever dared attempt her acquaintance, for Bismarck Anne chose her coterie from the powerful and wealthy. Now, however, there seemed to be little cause for anxiety on that point. Bismarck Anne had come over for a good time, and she was going to have it. If the men who surrounded her on her arrival felt any momentary restraint or trepidation, they were almost immediately set at ease by the warmth of her manner.

It was Old Mizzou, I believe, who steadied her stirrup, and Dave Kelley who helped her from her horse—and held her a moment longer than was necessary, and, to his vast astonishment, instead of being slapped, was heartily kissed for his temerity. There was a breathless element of unexpectedness in this which appealed to the miners' sense of humor, and they all laughed consumedly, and felt good comrades at once.

Old Mizzou mentally added another exception to his sweeping rule about "grass widders and school ma'ams." There sprang up a rapid fire of good humored joking back and forth in which no man was favored, where each had a chance to enter the lists, and in the course of which each conceived an inner conviction that all he needed to "win out" was a chance unhindered by the crowd. Bismarck Anne stood in the center of the group, flashing her black eyes back and forth from one to the other, and showing her white teeth in a series of dazzling smiles.

Just at this moment Cheyenne Harry and Molly Lafond, returning from one of their numerous expeditions, caught sight of the animated group near the hotel, and, naturally, turned aside to investigate its cause.

Bismarck Anne faced towards them.

"Why, Harry!" she cried, holding out both hands. "You here? I didn't know you all hung out in this camp. You look just the same as ever. S'pose you're goin' to take in th' dance tonight? Yes.

that's what I came over for; that an' nothing else. We'll have to stir this camp up a bit, and make her seem like old times. I'm afraid you boys have been getting a little slow," she flashed good humoredly at the others. "Harry, you ought to have seen them when I kissed that boy over there; just for a 'kid,' you know. I don't believe you've got a girl in this camp who knows beans, and it's about time you did. I'm *mighty* glad to see you. But you got to watch out, though! This is a pretty good looking lot of boys, and you'll have to hustle to hold your job."

She said this still holding both his hands in hers, and alternately smiling now at him, now at the men about her. She had taken rapid stock of Molly—whom she now ignored for the moment—and had as rapidly come to the conclusion that if a rival were to appear at all, it would be Harry's companion. She hoped her speech would at the same time attach Harry to herself, and render assiduous his devotions by a fear of rivalry.

"You bet we will!" cried Harry. His manner was enthusiastic, not so much with joy over seeing Bismarck Anne, as with instinctive relief from the tension of his rather sentimental interview with Molly. He remembered the latter, and performed some sort of an introduction.

The two women looked each other in the eye.

"How do you do?" asked Molly coolly, without moving an inch.

"Very well, my dear," replied Bismarck Anne, smiling, "and very glad to get here."

The endearing epithet relegated Molly at once to the category of little girls.

The conversation continued for some moments longer, the men standing as silent spectators. Molly continued very reserved. The newcomer did not appear to notice it, but chattered on unconcernedly in a light hearted fashion, appealing to the other just often enough to convey the idea that there was nothing noticeably repellent in her manner. In fact, she did it so well that the group gained the impression that Molly carried her share of the small talk, which was not true. But, in spite of the apparent good feeling, Cheyenne Harry felt uncomfortably that something was wrong. Searching about for the cause, he at last discovered it in Molly's attitude.

So on the way to the cabin he was vexed, and showed it. And Molly felt so strongly the innate justice of her position, and appreciated so keenly the skill with which she had been made to appear sulky and unreasonable, that when she had finally shut her own door behind her, she threw herself on her bed and cried as though her heart would break.

Then her blood told. She dried her eyes, and in her inmost heart she declared war against this woman, war to the knife, and to the uttermost. The momentary defeat dashed her at first; then it nerved her. After all, nothing definite had occurred. This creature had planted several stinging thrusts which had hit home because Molly, in the innocence of her heart, was not expecting them.

She was on her guard now. It would not happen again. Cheyenne Harry had known the woman before, evidently, and surely it was natural that in the first surprise of seeing her so unexpectedly, he should display a certain enthusiasm of recognition. But his relations with her, Molly Lafond, were too intimate, too long continued, to be lightly broken.

As the twilight fell, she saw through the oblong of her sliding window that men were hurrying by to dine early, in order that they might prepare for the festivities of the evening. Across the square she could make out the dim shape of the new dance hall, a long, low structure, trimmed with evergreens and bunting. Frosty was even then lighting the lamps in the Little Nugget. She sat there motionless, staring out into the night, fingering the soft white stuff of the gown lying across her lap, until a certain peace came to her and a conviction that all would be well.

The night was warm and balmy with the odors of early spring. Molly had slid back the halves of her narrow window, and over the boxes of flowers that fringed this little artificial horizon the mellow notes of the first whitethroat, that Nightingale of the North, floated in on the tepid air. Beyond the nearer silhouette of the flowers lay another dimmer silhouette of the hills, waving uncertainly beneath a few uncertain stars. The girl watched these stars idly, dreaming in tune with the plaintive notes of the bird. Then silently another, bulkier silhouette interposed itself, almost filling the window.

"What is it?" she cried, starting.

"It's I," came the voice of Jack Graham. The silhouette rested two black outlined elbows against the sill.

"My, how you frightened me!" she cried pettishly. "What in the world do you want? Why aren't you at dinner?"

"Molly," said Graham solemnly, "I don't suppose you'll listen to me. We haven't gotten along very well lately, have

we? But I want you to know that I am asking this for your sake, and that I believe it."

She was impressed by the sincere quality of his tone. "Why, Jack," she said softly, "I know you mean well, and I suppose I *am* very frivolous and careless. What is it?"

"I wish you wouldn't go to the dance tonight."

There fell a pause. She was evidently in a softened mood, and she wished to conduct the interview considerately. "But, Jack," she hesitatingly asked at last, "do you think there is going to be trouble?"

"It will only give you pain. You are going to be forced against things you have never had to combat before."

"I don't understand you."

"I am going to talk very plainly, Molly. I hope you won't get angry. I can't help it if you do. It's because I love you so, girl; I love you so!"

His voice was deep and rich with emotion, so poignant and compelling that it forced her attention in spite of herself. This was a declaration, she dimly felt, and yet its import as such was somehow lost in the more pregnant subject matter to which it but added emphasis.

"Go on," she said breathlessly.

"You are well liked by everybody here," he continued, carefully avoiding more pointed personalities, "and you have grown so used to being liked by everybody that it would hurt you cruelly if you were not. Isn't that true?"

"Yes," assented Molly gravely, after a moment's consideration.

"You want to hold first place in their thoughts and in their good will. You want to be first with them, and you want them to show to you and to each other, by their actions, that they are your best friends and are going to stand by you. Do I read you right?"

"Yes, of course I want all the boys to like me, I've known them so long, and I should feel dreadfully if they didn't. But what do you mean by it? I don't understand."

The silhouette moved uneasily. "Now, don't get angry," he pleaded. "Take it tonight. To speak plainly, you want to be the woman who receives the most attention at that ball. Answer frankly."

"Well," confessed the girl, after another moment's hesitation, "frankly, then, I do."

"You will not."

"Why?"

"Because the woman who came this afternoon, Bismarck Anne, will take your place."

Molly Lafond would have become angry if her experience of the afternoon had not already made her uneasy.

"Do you consider her more attractive than me?" she asked, a little resentfully.

"A thousand times no!" essayed the silhouette.

"Has she known the boys as long as I? Is she as good friends with them? Can she talk better? Is she brighter?"

"No."

"Then, I don't believe I quite see."

"It's just this. The men all like you, and admire you, and would do anything for you, but at the same time they look up to you a little. You are better than they are, so, more or less, they are a little—well, a little *restricted* with you. This woman is their sort. She isn't a bit better than they are. When they are out to have a good time, like at the dance tonight, they want somebody they can have their sort of fun with. You are too good for them."

"That is very theoretical."

"It is very true."

"And supposing, just supposing, it were. You want me to lie down and quit without making a fight? Do you call that being game? What would you think of a man who would run away because the other man was a little stronger? Don't you think I'd fight?"

"That's just it. You fight too well."

"I don't——"

"She has ways of drawing men to her which you know nothing about. They are her weapons. I know you'd fight. You'd fight to the last, because it is in you to, and I'm afraid, very much afraid, that when you found your weapons were not enough, you'd use hers."

There fell between them a long silence while Molly slowly pondered these last words, and gradually apprehended their meaning. In the darkness she could feel the blood tingeing her face, forehead, and neck. At first she was inclined to be angry, and to show it, but the man's evident sincerity, coupled with the fervor of his incidental declaration of love, softened her.

"I don't believe I ever had anybody tell me such things before," she could not restrain herself from saying, "and I don't know whether I ought to thank you for your lack of trust in me. However, you'll be there, and I can rely on your protection against these awful dangers."

"I will not be there," contradicted Graham bluntly.

"Well, then, there's Harry." She said the name out of bravado, to show that there was no reason why she should not say it.

"Yes," cried Graham, with a burst of anger that astonished her. "It is he I mean."

It was the red flag to them both, the idea of this man. "I think you'd better go now," she replied coldly.

Graham turned away with a little curse.

She sat down again and tried desperately to regain her confidence of a few moments before, but it would not come. She was angry and insulted, and she was vexed at herself that she could not throw off the uneasiness which lay back of these emotions. But she could not. It grew on her as her nervousness increased. She sat staring straight before her into the dark, clasping and unclasping her hands, and striving with all the earnestness of which she was capable to seize and formulate the vague fear that seemed unreasonably to weigh on her spirits.

Analyze it as she would, she could find no adequate reason for it. It was, therefore, the more terrible. The dinner hour passed quite unnoticed. The nervousness increased until she could have shrieked aloud. And then, with a sudden start, she recognized it—this old formless, causeless sense of an indefinite guilt, as for something left undone; the voice, although this she did not know, of her inherited New England conscience.

At the discovery she rebelled. She had always rebelled, and heretofore she had succeeded in putting it down, in stifling it underneath mere surface moods. But now the surface moods proved inadequate. The uneasy guiltiness increased until it almost overflowed in tears. Molly was afraid just as a child is afraid of the dark.

She lit the lamps and looked at herself in the mirror. This must not go on. To-night, the one night when she needed all her powers, it was foolish to allow a whim to weaken them. She shook her head at herself, and smiled. The smile was not a success. She turned away wearily and thrust her hands through her hair. Why had Graham taken it into his head to bother her this one evening of all others? It was his fault. She stamped her foot angrily. All his fault!

In spite of his denial, she believed he would be there, and would see everything. The thought stung her pride, and the desire for tears left her. She would show him just how much his advice and his fears were worth. On the impulse, she spread her white dress out on the bed, and began hastily to smooth out the wrinkles in its pleats. After a moment, she turned decisively to the mirror, and began to take down her hair.

XXIX.

Archibald Mudge, alias Frosty, dressed in a clean white apron, stood behind the bar, and surveyed his handiwork with satisfaction. It had gone well, and for this one day his master had been in an unwontedly good humor.

Directly opposite, a wide door opened into the new dance hall. From where Frosty stood, one could see that it was a long, low room, flag draped, with few windows, and furnished only by an unbroken line of benches against the wall. One standing in the doorway, however, could have perceived that at one end were placed for the musicians a number of tall look out stools—tall in order that the performers might at once overlook the performance of the square dance figures, and early prepare to avoid possible hostilities. A number of large lamps with reflectors illuminated the apartment with crossed shafts of light.

Frosty polished glasses in anticipation of the evening's business, which would be lively, glancing complacently from the freshly scrubbed floor to the lately renewed sheets, imitating plaster. As the outer door was now closed, he was relieved from the necessity of ejecting Peter. It did no good to tie Peter up; either the animal was ingenious at escapes, or the men were mischievous in their desire to bother Frosty. This was one of Frosty's many troubles. He led a life of care.

After a little, the door opened, and three men came in. They steered to the bar at once, as a sort of familiar haven in strange surroundings. From its anchorage they took their initial view of the hall. After subsequent arrivals had braced them to the point of confidence, they made a first awful tour of that apartment, but soon returned to more familiar surroundings. The saloon filled with a heterogeneous gathering. All types were there in their best clothes, from the spotlessly immaculate faro dealer dressed in a black broadcloth frock coat, to Dave Kelley with his new red handkerchief and his high heeled boots.

The main gathering remained crowded in the saloon, whence small groups occasionally ventured into the hall, but only for the purposes of temporary inspection. A hum of low voiced talk went up, which

fell to expectant silence every time the door was opened. The musicians from Spanish Gulch arrived, and began to tune up. They were closely followed by the first woman, a red cheeked, awkward country lass, who took her position on the bench near one corner, and began at once to dispense smiles and loud small talk to the men who followed her there.

The assistants' spirits rose. They had known this girl as Sal Jenks, of rather drab colored disposition and appearance. Tonight, in the glamour of a light colored dress, and the illumination of a ball room, she had suddenly become transformed into something quite different and infinitely more attractive. The musicians played a tune. The other women came in, gaily dressed, and accompanied always by a red faced swain.

Black Mike took his stand at the side of Frosty, and began to assist that individual in dispensing drinks. Black Mike's democracy was no small element of his popularity. At about half past eight those near the door saw him talking with Cheyenne Harry. A buzz swept over the room. Copper Creek had been waiting, in suppressed excitement, to see whom Cheyenne Harry would accompany, Molly Lafond or the newcomer, and lo! he had come alone.

Then, before the astonishment had subsided, the outer door opened again, and Molly entered, looking very pale, and sweet, and serious.

She walked directly by the bar into the dance hall itself, where she seated herself near the door and looked calmly about her. She was dressed entirely in white. Cheyenne Harry was leaning over the bar, talking attentively, so that he, perhaps, was the only person in the room who did not see her come in. A dozen men at once surrounded her and began to chat. She answered them good humoredly enough, but indifferently.

The door once more flew open, and Bismarck Anne, standing on the sill, cried out in her clear, high voice, "Well, boys!" She paused there a moment. Cheyenne Harry, turning at the sound of her voice, remembered how, about a year ago, Molly Lafond had stood there in just that attitude. But there was a difference.

Cheyenne Harry had for some time, as we have said, been growing a little tired of his affair with Molly. The mental ingredients of satiety were all present, but he had as yet received no conscious notice of the state of affairs. He imagined he was as much fascinated as ever. If something lately had seemed to lack, he had laid it to circumstances, and not at all to the state of his relations with the girl. But for all that, the satiety had been real. He only needed to be told of it to realize it himself very plainly.

Bismarck Anne had told him.

He saw now absolutely no attraction for himself in Molly Lafond, and that without attempting to deny her intrinsic attraction for others. He simply did not care for her any more. It seemed, perhaps, like a sudden revulsion, but it was not so really; it had been inevitable from the very first, and from the very first it had been slowly maturing. Not even the results were sudden; only Cheyenne Harry's knowledge of them.

For a long time he had felt that his relations with Molly Lafond had been restrictive—because the good is always so; that without a deep moral incentive, restriction is always irksome; that although pure love is the most ideal condition in the world, its stimulation is the most wearisome after the novelty has worn off; and all the rest of the long psychological train of emotion and reasoning common to the trifler. But now, for the first time, he knew it. He knew it because, standing in the doorway, looking at him with bold black eyes, was the exact opposite of all this, and he recognized a mighty relief.

Bismarck Anne knew enough to dress all in black. She had the taste to appreciate the effect of one red flower in her hair as her only ornament. She had the sense to wear her dress cut neither too low above, nor too high below. And so she was exceedingly handsome as she stood there, the devil of excitement in her eyes.

Cheyenne Harry abruptly ceased his conversation with Lafond to shake hands with her. They turned in company. Harry linked his arm through hers and they entered the dance hall close together, and took their seats in a corner far removed from the musicians, where they continued engaged in such earnest conversation that none of the men ventured to approach them. After a time, when the music struck up for the first dance, she seemed to be commanding something to which Cheyenne Harry seemed to be objecting. Then the latter arose slowly, and asked Molly Lafond to dance the first dance with him. She accepted with a sharp pang at her heart. The newcomer had scored.

Owing to the scarcity of the gentler sex, it had been decided that no one "set" was to be blessed with more than one girl. Thus they would go around better. Molly,

glancing across at her rival, saw that she was surrounded by a laughing group of men. The woman was joking broadly at each, wriggling her white shoulders, darting side glances, half promising, half denying. In a moment the group broke, and the members of it rushed in her own direction. They were already quarreling for places in her set. The matter was arranged somehow, after much wrangling. Then, too late, Molly saw that the other woman had scored again. Bismarck Anne had not only selected her partner, but also the other six members of the set. Thus she had made seven men happy, and none jealous.

A Western dance is a sight worth seeing. The musicians call off the figures. The head fiddler does this until his voice gives out. Then the second fiddler and the accordion take a try at it, after which further calling is unnecessary, owing to the fact that most of the dancers are very drunk. This comes to pass because, at the end of each dance, all are supposed to visit the bar. The most heinous crime, next to horse stealing or sluice robbing, is "shying drinks" at such times. As some men can hold more than others, this enforced equality of quantity consumed brings about unexpected variation in the hilarity of the consumers, all of which adds to the variety of the occasion.

The interims between drinks are occupied by square dances. The men go through some set of monkeyshines which they call figures, the principal object of which seems to be at once the tripping up of such male, and the prolonged squeezing of such female, dancers as they may come into intimate personal relations with on their grand rounds. This is conducive to hilarity of the loud mouthed variety.

The exercise itself is rather violent, and as the room is low, lit by lamps, and comparatively windowless, the air soon becomes heavy with the reek of perspiration and the fumes of tobacco. The floor acquires a heaving motion and the lights sway back and forth. The homeliest of the dance hall girls somehow looks like a fairy through the haze, a rather elusive fairy, with a rather heavy, unfairylike gait. At this period there is usually a good deal of noise. Then all at once it is morning, and somehow the scene has changed to the ravine, and there is a tomato can poking itself into the small of the back.

Molly tripped gracefully and easily through the figures of the opening dance, seeming scarcely to touch the floor. Bismarck Anne leaned heavily on each man in the swing, and pressed her bosom against his arm. Twice she half slipped and caught by the shoulder of her partner of the moment, and her breath was hot against his throat. She said not one word the whole dance through.

With the last quaver of the fiddle came the harsh command:

"S'lute yore pardners! All promenade to th' bar!"

They obeyed. The sets went in two by two, the men treating their masculine partners with humorous politeness in the matter of assistance in crossing the sill of the door. The non dancers crowded in after them in a confused mob.

At the bar Frosty had the drinks all ready on the back shelf. Black Mike assisted him, and together the two, their sleeves rolled back and their faces glistening with the sweat of honest toil, passed over brimming little glasses of "forty rod," and jingled two bit pieces into the drawer. Bismarck Anne drank with the best of them, leaning familiarly against the men nearest her, bandying jokes that were more than doubtful. Molly sat on her corner of the bar, but did not drink.

At the beginning of the next dance the aspect of things was a trifle changed. A bigger crowd gathered about Bismarck Anne, soliciting places in her set, and it was more familiar. Some one snatched a kiss of her. She merely laughed and pushed him away. There seemed to have suddenly sprung up between them and her a camaraderie in which Molly had no part, as though they and the newcomer had some secret to keep to themselves which thrust the younger girl without the circle.

Cheyenne Harry did not come near her again. He seemed wholly fascinated by the stranger. The sight of his attentions to the other aroused Molly. A bright red spot burned in either cheek. She was all animation. Her laughter rang true, her eyes flashed with merriment. For every one she had a joke, a half tender, half sympathetic aside. She saw that as long as they were in her actual presence, the men were wholly hers. And yet she felt, too, the subtle growth of this other woman's influence, and realized that eventually it would beat her down. In spite of her brave appearance her throat choked her. Only by a great concentration of the will could she prevent herself from lapsing into silence, and then into tears.

As the strain began to tell on her nerves, the old feeling of unknowable guilt came to oppress her heart; and with it a grow-

ing longing to get away; to hide somewhere; to begin all over again humbly, below the lowest; to claim nothing, to attempt nothing, to do nothing in opposition to that accusing Thought which seemed greater than herself. All at once she was tired of struggling. She was ready to give up this life, if only they would let her feel like something besides a breathless, naughty child, fearfully expecting every moment the grave, reproving voice of the Master.

She chided herself for this. It was not game. Pluck she admired above everything; and yet here she was, ready to run away at the first taste of defeat. She smiled ravishingly on George Kelley until he began to speculate on the possibility of repeating that delicious experience which Peter had so inopportunely cut short.

As the evening progressed, the "forty rod" began to show its effects. Dave Williams had to have the full width of the floor whenever he tried to walk, and his enthusiastic imitations of an angry catamount were most creditable. Some one was always disgustedly repressing him.

Several others were in like condition, with different symptoms. The soberest manifested increased vigor of limb and fertility of imagination. A happy combination of these two effects brought about the proposal of a turkey walk. A ring was formed on the instant.

Into the ring, two men, chosen *viva voce*, were pushed. They began at once to strut back and forth like turkey cocks in the spring. They hollowed their backs in, stuck their chests out, slapped their thighs, toed in, puffed their cheeks, ducked their heads, uttered sundry gurgling whoops, and hopped about first on one foot, then on the other, in a charmingly impartial imitation of a Southern cake walk and a Sioux Indian war dance. These performances tickled the crowd immensely. When it came to a noisy vote on the relative merits of the performers, it vociferously shouted unanimous approval of all. Therefore the contest was pronounced a tie.

At this moment Dave Williams staggered forward. His muddled brain had room for only the most evident facts. He saw the ring, and his drunken shrewdness had retained cognizance of the evening's rivalry. He mixed the two ideas up to effect a proposal.

"Hyar," he shouted, "lesh do this ri'! Lesh have the girlsh walk! I secon' Bismarck Anne!" He let out a wildcat yell. "Whe—ee! Two t' one on Anne!"

Some one hit him on the chest and sent him staggering backward. He gyrated unevenly towards the corner, stumbled over his own feet, and sat down heavily on the floor, where, after feeling vainly for his gun, he relapsed into good humor. But his suggestion hit the popular fancy.

The idea ran like fire. In a second the ring was formed again. Those in front knelt; those behind looked over their shoulders. Even Frosty and Black Mike deserted the bar and stood leaning in the doorway. The girls were urged forward into the ring, which closed after them, and the music was ordered to proceed.

Bismarck Anne walked calmly into the circle, and stood looking about her. Molly had an instant of doubt. Then a revulsion against her easy surrender got her to her feet and into the ring. The gauntlet was down. She would accept the challenge. It was a duel.

(To be continued.)

'TWIXT DAY AND DAY.

But yesterday and he was quick with life
And strong of limb and gracious in his mien;
All rife with purposes that go between
The nightly pauses of our worldly strife;
Within his winsome eyes love's gentle light
Made heart and home supremely glad and bright.

Today—oh, God! Today, what fearful spell
Has wrought its change to strike his lips so dumb;
To still those limbs and turn them cold and numb;
To blot each light, fed by the soul's deep well,
And lock the senses, once so swift to wake,
In sleep nor love nor wild despair may break?

Henry Cleveland Wood.

Where the Battle Was Fought.

THE STORY OF A DUEL THAT BROUGHT LUCK TO THE MAN WHO LOST IT.

BY MARGUERITE TRACY.

Yea, riding to battle on battle day—
Why, a soldier is something more than a king!
But after the battle, the riding away—
Ah, the riding away is another thing!

IT was a whim of Vignot's. He always went to the Flower Fête on horseback, and had his horse's bridle trimmed with forget me nots. Vignot was full of whims.

The day was blue as a turquoise. The Bois de Boulogne was like a forest of tall green ferns, so slender and feathery the trees, so velvety the undergrowth. And on the broad stretch beside the Cascade the battle was waging under the arches of flowers. The long chain of flower trimmed carriages moved slowly while their occupants tossed flowers at one another, laughing, bowing, nodding, looking back to throw one rose behind them, all to the music of the military band, where the prizes had been given out.

The florist's basket across Vignot's saddle bow was almost empty. A landau all trimmed in pink chiffon and azaleas came by, and he threw a knot of pansies into a girl's lap. She looked up, smiled, and tossed him a white carnation. He caught it in his bridle hand and lifted his hat, bowed, laughed, and cantered on.

"The symbol of royalty," he said to himself. "I wonder who that girl was!" He dropped the white carnation into the basket, and did not toss it to the first pretty girl he passed. A little later he leaned from his saddle and dropped it into the carriage of a slender, dark eyed gentleman with slightly gray hair. The gentleman was in a brougham, and Vignot gave it to him through the open window.

"At the Duc d'Angoulême's, the same hour," said Vignot.

The gentleman in the brougham, who was passing through Paris as inconspicuously as possible, gave an alarmed glance out of the window at the horseman who had gone by, and then looked at the white carnation, the emblem of his house and party.

Then he ordered his coachman to drive home. His share in the battle was done.

As for Vignot, he bought half a dozen great bunches of peonies from a flower seller among the carriages, and the faded, overkept blossoms fell to pieces as he held them. So he shook the petals into his basket, and threw handfuls over everybody, and was very happy. No one could have told, to see him, that he had the remotest interest in French politics this afternoon.

In truth, there was nothing much afoot. A few houses where people said "*vive le roi*" under their breath, where a plain Monsieur So-and-So went out into the diningroom before *ducs* and *comtes.* Vignot knew it all by heart, and played at it because it was a forbidden game, just as he always got word when a duel was on.

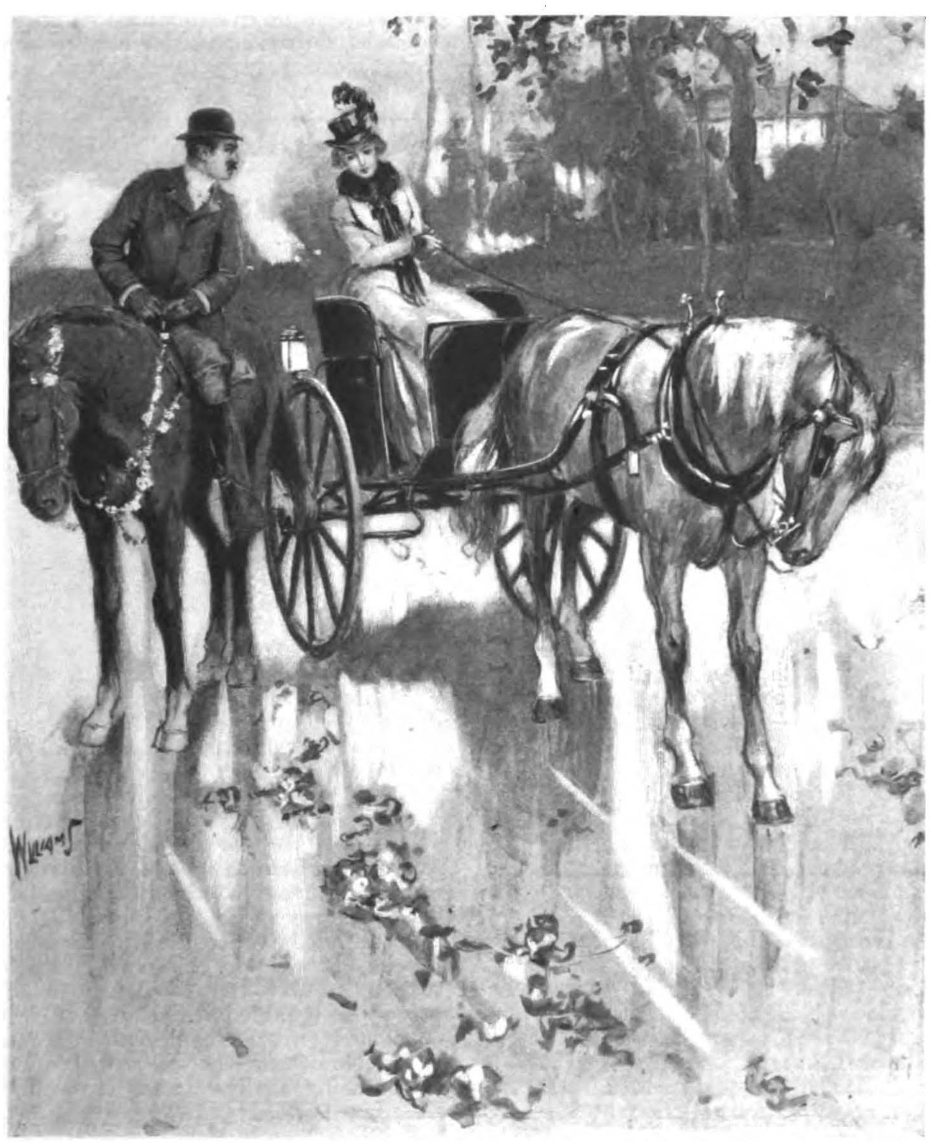
The flowers on the carriages began to look faded. The forget me nots drooped from the baron's bridle. But still he was pelted with flowers. It began to rain.

The lookers on along the edge of the woods, on either side, hastily drew back under the trees. Carriage tops went up, flowers and all. But still every one leaned out to throw flowers, and every one was gay. A little red soldier dodged about and picked up the flowers that fell in the road among the carriages, saying contentedly, "*Je vais en avoir un beau bouquet!*" Vignot grinned, tossed him a peony, and rode on. Flower sellers scrambled for the fallen flowers, gathered and sold them again.

The rain cleared and the battle lasted. Over the trees the sky brightened into sunset. Reluctantly the carriages drove away, muddy, sparkling with dewy wet flowers, the silken banners of the prize takers, the four in hands, and the city fiacres—all home through the shimmering sunset, out into the Champs Elysées. The band dispersed, the flower sellers disappeared.

Vignot looked at his watch. He had long ago handed his flower basket to a friend in a carriage. Wet rose petals clung about him and his horse. "It lacks half an hour," he said. Reining in, he waited a little while at the roadside, looking up at the arched garlands of flowers,

down at the bruised and broken flowers over which the wheels had passed, along the broad, still roadway, where the battle had been fought. And he thought of these things not at all.



"IT WAS A GREAT DAY. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE MISSED IT."

The sound of a carriage coming roused him. He started forward. It was only a girl on a high T cart, driving alone.

"Oh!" she cried, drawing up, with a look of dismay. "Hello, M'sieu' Vignot! Is it all over?"

"All over, Miss Hurlburt," said Vignot. "Our American arms acquitted themselves nobly, showing great heroism and winning much distinction. Oh, it was bully! Why did you miss it? Why aren't you all decorated with poppies and blue cornflowers and—and the royal emblem?"

"I forgot all about it," she said frankly.

He had come to the side of her cart, but she leaned towards him. "Tell me," she said in a low voice, "am I too late?"

Vignot looked at her pony. He was flecked with foam. She had driven hard. His fat little sides heaved mightily. Any other day Madeline Hurlburt would have

wept over his sorry plight, but just now her eyes were fixed anxiously on Vignot, who stirred uneasily and looked along the roadway.

"You see for yourself," he said. "It was a great day. You shouldn't have missed it."

"I mean—the other. The duel."

Vignot put his fingers to his lips. "Do you know of anything coming off today?" he asked, with childlike naïveté. "Put me on to it."

The girl flushed and drew away from him. "You know everything, and more," she said. "Oh, baron, can't you answer me? Just say yes or no."

"If I say, will you drive right home? It is growing late."

"Will you come home to dinner?"

"I am disconsolate," he answered lightly. "I am engaged."

"Will you accompany me as far as L'Etoile?"

"I wish I could."

"Then I'm not too late," she said, settling back. "Thank God!"

A brougham drove up through one of the side paths.

"Go—ah, please go!" cried Vignot. "And there's no danger; only, if you interfered, believe me, dear Miss Madeline, your brother would never forgive you."

"It's not that," she murmured. "He picked a quarrel with the Vicomte d'Autin just—just to tease me—and to—to have the fun of it. And he's the best swordsman in America."

"That's not saying much," said Vignot soothingly. "D'Autin will be all right. I saw him fence with Ramus. Any man who can hold his own against Ramus is all right. Now, please go."

"I shall be at the Cascade. Come to me if anything happens," she said.

The brougham came up, and then a coupé; three men in one carriage, two in the other. The carriages drove on into the Bois, where Vignot had left his horse. The light was going fast, and the tall, slender young American who had been brevetted for gallantry at San Juan was in an agony of impatience for fear the duel would not come off. The *vicomte* was punctilious. Vignot was punctilious, the other three men were formal, and nobody used any slang.

They lost a great deal of time looking over the ground which they had already chosen. The rain had made the smooth road a trifle slippery. It was better nearer the flower strewn vista under the garlands. It seemed to Hurlburt that they were a lot of old maids setting out a croquet game.

Then the game began.

Madeline Hurlburt came up the path so quietly that neither the doctor, who stood beside Vignot, nor Vignot, who should have been watching to warn the seconds, noticed her. Her filmy summer dress blended in with the trees. She stood quite still, a stone's throw from the group, and looked on, wide eyed and silent. She took it all seriously, like her brother. A mocking bird, near by in the trees, whistled over and over. It reminded her of the whistle of the city postmen in New York. The swords gave little biting rings as blade met blade. She could hear her brother's heavy breathing. D'Autin was tiring him out.

By some sort of intuition or presentiment she saw everything as it was going to happen. She saw her brother, hard pressed, parry a little wildly. They seemed to have been fencing for hours. The sky overhead was growing dusky. A succession of quick parries, a thrust, and Hurlburt drew back his sword with a hushed exclamation. D'Autin's second caught the *vicomte* as he stood swaying.

It was a bad wound. Hurlburt was in an agony of suspense, but D'Autin tried to laugh. He took Hurlburt's hand. The carriages came up, and the doctor bundled the *vicomte* in with his second. The three others got into the coupé and drove off, carrying the swords with them. Vignot saw them safely started, and then got his own horse.

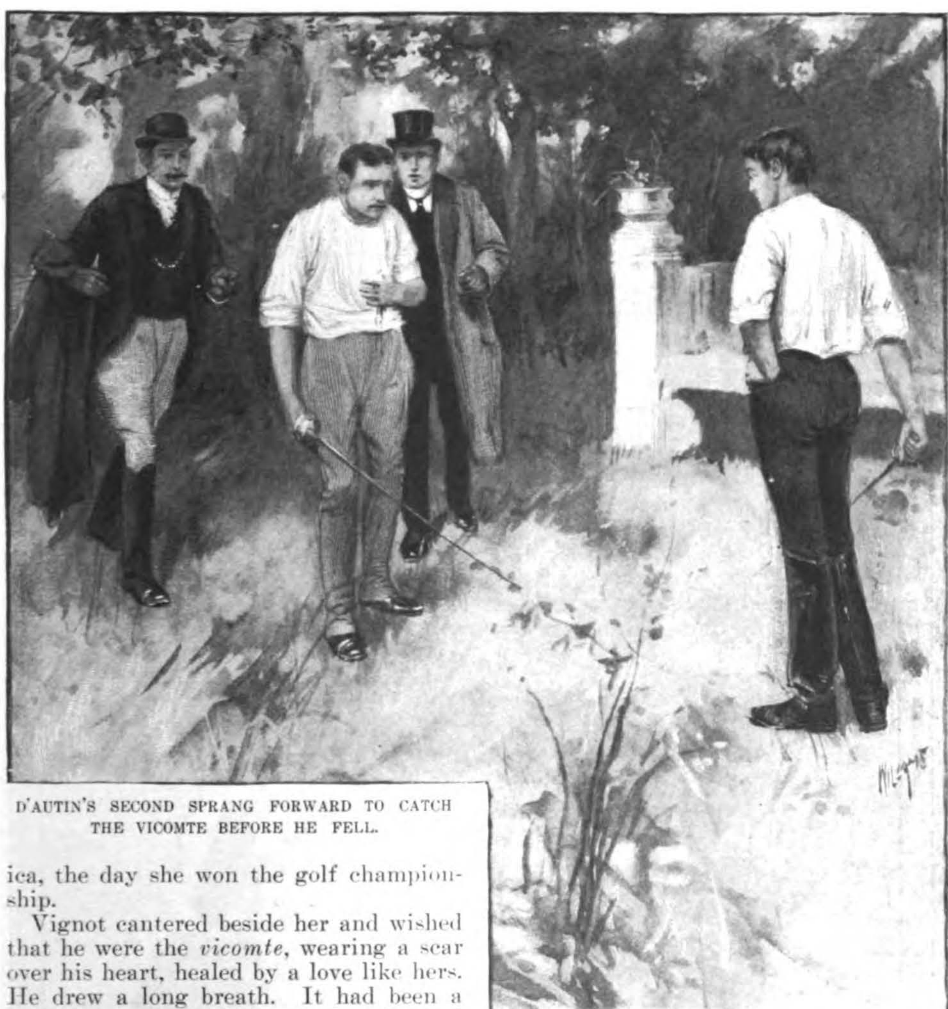
He untied the horse, and was just mounting when some queer sound struck on his ear. He was excited and nervous. He bent his head to one side and listened. Surely he heard a stifled sobbing. He led his horse slowly, listening. It was near the place where the duel had been fought. It was—— He peered into the shadows of the trees. When dusk falls over Paris it falls quickly. He could not see who it was. Then some one came towards him, some one who had been huddled, sobbing, against a tree. It was Madeline Hurlburt.

He had utterly forgotten her. She came, clenching and unclenching her hands that seemed to cling together. "Will he die?" she whispered. "Oh, but I love him—I love him so. Is he going to die?"

"No," said the baron. "Not if he knows that you love him—lucky, lucky man! Shall I go and tell him? It may save his life." He tried to speak laughingly, but he could not help showing his

excitement. "This is no place for you," he added. "Where is your cart?"

They went to it, and he saw that she was almost too shaken to drive through the crowd that would meet them on the Champs Elysées. But she squared her shoulders as she took her place in the cart, just as he had seen her do in America, the day she won the golf championship.



D'AUTIN'S SECOND SPRANG FORWARD TO CATCH THE VICOMTE BEFORE HE FELL.

Vignot cantered beside her and wished that he were the *vicomte*, wearing a scar over his heart, healed by a love like hers. He drew a long breath. It had been a very fine duel; as fine a duel as he had ever hoped to see.

"One thing I may as well say at once and forever," Madeline began in her clear, quiet voice. "I shall never forgive you for this. You knew how I felt, and you did not do a thing to stop it. I never wish to see you or speak to you again."

A protest rose to the baron's lips, but he realized that a girl would not understand his position, so he rubbed his chin a little ruefully, and did not speak.

They rode on over the crushed and broken flowers. The forget me nots on the bridle hung limp. D'Autin had a bad wound. There were no two opinions about that. Vignot looked wistfully at the erect, beautiful, scornful figure in the cart beside him; remembered how they had been comrades in America—that rare sweet comradeship that is so wonderful to a Frenchman. He remembered everything that he had hoped, saw everything that he had lost.

Undoubtedly the *vicomte* had a bad wound, but he, the baron, felt that he had a worse one.

And so, in silence, they passed out of the iron gates of the Bois into the Champs Elysées. Before them the Star of Napoleon stood fair against the sky. But Vignot saw that his own star had fallen.

MINOR POETS

A TROOP of gay musicians, singing, come
Into a market place where trade cries shrill
And hoarse, and on their gladness falls a chill;
Yet they sing on, half heard amid the hum
Of gain and loss, decried and scorned by some,
Though with a melody that quavers still
With hope a gentle note may sometime thrill
Those who do stop to shout while rolls war's drum.
Ah, well, they do the mart no jot of harm!
And if but one or two shall hear and heed
In the great throng, song is not idly lent.
Their thoughts will stir no man to rude alarm,
Their tones will mar no sacrificial creed,
And, howe'er feeble, teach the times content!

Charles W. Stevenson.

THE STAGE

REGARDING "SAN TOY" AND "FLORODORA."

The two musical successes of the New York season, "San Toy' and "Florodora," were both imported from London. There is a singular contrast, however, in the career of the two. "San Toy" caught on at once, when it was brought out at Daly's in October, and it puts the stock company out of the house a full month before its usual time in order to play a return engagement. "Florodora," on the other hand, hung fire at the start. The book is dreadful, and so were some of the people secured to interpret it. But the great double sextet, "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," saved the day, or the nights, rather, for more than a hundred of them have been put to the show's credit at the Casino.

Leslie Stuart, who composed "Florodora's" charming music, is the writer of the melodies for another piece of the same sort, "The Silver Slipper," in which Madge Lessing is scheduled to appear in London, and which will doubtless be seen here next season. Meantime, America is still minus "The Messenger Boy," the Gaiety Theater's successor to "A Runaway Girl," and said to be superior to "Florodora." Two of our light opera offerings ready for the English boards are "The Girl From Up There" and "Vienna Life." Neither of the two pleased New York critics, so the London verdict will be awaited with especial interest.

CHRONOLOGY AND CLYDE FITCH.

Now that Clyde Fitch is on the top wave—in February four of his plays were succeeding in New York—and that the managers are eagerly inquiring about certain pieces of his which they declined some time ago, we may perhaps see the drama dealing with the story about Major André, which he is reported to have written for Sothern some few years since. "Lovers' Lane" was done originally for Sol Smith Russell, and "The Climbers" for the Empire stock. Although Mr. Fitch is still a young man, he had one success to his credit—as well as several failures—

UMBRELLA DANCE OF JAMES T. POWERS AND MINNIE ASHLEY IN "SAN TOY."

as long ago as 1893. The success, of course, was "Beau Brummell," and among the failures were "Pamela's Prodigy," brought out at the Court Theater, London, and "The Social Swim," out of whose ruins, by the way, "The Climbers" may have been builded. Although it was merely an adaptation from the French, his "Masked Ball," which served to introduce John Drew as a star, may be set down among the hits falling to his credit about this period.

Clyde Fitch began as William C. Fitch, a writer of children's stories. A far cry, indeed, from these to his arrangement of "Sapho" for Olga Nethersole!

To Fitch's "Barbara Frietchie" has been accorded the distinction of two separate New York productions, and the spectacular revival of the play at the Academy of Music, with Effie Ellsler as *Barbara*, seems to have justified the attempt. Miss Ellsler's reappearance on the metropolitan boards recalls the vogue of "Hazel Kirke" twenty one years ago, when Eben Plympton, now the grizzled monarch in "In the Palace of the King," was the young lover, and the matinée idol of the period; when the Madison Square Theater was managed by the proprietors of a religious weekly, one of them a clergyman; when Daniel Frohman was merely the business representative of the house, under Steele Mackaye, and the fame of brother Charles was still ten years away.

THE PUBLIC DECIDES FOR ITSELF.

The ordinary, every night public is a heartless monster. It cares not who is star in the play, but applauds that which pleases it best. Outside the Republic Theater, letters of electric brilliancy spell only the name "Viola Allen," but inside the heartiest applause invariably follows William Norris' work as *King Philip's* fool. Again, Edna May was the feature around whom all the others in "The Girl From Up There" were supposed to revolve, but Virginia Earl, in a less conspicuous part, carried off most of the laurels. In "Unleavened Bread," Elizabeth Tyree had the leading part, and played it well, but Eleanor Robson, in a more sympathetic rôle, walked off with chief honors.

These are the things which make it harder to suit a star with a play than to please a mere manager, who looks at the cast as a whole. After a first production, some stars do not hesitate to cut scenes or speeches which, it is discovered, give other members of the company a chance to score a bit on their own account. The elimination may make the effect from the front less realistic, but the chief personage in the bill cares not for that. He is supposed to be "it," and he means to have not only all that is coming to him, but as much more as he can get. All honor, then, to players like Miss Allen, who do not begrudge reward where reward is fairly won. Amelia Bingham, too, has displayed the same spirit.

After all, it is the playwright who is "it." The fact has never been proved more conclusively than during the past two seasons. Where did Annie Russell rank in the stellar world till she secured two such fine examples of play building as "Miss Hobbs" and "A Royal Family"? Conversely, recall the continuous series of big audiences that John Drew attracted in "Rosemary" and "The Liars," and contrast them with the dwindling public that assembled to be bored by the inanities of "Richard Carvel."

It is only the personal charm of

Mary Mannering that keeps "Janice Meredith" afloat, and all the strength Blanche Walsh displayed in her Sardou repertory could not offset the weakness of "Marcelle."

THE VIVIDNESS OF "UNDER TWO FLAGS."

It would be too much to hope that the present era of the dramatized novel, begining with "Trilby," will end with "Under Two Flags," another adaptation the most famous book of its author, whose full name is Louise de la Ramée, "Ouida" being the childish corruption of Louisa. Potter's is by no means the first dramatization of the story, Lotta having appeared in another years ago. But the present version has the advantage of having David Belasco stage it, which means that the scene pictures are really works of art, not mere makeshifts in an effort to shunt "fake" atmosphere into the limelight.

SCENE FROM THE SECOND ACT OF "BARBARA FRIETCHIE." "BARBARA" TO SOLDIER—"YOU SHALL NOT SHOOT! MY LIFE AND HAPPINESS ARE COMING DOWN THAT STREET!"

from the pen of Paul Potter. It would indeed be a consummation that would redound to the good of the drama. And yet the wish that it could be so carries with it no disparagement to "Under Two Flags." This book play, by the hand that turned out "Trilby," which in a certain sense it resembles, is an excellent sample of its kind.

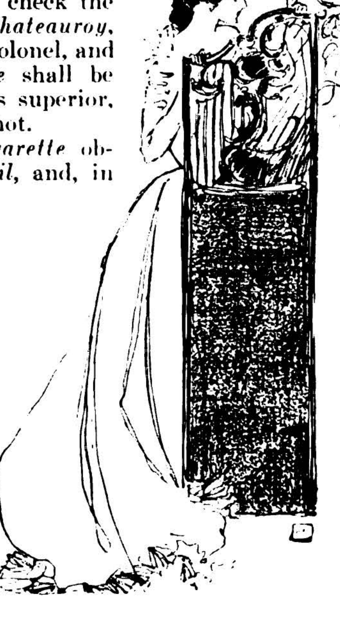
Ouida's novel, on which the play is based, was first published in 1867, and is

The piece is divided into five acts and nine scenes, with only a single repeat of the latter, and every one of these is a set worth study. There is no sandwiching of shallow front drops between full depth affairs, merely to gain time to put the latter in place. The changes are made rapidly in a darkened house, and from the bric-à-brac shop in Rouen to the Algerian gorge, each bears the stamp of individuality and appropriateness.

AN EPISODE IN THE "TELL ME, PRETTY MAIDEN" SONG IN "FLORODORA."

As set forth by Mr. Potter, the story shows *Chateauroy's* compact with the antiquary to forge a will that shall give him the fortune which rightfully belongs to his cousin, *Bertie Cecil*. In the second scene of the first act, we see *Cecil* repudiate *Venetia*, whose affections have shifted with the property. The second act—two years later—shows *Cecil* as a soldier in the French army in Algiers, the first scene being in the Ace of Spades, a wine shop where *Cigarette* is introduced and her jealousy of the *Silver Pheasant (Lady Venetia)* suggested. In the third act this jealousy prompts *Cigarette* to arrange a trap into which *Cecil* falls after she discovers that she was mistaken, for she cannot check the result of her own plans. *Chateauroy*, his old enemy, is *Cecil's* colonel, and he orders that *Cigarette* shall be flogged. *Cecil* strikes his superior, and is condemned to be shot.

In the fourth act *Cigarette* obtains a reprieve for *Cecil*, and, in the great scene of the play, she passes through a simoom, outwits the hostile Arabs, and rides her horse up a winding road towards the mountain top, built nearly to the fly gallery. This is a circus episode almost of Barnum dimensions, for she has a horse so well trained that she leaves him while she walks about the stage, and when she finally lets him off, he starts away on his spiral ascent as if he really knew that a man's life depended on his speed. The final act is taken up with a duel between *Cecil* and *Chateauroy*, in which the latter falls, and *Cigarette* is accidentally slain while trying to save him.



Blanche Bates made a sensation as the vivandière. Notwithstanding her triumphs as the adventuress in "The Great Ruby" and in "Madame Butterfly," her *Cigarette* was a surprise, proving, as it did, that she is a star of the first magnitude and of wonderful versatility. She vindicated Belasco's faith in her just as Mrs. Carter did.

"RICHARD SAVAGE" IS NOT ANOTHER "ONLY WAY."

There has recently been some discussion of the question whether playwrights should come before the footlights to acknowledge curtain calls. More people would welcome them there if they would only say something besides a mumble of "You are very kind; thank you so much, but I owe everything to my manager, who has been so liberal in his production, and to the players, who have labored hard to bring out my ideas." This is the sort of thing playwrights have been in the habit of telling audiences, usually in such halting phrase

that the public could well be excused for doubting whether they really knew enough to put a drama together.

Now, if authors elect to respond to a call, there are so many more interesting things they might say. For instance, Mrs. Ryley, who wrote "Richard Savage," might have told what she considered the strong point in her play. New York failed to discover any. Unhappily, though, in New York there were no calls for the author.

It seems a thousand pities that Mr. Miller should waste his time over such tedious stuff, which the critics hesitate to call trivial, because it chances to have a tinge of history as background. The spectacle of a man striving to make a hard hearted woman acknowledge him as her son, and gaining in return denunciation as a thief, is scarcely an edifying one. The piece, moreover, is episodic and rambling; and, although it is well put on by Mr. Miller's new managers, it is not likely to survive long. Indeed, at this writing there are already rumors of his appearing in a dramatization of a new novel, "Tangled Flags," by the irrepressible Archibald Clavering Gunter.

The company is excellent. A fine presentment of *Colley Cibber* is given by Owen Fawcett, late of the Sothern company; and H. S. Northrup, recruited from the same troupe, has a stage fall that is a wonder. An open eyed representation of a dead man by Joseph Wheelock, Sr., is also a good piece of acting.

"CAPTAIN JINKS" AND ETHEL BARRYMORE.

Mr. Fitch seems to have a fondness for trading on the sound value of names. There is but a single incident in "Barbara Frietchie" that bears the faintest resemblance to the story set forth in Whittier's poem, and in his "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" he deliberately concocts a coincidence of name between his hero and the song of the early seventies. In New York this "fantastic comedy" has met the success that seemed to fight shy of it in Philadelphia and on the road. It is as thin as gossamer, to be sure, and the action is practically nil, but the mirroring of the dress, manners, and talk of the period stands out in striking relief against this first year of the twentieth century, and promises of itself to do for "Jinks" what a similar picture of the sixties did for "Trelawny."

But there are positive merits in the piece. The love scenes are prettily conceived, and there is a comparison between the truest happiness in wedded life and the various dances of the day which almost attains the value of poetry. This is put into the mouth of *Professor Belliarti*, the ballet master. He is the foster father of *Mme. Trentoni*, the famous prima

SCENE FROM THE THIRD ACT OF "THE CLIMBERS." ROBERT EDESON TO CLARA BLOODGOOD—"WILL YOU KEEP IT SECRET?"

donna, played by Ethel Barrymore, who is merely featured by the insertion of an "and" before her name on the house bill. Again, Mr. Fitch has shown cleverness in weaving his most audacious scenes into the warp and woof of the action. *Trentoni* hears that *Jinks*, whom she has just accepted, has sought her for her money on a bet, and refuses to see him again. Her heart is breaking in consequence, and as it is the night of her New York début, *Belliarti* is in despair. He brings the ladies of the ballet to rehearse in her room in the hotel, and the spectacle of these women, with bonnets, combing sacks and spangled legs, is an episode fitting to mate

SCENE FROM THE NEW STRAUSS OPERA, "VIENNA LIFE."

but with so much that is really entertaining in the evening's offering, the public—the New York public, to whom "Captain Jinks" especially appeals—seems disinclined to hold this against the comedy, which has certainly served Ethel Barrymore an excellent turn. She is really a revelation in her part. How she has contrived to remedy the harshness of her voice is a mystery as unfathomable as Amelia Summerville's justly celebrated reduction of her weight. That she is fitted for *Juliet* or *Camille*, no one who is truly her friend would dare to suggest; but in the deft mingling of comedy and pathos in "Captain Jinks" she is truly admirable, and sends her audiences forth full of a satisfaction that is worth columns of eulogy in the press.

For the New York production several changes were made in the play, among them the omission of all allusions to the queen, on account of her death, and the substitution of meaningless red coats for the familiar gray of the Seventh Regiment uniform. It seems that New York's crack military company is still a little doubtful of the public's attitude towards it, so it was thought best not to risk unpleasant incidents, especially as all three of the men who wear the uniform in the play are of the caddish in type.

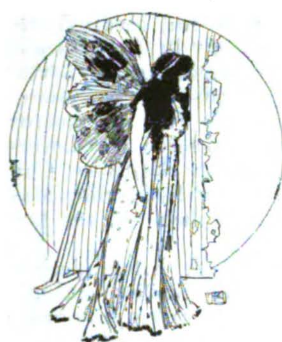
with the funeral trappings of "The Climbers," especially as one of the "girls" retains her widow's veil. *Trentoni* at first refuses to look at the dancers, but *Belliarti*, imploring one of them to do her worst, at last succeeds in getting his prima donna to note the bad steps and show the woman herself how it should be done. This brings down the second curtain on a good situation, as *Trentoni* collapses into *Belliarti's* arms, only to rouse herself and declare that she *will* sing that night, sing to every woman's heart in the audience.

As in most of Fitch's work, the last act is weak. In his attempt to avoid a clearing up of matters that would be commonplace, if conclusive, he fails to convince;

The ballet master is well played by Edwin Stevens, who not so long ago was associated only with comic opera rôles. Last year he made a dramatic hit as the villain with the twisted fingers in "Brother Officers." It seems too bad that Mr. Frohman could not have found an American to be *Captain Jinks*, who is represented as a Southerner. H. Reeves Smith is well enough, but he is an Englishman, with a voice proclaiming the Briton in every intonation.

THE PASSING OF THE COMIC OPERA.

It is not to be denied that the popularity of comic opera is on the wane. With

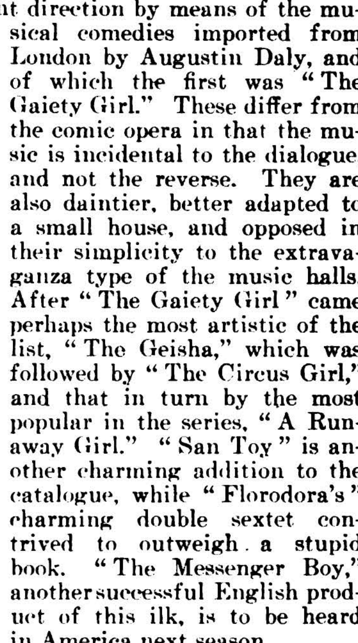


De Wolf Hopper, one of its foremost exponents, absorbed into the stock of Weber & Fields', along with Lillian Russell, erstwhile dubbed "queen of comic opera"; with Della Fox in vaudeville or burlesque; with Francis Wilson tiding himself over last season by the skin of his teeth, and chancing to strike it again with an old though hitherto unproduced opera (for he had "The Monks of Malabar" in his possession before he brought out "The Little Corporal"); with Jessie Bartlett Davis leaving the Bostonians for vaudeville—surely no more sign posts are wanted to proclaim that humorous operas are giving way to something different.

This country's introduction to the comic opera was made some thirty years ago by Colonel Bateman, who imported Offenbach's "Grand Duchess" to the French Theater, now known as the Fourteenth Street. Mme. Tostée sang in it and made a hit, and the next winter Bateman brought out another French musical piece, at Niblo's—"Barbe Bleue." This also was received with great favor, and the Paris theaters were drawn on by New York for more and more of its kind, among them "La Fille de Madame Angot," which Maurice Grau brought over, with Aimée to sing in it. These, it must be remembered, were all sung in the French language, one of the earliest to be done in English being "The Chimes of Normandy," about 1875. A feature of the first season of Daly's Theater (1879-80) was "The Royal Middy," a musical comedy adapted from the German, and in which Catherine Lewis and Ada Rehan both had parts.

It was about this time that "Pinafore" and its successors gave a strong English tinge to comic opera, and with the opening of the Casino in the eighties, the Viennese school had its inning. It was with its inaugural opera, Strauss' "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," that Francis Wilson first won ranking as a comedian. The first American made production to win recognition was "Evangeline," by E. E. Rice and Cheever Goodwin. As both men have recently been the subjects of testimonial benefits, the fickleness of public taste would seem to be indicated by still another straw.

The culmination of values in comic opera appeared to be reached with Sousa's "El Capitan." Hopper's next offering by the same men was distinctly lower grade, and the next season Wilson, too, came a cropper with "Cyrano." Meantime public taste had received a trend in a different direction by means of the musical comedies imported from London by Augustin Daly, and of which the first was "The Gaiety Girl." These differ from the comic opera in that the music is incidental to the dialogue, and not the reverse. They are also daintier, better adapted to a small house, and opposed in their simplicity to the extravaganza type of the music halls. After "The Gaiety Girl" came perhaps the most artistic of the list, "The Geisha," which was followed by "The Circus Girl," and that in turn by the most popular in the series, "A Runaway Girl." "San Toy" is another charming addition to the catalogue, while "Florodora's" charming double sextet contrived to outweigh a stupid book. "The Messenger Boy," another successful English product of this ilk, is to be heard in America next season.



It is not difficult to determine the reason why comic opera should give place to musical comedy. The horse play with which it seemed to be considered necessary to fill the former has found its proper level for

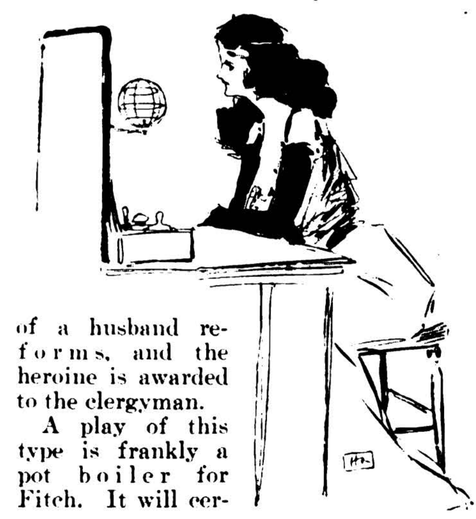
SCENE FROM "RICHARD SAVAGE." HENRY MILLER AS "SAVAGE"—"HERE'S TO MISTRESS ELIZABETH WILBUR!"

exploitation in the variety shows that have sprung up in such abundance. Refined audiences much prefer the fun caused by little Powers dodging the Terrible Turk to gazing on Wilson, seeking to make them laugh by his "Erminie" methods of cramming a surplus of food into his mouth. This is an age of growth, and ideas of what constitutes humor must keep moving along with the rest.

CLYDE FITCH AGAIN.

This has been a big season for the church in stageland. Never in the history of the drama have there been so many members of the cloth before the footlights. First there was the scamp *Allen*, in "Richard Carvel," and close on his heels came that fine fellow of a cardinal in "A Royal Family." Then "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" showed us two clergymen, the sedate vicar and his impulsive curate. Still another Church of England representative made his appearance in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," and on the same evening the metropolis became acquainted with a second cardinal, the friend of *Don John* of "In the Palace of the King." Next in turn, with the advent of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," the *Bishop of Lincoln* trod the boards, and finally there strode forth, in "Lovers' Lane," the *Rev. Thomas Singleton*, Congregational preacher, of Eddysville, Massachusetts, kingpin of them all, and hero of the whole play.

This, the third Clyde Fitch piece to have a New York presentation within a month, has also made a strike, although it is quite different from its author's previous work. Possibly he had one of his classmates in mind when he created his hero, for Mr. Fitch is a graduate of Amherst, '86, the distinguishing mark set down beside the character played so well by Ernest Hastings. Like most of the Fitch plots, the scheme of "Lovers' Lane" is slight, depending more on the garniture than on the fiber of the play itself. *Singleton*, who has money of his own, takes in all the unfortunate into his household instead of taking to wife one of his congregation. He is also a believer in healthful recreation, and incurs the enmity of his narrow New England people by befriending a member of the choir who turns out to be a divorcée. Of course his foes beg him to come back after a six months' trial without him, by which time the leading woman, who in the first act has wished the minister to marry her to some one else, discovers that it is the minister she loves after all. As this some one else has meanwhile decided that he wishes to go back to the wife from whom he was divorced, there is the usual last act general distribution of happiness. The rake



of a husband reforms, and the heroine is awarded to the clergyman.

A play of this type is frankly a pot boiler for Fitch. It will cer-

tainly add nothing to his artistic reputation, whatever it may do for the people concerned in its presentation. It served to give prominence to Millie James, the daughter of Louis James, who, a young woman of twenty one, appears as a naughty girl of ten. It is she who carries off the honors of the performance. "Lovers' Lane" extended a helping hand in still another direction, in bringing again before the New York public E. J. Ratcliffe, formerly of the Lyceum stock, more latterly concerned in an episode for which he was punished by due process of law. He is now intrusted with the part of the bad husband who repents in the fourth act; and the public, having apparently decided that he has expiated his offense, gives him a cordial reception. He is certainly a capable actor, eminently well adapted to the kind of rôle he is at present called on to fill.

WHY "ON THE QUIET" MAKES A STIR.

Having achieved the dignity of a play by the author of "Arizona," Willie Collier abjures the infantile termination, and in the same winter that transformed Cissie Loftus into Cecilia proclaims himself on the programs as "William." Happily, his new comedy, "On the Quiet," has sufficient backbone to stand up under the strain. It starts slowly, with much irrelevant talk and the absurd idea of sending a man back to Yale when he is twenty eight simply to see if he can live down the disgrace of having been expelled nine years before. But the happenings of the second and third acts, in a New Haven hotel and on board a yacht respectively, are so droll that one is inclined to overlook the unpromising opening.

Augustus Thomas has pieced the play together without the use of a single novel device. One can picture him writing it on a wager to present old situations and time worn characters so as to make the beholders laugh first and remember afterwards that it is only a warmed over feast of fun. There are music hall girls for whom a breakfast has been prepared, and the wife and sweetheart turning up unexpectedly, to say nothing of the clergyman, who is made to wink at the wickedness he would fain wish himself out of. Then there is the yacht scene, with a setting exactly similar to that of "John-a-Dreams," done at the Empire some five years ago; and an English nobleman, whose only touch of novelty is his own assertion that he is really in love with the American heiress he has married.

The meaning of the title is explained in the fact that *Ridgway* and *Agnes* are married on the quiet at the beginning of the former's four years of probation. But the scheme of the piece sounds so improbable when told in outline that it seems impossible that it should ever have been approved from a submitted scenario. Indeed, the report runs that Nat Goodwin turned it down, when he had the chance to use it under the original name, "Ridgway of Yale." Nevertheless, indications point to its being the most successful light comedy of the season. It is well played so far as the men are concerned, which is about all that is required, the women being merely lay figures invented to furnish the necessary sex for sweethearts and wife.

RADFORD'S ROMANCE.*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

XXIV.

RADFORD picked up the letter and slipped it into his pocket without a word; and neither man spoke until they reached the street. In the mind of each was the memory of the time when their positions were reversed, when Austin was the favored one; for Radford knew that the other had recognized the handwriting on the envelope.

Naturally he was impatient to open and read it. It was the first letter he had ever received from Janet. The others had been but notes. And yet he disliked to seem to flaunt his good fortune in Austin's very eyes.

But when they had boarded the train, Radford could restrain his eagerness no longer. He determined to act as if there were nothing extraordinary about his receiving a letter from such a source. Drawing out his penknife, he slit the envelope, with the remark, "A letter from Miss Nelson. You'll excuse me, old man, while I read it?"

"Certainly—you'll find me in the smoking compartment;" and Austin hurried off, as if afraid to trust himself by during the process.

There were four pages, most of them taken up with a description of the beauty of the writer's environment. There were one or two questions about the New York weather, and a commission to find out in which number of a certain magazine an article on Florida appeared, which implied the expectation of a speedy answer. Altogether, it was a very satisfactory epistle to receive on the eve of Christmas.

For a while Radford forgot Austin, and gave himself up to a delicious day dream in which he and Janet wandered amid leafy dells, while the melody of love in their hearts was sweeter than the carol of the birds. Then he was brought back to earth by the return of Austin, a settled purpose in his face.

"I know it's none of my business," he began abruptly, as if fearful he would lose the courage to speak at all if he delayed, "but has Janet been writing about me?"

"No, Willard; she didn't mention you."

"Then you—you correspond with her?"

"She promised to write to me from the South. This is the first letter I have had from her. She tells me how charming it is down there, and asks me to execute a commission for her."

Radford knew there should be no comparison between the two cases, but for the life of him he could not help likening himself and Austin to two men, one of whom was the present, the other the divorced, husband of a certain woman. And yet there was nothing in Janet's letter that all the world might not read.

"Jerry," Austin went on, after a pause, "do you remember how I told you of my engagement to Janet?"

"Yes," assented Radford, "perfectly."

"And do you remember my saying that at one time I had thought your ordinarily flinty heart was touched in that direction?"

"Yes, I can recall that, too." Radford's throat went parched. He wondered what was coming next.

"Well, what if I should ask you that now?"

There was a pause. The train tore on, people all about were talking commonplaces, nobody could suspect that a crisis in two lives was at hand.

"What would you say?" Austin added this when it seemed as if Radford was not going to answer him.

"I should say that I think a great deal of her." Radford lifted his eyes as he spoke until they were looking straight into Austin's handsome blue ones.

The latter averted his head to gaze out of the window. Radford was reminded of the time when he rode out on this very road to Wynwick and discovered afterwards that he wasn't wanted. This Christmas visit to Austin's was not beginning auspiciously.

Willard turned about.

"How long has this been going on?" he inquired.

Radford might have gained time by asking what the question meant, but he

* *The previous chapters of this story appeared in* THE PURITAN, *from October, 1900, to March, 1901.*

determined to be at least frank. Had he not imagined he had a free field? Surely Austin was not going to be so unreasonable as to deny him this.

"I have only allowed myself to hope for about two weeks, if that is what you mean. I had always supposed, up to that time, that you filled all her heart."

"And you mean to tell me that she has given you encouragement to hope?"

Austin spoke excitedly, so that he had difficulty in keeping his voice from carrying to the next seat.

For answer Radford simply handed him the letter. Austin took it with eager hand and his eyes fairly devoured the contents.

"You see," remarked Radford, "we haven't gone very far."

"No," assented the other, and yet he seemed somewhat dazed. "But I never was so thunderstruck in my life. You, Rad, the chap we always supposed to be love proof! And with this woman above every other in the world!"

For an instant Radford feared that Austin was going to break down there in the car. He lay back in his seat and closed his eyes. Radford thought of any quantity of things to say, but there would be consolation in none of them. After all, what consolation can one give a man who has lost a woman through sheer folly of his own?

Presently Austin roused himself and whispered:

"Then you could not have been over pleased to see me that day I turned up so unexpectedly? Oh, you needn't attempt justification, Rad. I am not dense. I admit I gave you good reason to suppose I was all out of the running, and it would be but human for you to feel anything but glad at the resurrection of my self respect. And I remember now that you wanted me to believe the worst in your report of the soundings. No, I am not going to suspect their worth. You are too straightforward a chap for me to do that. And we are not going to quarrel over this thing, Jerry, awful though it is. I can see it's all my fault. I gave you the opening, and you stepped into it, or presented yourself at the portal. And now I am going to take the liberty of hoping more strenuously than I did a while ago."

"Why, what do you mean, Willard? I don't understand."

"It's simple enough. I don't mean to give up the last vestige of possession till I hear from Janet's own lips that I am nothing to her."

"Then you are going to Florida?"

"For New Year's, yes. Come, do you think it unfair? Remember, when I gave her back her liberty I was a different man; I trust that now I am a far better fellow than I was when she first accepted me. Don't you see that ordinary conventions do not fit into these extraordinary conditions at all?"

"But surely you are not going to ask her to choose between us? She has not the remotest idea that I care more for her than as a friend. At least, I have no reason to suppose she has."

"No, judging from that letter, I should say she hadn't. That would warrant me in doing what I propose, wouldn't it? As I was the one to break the engagement, it is naturally my place to suggest the resumption of it. Come, Jerry, you are not so far gone as you think. Hang it, a man of your temperament can't be! Things will soon be back in their old grooves, and you will dance at my wedding with as light feet as any."

"We are going to leave it to her, then," Radford made answer, "only so far as you are concerned? My name is not to be brought into the matter?"

"Of course I am not proposing any such harumscarum scheme as going to Janet and saying, 'Look here, Rad and I both love you. Which of us do you prefer?'"

"Then just what are you going to do?"

"Carry out my original idea. Go down there at New Year's. I have arranged to do some drawing for the paper down South, and can work the two strings beautifully. Don't fret, we'll untangle this knot yet. Come on, let's take a smoke."

There was no withstanding such sanguineness of temperament. It seemed that Austin could not possibly look on the dark side for any continued length of time; and just now it was fortunate that this was so. Radford was his guest, and it would have been decidedly awkward to have each ready to fly at the other's throat all Christmas day.

But within, Radford was beset with doubts and fears. What if Janet's old love for Willard should reawaken at sight of him? She was bound in no way to Radford. He merely had presumptive evidence that she had begun to care a little for him. If she went back to Austin now—but he simply dared not think of such a possibility.

Willard did not broach the subject again, and the visit passed off without any unpleasant features, such as might have been expected to beset it in view of

the warlike auspices under which it was begun. Austin's spirits seemed to rise with every passing day. Radford soon discovered that the reason for this lay in the fact that he was being brought closer and closer to the time of his departure South. He declared that he did not mean to write to Janet, but intended simply to walk into her life again, and note the issue.

Radford himself had a New Year's engagement at the country home of a member of his firm. He hoped he deported himself like a rational being during his stay. His mind was for the most part elsewhere. He had answered Janet's letter, but, according to request, had refrained from mentioning Austin.

He wondered how long he would be kept in suspense. It was all he could do to refrain from going to a telegraph office and wiring Austin, "What is the outcome?"

In his letter to Janet he had asked several questions and begged for a speedy reply. Austin was to remain away for a week or more, and had said nothing about writing. Three, four, five days of the new year went by, and Radford was still in suspense. Then came word from Janet.

It was a letter quite similar to her former one, and in it there was not one word of Austin. From this Radford argued hope.

The next day Austin sent for him, to an address not far from Mrs. Schenck's. He was asked to come in the evening about eight, and from the wording of the note Radford feared the worst.

He went and found Austin in a frightful state. He had not been drinking, but his cheeks were haggard and under his eyes were the telltale evidences of sleepless nights. His light spirits were all gone, and it was in a voice savoring of the sepulcher that he greeted his friend.

"I am glad you could come," he said. "I hadn't the heart to seek you out, and feared you might have a date for tonight. It is all over. I have nothing to hope for now."

"You mean——"

"I mean Janet. I have seen her. You can look at me and judge the rest. But you needn't exult. I can't tell you that you are the man enthroned in her heart in my place."

"What do you mean?" Radford exclaimed, a new fear born within him.

"Make yourself as comfortable as you can, and I'll tell you the whole story. I fancy we've only each other left, Jerry.

"You know how full of hope I was, Rad," Austin began. "If Janet had really cared for me once—and I had every reason to suppose she did—I could not understand why, when the factor that had killed that love was removed, it would not live again. I put up at the same hotel, and my first meeting with her could not have fallen out better if I had had all the planning of it, though it was mere chance.

"It was about eleven in the morning. I had freshened myself up after my journey, and stepped out on the piazza. Janet sat there alone, a book in her hand, which she was not reading. She happened to be looking directly at the doorway when I issued from it. I saw a swift change come into her face when she saw who it was. I went straight up to her and put out my hand.

"'Good morning, Mr. Austin,' she said as she took it. 'This is a surprise. I didn't know you were South.'

"I couldn't speak for a minute, Rad. I never saw a girl so cool. It was exactly as if I had been a mere casual acquaintance. And the worst of it was, it wasn't acting. I could see that from the start."

"What did you say finally?" Radford was all eagerness. He had never been so absorbed in any story.

"I had to take my cue from her for the time being. I said that I had just arrived, had come on a commission from the publishing house, and hoped to combine business and pleasure. 'I have some two months' lost time to make up for,' I added; 'time when I did some mighty foolish things, and I want to——'

"With that she turned on me. 'Mr. Austin,' she said, 'there is a certain homely proverb which tells what there is left for a man to do who makes his bed. I think you know the rest; it will not be necessary for me to repeat it now.' She looked me straight in the eye as she said it, and if I ever read anything in a human face it was contempt and utter indifference I read in hers. I saw there was no use in pleading. Luckily her friends appeared at that moment, and gave me an excuse for moving away.

"Rad, I had the fight of my life that morning. I felt that existence hadn't anything more to offer me. If I'd had a pistol, I believe I'd have put a bullet in my head. My next thought was to go down to the bar and get drunk. Then I reflected that this would only show her she was right; moreover, I didn't want to put shame on the institution that had done so much for me. And yet I couldn't

tear myself away from the place, although there was work waiting for me to do all along the line.

"That night I dressed and went to the hop. I saw Janet in the thick of it. She appeared to be the belle of the whole affair. One man in particular was continually hovering over her—a tall chap, with a clear cut face of the Gibson type. I thought it was familiar, and on inquiring found it was Milling, the novelist.

"I saw her on the beach with him the next day, and in the afternoon they went driving together. I couldn't stand any more. I got out of the place by the first train next day, and the further I was carried from it, the more intense did my longing become to see Janet again, and make another effort to win her back."

"And did you?" inquired Radford breathlessly.

"I stopped on my way North again," was the answer. "This time I sent a note written in the third person, asking for an interview. Back came the response immediately: 'Miss Nelson has nothing to say to Mr. Austin beyond what she has already told him.' That was all. Here it is, written in the same hand that penned lines like these. Look here, and here, and here."

As he spoke, Austin drew from his pocket and from a little lock box on the bureau letter after letter and offered them to Radford. But the latter could do no more than glance at some of the headings: "My dearest Boy," "My Darling," "My dear Husband that is to be."

"Could you think she was the same woman?" Austin went on vehemently. "Has she any right to treat me in such a way?"

"But it was you who broke the engagement, not she," Radford ventured to remind him.

"Very good, but when I broke it I was not the sort of man I was when she accepted me. She ought to respect me for this very act. Now she is not willing to give me a chance to redeem myself. What shall I do, Jerry, what shall I do? I can't get her out of my heart, even by trying to think her heartless."

Austin's head went down on his two hands on the table in front of him. But Radford sat there dumb. How could he comfort the fellow, bereft of the love of a woman he himself had hopes of winning? That Austin stubbornly refused to believe he was serious in his affection did not alter the fact of it.

And besides, he was full of anxiety on his own account. What was there in this story Austin told of Montgomery Milling and Janet? Why shouldn't she, a bright, intelligent girl, prefer the brilliant novelist to the obscure factor of a coffee commission house? She was bound to Radford in no sort of manner. He had read somewhere that absence is the tomb of love. All things considered, he was in far readier mood to give way to despair like Willard than to bid him hope.

For almost five minutes there was complete silence in the room. Then Willard raised his head.

"I remember once reading a novel," he said, "in which a fellow pleaded and pleaded with a girl to marry him. And I called him all kinds of a chump. 'What does a man want with a woman who doesn't want him?' I asked myself. 'It looks ridiculous on the face of it.' Now I know why, although I'll be hanged if I can explain it."

Austin began gathering up Janet's letters, every now and again stopping to glance at a sentence. Suddenly he crunched a bunch of them together in his hand.

"And all this I gave up for what? Whisky!" he cried. "Read that, Rad;" and he passed over a sheet, with his finger pointing to the words: "I often find myself wondering how it was I could live through days that had in them no knowledge of you."

Radford sat there staring at the sentence, unable to speak. All he could think of was the mental query whether she would ever write such words to him. Perhaps, at that moment, she was saying them to Milling. He felt as if he should stifle if he remained quiet another instant. He must get out and walk, and be alone, and think, plan, although God knew there was little that he could do.

"I must go now, Willard," he said, standing up. "I know you are going to be a brave fellow and not let this bowl you over. Come to the theater with me tomorrow night. You know I've my own trouble to get over, and I want to be by myself, old man, just now, to do it."

He wrung the other's hand, and hurried out, leaving Austin over his love letters. Once in the open air, Radford drew in a deep breath of it, and walked on aimlessly for a while, then directed his steps in the direction of home, determined to tramp the whole distance. He wondered if other fellows had such ups and downs with their romances as fell out to him. Somehow it seemed that he was a mariner who had weathered one storm, and found himself in another, with every appliance

by which to save himself swept away. If he lost Janet now, it would be to have the waters of complete despair close over him.

Recalling his invitation to Austin to go to the theater, he stopped in at one where a popular play was running, to purchase the tickets. There was an entr'acte on, and while waiting a chance at the window in the lobby, Radford happened to glance up at the tiny gallery opening into it from the balcony promenade. And in doing so he stared straight into the faces of Bond and Florence Bailey looking down at him.

Radford was so amazed that he scarcely remembered to remove his hat in acknowledgment of their greeting. So perhaps it was Bond's pink that he had seen in Miss Bailey's desk, instead of his own! For Bond, too, had worn one to the office.

His tickets bought, Radford went on through the night, with fresh matter for thought. He was amazed that he did not feel more content. The thought of Florence Bailey had been a weight upon his mind; now that she seemed to have paired off with Bond, he ought to be immensely relieved, but somehow he wasn't. What he did feel was a decided sensation of being left out in the cold. Here were these two mated, Janet encouraging Milling, and, yes, there was Nellie Tilman for Austin to fall back upon; but for himself there was no one save Janet. Nor did he wish for any one else.

That night, as he crept into bed, he wondered whether he were not more wretched than poor Willard. He was so absorbed in troubles of his own the next day that he scarcely thought of Bond and Miss Bailey in the new aspect in which it was to be expected they would present themselves to him.

Austin invited him to dine by telephone; and now that they were in like plight with respect to Janet, Radford found himself looking forward to the appointment with the old time zest. The fellow's unquenchable good spirits had once more put somberness away from him, and he greeted Radford with a smile and a hand clasp that ought not to have surprised the latter, but in some way did.

"You find me jollier than you left me, eh, Rad?" Austin remarked. "It's because of a recollection that came to me. Queer it didn't occur to me before. And you figure in it to a large extent."

"I? I don't understand you."

"You will very soon. Listen. You remember our lunch that day at the combination coffee house over by the Bowery?"

"I am not likely to forget it soon."

"You have evidently forgotten something else, though. Do you recall our talk about Janet, and your saying that I couldn't have any heart?"

"Yes, oh, yes, I remember that."

"Do you remember also that you pleaded with me to give you some message to take to her, and finally, after I had told you I was not worthy of her and all that, you said, 'Then I am to tell her that you give her back her freedom?' Do you recollect that, Rad?"

"Yes, I think I do." Radford spoke more slowly now. He was beginning to be mystified anew.

"Well, then, don't you see that it was you who put the words into my mouth? I really didn't send such a message. In a way you forced it from me. No, wait till I have finished. I thought nothing of it at the time. Just then I was a poor stick of a man, not worthy any woman's love. Nor did I know, then, that you cared for Janet yourself. I assented to your proposition, and you straightway presented it to her."

"Do you mean to imply, Willard, that I misrepresented you?" Radford burst forth, scarcely able to believe his ears.

"Not a bit of it, my dear fellow," rejoined Austin, still speaking in a perfectly easy and affable tone. "But granting that you hadn't seen Janet the day before I happened in on you, there would have been no question of my sending her a message, would there?"

"I suppose that would have been a matter resting with you," Radford admitted.

"Precisely," went on Austin; "and, if you recollect, my dear Rad, I did not refer to Janet for some time. Then you spoke of seeing her the day before, of your expectation of seeing her again that night, and of her eager anxiety to hear something definite about me; so I gave you the only definite news that could be given at the time. Now I propose to lay this whole matter before Janet, and convince her that I did not really break the engagement of my own free will."

"And her inference will be that I broke it for you, to further my own ends," Radford interjected.

Austin waved the objection aside with a sweep of his hand.

"Not at all. You have told me that she has no idea of your aspirations. Oh, never fear but I will look out for your reputation."

"But how are you going to see her?" Radford wanted to know. "I should judge from her last message to you that

she would not be likely to grant an interview, even if you took the trouble to go South again."

"But the mails are open. I think now that I should have written in the first place. There was your advice again, Jerry. You thought I would fare better by presenting myself before her in person."

"There's Milling, though," Radford rejoined. "What about him?"

Austin smiled a peculiar smile. "My foundations have been laid," he said. "He is only preparing the ground for his. My dear boy, I know a thing or two about women and their ways."

"You didn't appear to last night," said Radford bluntly. "You were ready to give up for good and all."

"But I hadn't had the chance to think around the matter on all sides. After you left me, I reread Janet's letters, and instead of tingeing my spirits a deeper blue, it had exactly the opposite effect. It couldn't be, I told myself, that a woman who could think so much of a man would turn against him without ocular proof of his unworthiness. Had Janet ever seen me intoxicated? No. Had she ever seen me paying court to any other woman? Again no. On what, then, did she base her altered opinion of me?"

"But you forget how you neglected to write to her," Radford hastened to interpose, foreseeing a fresh arraignment of himself in Austin's premises. "Neglect is about the last thing a woman forgives."

"But she had forgiven that," the other retorted. "According to you, she was anxious to learn news of me when I hadn't written her for weeks. Understand, Jerry, I am not blaming you in the least. I should have done the very same in your place, and perhaps more. Now I propose to go the common sense way about recovering the ground I have lost. I will let you know the result."

It is perhaps needless to remark that Radford enjoyed neither the dinner nor the play as much as he had counted on doing.

XXVI.

THE machinery of life goes on, no matter how heavy the weight on the heart. Radford ate his three meals a day, transacted his business at the office, and managed to get some sleep each night during the ensuing weeks; but he was conscious all the while of a lack of zest in everything. He was decidedly not blessed with Austin's sanguine temperament.

Loving Janet more intensely than ever before, he saw now two rivals in his path, Milling and Austin. He heard from her about once in three weeks, but the letters were always purely friendly, nothing more. That she never mentioned either Austin or Milling, Radford took as an evil portent.

He dared not put any affection into his replies. Until he had received the assurance from her own lips that Janet loved him, he counted it sacrilege to put words of endearment on paper, even were they in the form of a proposal of marriage.

He saw Austin frequently, but as if by common consent they never mentioned Janet. Radford was waiting to hear Austin's report on the letter. That none was made he reckoned a good sign, so far as he himself was concerned.

At last came the announcement of her return home, two weeks before Easter. The anticipation of seeing her again filled Radford with such joy that it actually shone from his face.

He had a date with Austin that night. "She is coming back," Willard said, apropos of nothing but Radford's beaming countenance. "When?"

"On Thursday."

"What road and train?"

Radford told.

"She never answered that letter," Austin said, after a pause. "I am going to ask her if she received it."

"I wouldn't go to meet her at the train," Radford ventured.

"Why not? I am not going to the Witherbees' unless I go there as her accepted suitor again."

Radford shrugged his shoulders. "Do as you please," he said. "You have followed my advice and acted on your own. Which has brought you the better luck?"

"Great zounds, Rad!" exclaimed the other. "I believe you are afraid for me to see her, and are trying to keep me away."

"I couldn't do that. This is a free country."

"But you don't want me to see her. Come, confess."

"There is no confessing about it. I will tell you straight out that I don't. And it's as much for your own sake as mine."

Austin looked thunderstruck. He had never seen Radford fire up in this way before. It was a case of the worm turning at last.

"Do you mean to say that you don't wish me to see her at all?" Austin

asked the question with the repressed tone of one who has put on the brakes.

"I have nothing to say as to that. I was merely speaking of meeting her at the train."

"Are you intending to meet her yourself?"

"I haven't thought of it—no."

"But you are going to call at the earliest opportunity?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't I?"

"But if I feel that under the circumstances I haven't that privilege, why shouldn't I meet her at the train and put the simple question about the letter?"

"Because she will think you are dogging her, and you will defeat your own purpose."

"You are deeply concerned about my purpose," said Austin, with a satirical laugh. "How about your own?"

"Well, it's a free field and no favor to anybody except Milling, according to your own report, Willard."

Austin dropped the paper knife he had been fumbling, and threw himself back in his chair.

"I'm tired of this backing and filling, Rad. I have been engaged to Janet. I know her inmost thoughts. My God, man, I have held her in my arms! Remembering all this, haven't I the first right? It was only a passing phase of my existence when I got in the state that made me unworthy of her. Haven't I kept straight all these last months? Wouldn't you call me a better man for a husband now than I was when she accepted me?"

"We have had all this out once, Willard. I have admitted it, but a woman is privileged to judge for herself, and——" Radford checked himself suddenly.

"Well, what?" the other broke in, almost fiercely. "What were you going to tell me? Something that you suddenly decided you would better keep to yourself—probably the very thing it may be most helpful for me to hear."

"I'll let you have it, then, don't worry." Radford seemed unlike himself. There was a sparkle in his eye, and a red spot blazed on either cheek. He continued: "I dare say you haven't forgotten Nellie Tilman."

Austin winced, but said more quietly, "No, go on."

"Well, when you disappeared that time, she wrote up to Rysley, to your father, to find out about you. The letter fell into Miss Nelson's hands. No, it wasn't signed with her full name. One's natural inference was that it was written or dictated by a man, for it was typewritten; and only a post office box was given. Well, Miss Nelson brought this letter to me, and wanted to know all about the writer. She suspected it was a woman from the first, and, although I tried all I could do to protect you, Willard, she had learned too much already; and that is what she finds so hard to forgive."

"But, great zounds, Rad, there was never more than a harmless flirtation between me and Nellie. You know that, and I haven't laid eyes on her for three months, and don't want to."

"Harmless?" echoed Radford. "And you an engaged man! Knowing my feelings towards Miss Nelson as you know them now, you may have some conception of my thoughts when I saw you practically forgetting her as soon as we touched New York."

"I was a fool; I admit it. But because I am a cleaner, better fellow now than I was then, must I suffer for a midsummer madness?"

"'As ye reap, ye shall sow,'" quoted Radford briefly.

"What do you suggest, then?" Austin put the question with the air of throwing up his hands.

"Write to her again, if you are possessed with the idea that your other letter miscarried, and let's drop the subject."

Austin acted on Radford's suggestion so far as speech was concerned, but he was distrait the remainder of the evening. He had lost all his *élan*, his hopefulness, and on his way home that night Radford tried to guess why discouragement should come to the fellow just at this particular time. He finally decided it was the anticipation of Janet being in the city, and yet inaccessible.

For himself, he was troubled not a little by thoughts of Milling. He had seen the man's picture, and knew him to be a handsome fellow.

"But if she's gone and engaged herself to him, what does she keep on writing to me for?" Radford had the good sense to ask himself.

And so it came to pass that two nights after her return, he sallied forth in reasonably good spirits to make a call at the house in West End Avenue.

He found an omnibus backed up in front of the door, and Janet, in a theater wrap, being handed down the stoop by—Milling. Radford's heart went plumb to the points of his patent leathers—at least, so it felt to him.

"But I must see her again," he thought. "If it isn't announced, I'm not supposed to know."

But she mustn't see him now; then, perhaps, he could try again the very next evening. He was not accustomed to employ strategy, but love in this instance sharpened his wits. He pretended to drop something on the pavement, and stooped down, looking for it, long enough to permit Janet and her escort to pass into the 'bus. As the latter drove off, Radford walked on, and any one who had observed him before the incident and after, would have marveled at the change that the interval had wrought. Now his shoulders drooped, the elasticity had gone from his step, his chin nearly touched his shirt bosom.

"Why did I ever permit myself to hope?" So ran his thoughts as he walked on, careless of where he was going. "I'm too grave, too heavy, for a woman like Janet. Because my whole soul is wrapped up in her, doesn't argue that she cares a little bit for me. But I can't forget her, I can't, and I suppose I must go on suffering. Poor Austin and I can sympathize with each other. I wonder if he has written her again!"

Radford managed to get to sleep somehow that night, and went through the next day buoyed up by the expectation of at least seeing Janet in the evening.

"I dare say I shall find Milling there, but I must meet him some time."

When he presented himself at the Witherbees' about half past eight and asked for Miss Nelson, the maid looked doubtful.

"I am not sure she hasn't retired, sir," she said.

But she went up with his card, and Radford took the precaution to retain his overcoat. It would be humiliating to be obliged to resume it in case Janet refused to see him. He was amazed, a minute later, when Janet herself appeared instead of the maid.

"I am so glad," she said. "But aren't you going to stay this time either? Is it another case of having to take Miss Bailey home, or do you find the drawingroom cold?"

"Oh, my overcoat, you mean," exclaimed Radford, coming out of his daze. "The maid thought you might have retired, and I did not wish to take chances."

"I was afraid you would come last night," Janet went on, seating herself on a low chair by the hearth, after she had turned the key that ignited the gas logs.

"Afraid?" echoed Radford. Then he added quickly, before he thought: "Oh, yes, I understand. You were out. That's very nice of you;" and his face beamed.

"How did you know I was out, sir? I didn't see you at the theater."

Radford flushed for an instant, then took his courage in both hands. She had been so much more cordial than he had any reason to expect that he felt justified in becoming reckless.

"I started to come here last night, but I saw you just going out, and—didn't stop, so that I might come tonight."

"I like that," said Janet, not taking her eyes off the dancing flames, and speaking almost as if Radford were not present to hear. "I like it in two ways. I like the fact—it shows that you really wanted to see me; and I like your telling of it—it's frank. Do you remember, that was the very first subject we discussed," she went on, turning towards him suddenly. "I mean after we had been properly introduced. The night you and Mr."—she caught her breath only for a second, and then went straight on, as if the name meant nothing to her—"you and Mr. Austin came to call in Rysley. You said you didn't like society with a capital S, either. One can't be in it and keep frank. That's one thing I found so agreeable about Mr. Milling."

It was Radford's turn to catch his breath, and Janet noticed it.

"Oh, I think I didn't write you about him," she went on. "It's Montgomery Milling, you know, whose stories are so popular just now. I met the girl to whom he is engaged. I used to go to school with her, in fact. She is just back from traveling in Egypt. I was with them last night. I never saw a man so much in love in my life. He kept me talking about Nan constantly. That was where his delightful frankness came in. He wasn't ashamed of being horribly sentimental."

There are tales of adventure in which the hero, after wandering for days in tortuous caverns, without a light and no prospect of finding his way out, suddenly comes upon an opening, revealing sunlit fields, a brook rippling between deep green banks, and trees weighed down with tempting fruit. And it was about the sensations such a man would experience that Radford felt now. Milling no rival, Janet overjoyed to see him, and even talking about a man in love!

He really couldn't help it; the reaction was so mighty. He gasped audibly.

"Why, what's the matter?" exclaimed Janet. "Are you wondering how much longer I am going to run on without giving you a chance to say a word? And you must have a good deal to tell me. Do you know, sir, you've written scarcely a

thing about yourself? Your letters have been mostly made up of questions about Florida and me."

"And you wanted to hear about me?"

"Of course. I knew all about myself, and was constantly finding out about Florida. Now, sit you in the inquisitorial chair and give an account of yourself. What have you done with your evenings since I've been gone? The days are generally accounted for with a man. Turn a woman loose in her absent lover's diary, and she is sure to glance at the last lines on the pages first."

Radford knew that the moment had come. He must put the whole after happiness of his life to the test, or perhaps never enjoy such another opening. He forgot all his nervous anxiety. It seemed as if the great affection with which his heart was surcharged rose to his very lips, and waited, poised there, until he should put it into speech.

He was sitting opposite Janet, on the other side of the fireplace. He did not get up to walk across the hearth and lean over her, nor did he draw his chair nearer. Bending towards her a trifle, he said, in his quiet, full tones: "What if I should tell you that no matter how I might be occupied outwardly, I was thinking of you every evening of my life? What would you say if you knew I had loved you, almost from the very first? Would you be surprised? And what are you going to say to me, now that I have told you?"

"Must I say anything, dear?" The words were so low that they scarcely carried across the space between them, but there was no need that they should. As she spoke them, Janet stretched out one hand, and there was in her eyes a "light such as never was on sea or land," only to be found in the gaze of one soul into its mate's.

XXVII.

They were very sensible lovers. After the first ecstatic thrill of knowing that they two thought as one, they sat down to talk it all over in orderly fashion.

Janet was the first to speak of Austin. "It's like marrying a widow, in a way, isn't it, Gerald?" she said. "I mean, thinking about poor Willard. But I am really freer than a widow would be. She must always have a cherished memory of the dead and gone stored away in her brain, if not actually enshrined in her heart: but to speak frankly, as I must to you, the feeling I have for Willard is utter indifference. He killed every particle of the love I had for him. It died hard—you know that, Gerald—but there is no question about its decease. Has he really reformed?"

"Completely, and—well, perhaps you know that he is very unhappy because of your attitude. I am afraid things are going to be a little complicated now. Did you get the letter he sent to Florida?"

"Yes, and another since, asking if I had received that. I did not answer either, because I had sent him one plain letter, and it seemed to be unconvincing. This time I decided I would say nothing."

"Poor fellow," murmured Radford. "I am afraid he is going to take it hard."

"Does he know that you—that we——"

"He knows that I," answered Radford with a happy smile.

"It may be hard," went on Janet, "but I can't feel as sorry for him as though the whole thing had come about through his misfortune rather than through his fault. He is weak, pitiably so. I had no means of knowing it when I became engaged to him. My experience should be a warning to other girls. What if I had not found out his true character until after marriage?"

"Do you suppose you are sufficiently acquainted with mine?" asked Radford softly.

"Yes," answered Janet straightway. "For you have been tried as by fire."

"And when did you begin to——"

"Care for you? As soon as I went South. I missed you. Then I got to thinking over all you had done for me, remembered how nobly you had stood up for Willard, and how he ought to cherish the friendship of such a man, and so—but you are not going to hear any more, sir. Sufficient unto the day are the blessings thereof."

Radford will never forget his walk home that night. Every commonplace object in the street, things he had seen a hundred times before, seemed to take on a new and ornate appearance. The first man he passed—it was not early—was a night watchman, and he fairly paralyzed the old fellow by calling out cheerily to him, "Good evening." Then he fell to whistling softly, and kept it up till he reached the clubhouse, when he ceased for fear of arousing Bond, who had the next room.

To his surprise, he found the light turned up in his own apartment, and on entering discovered Austin sitting there waiting for him, his eyes on a book he was quite evidently not reading.

"I couldn't go to sleep without a chat

with you, old man," Austin began. "So I came around here before they closed up, sent Bond off to bed, when he began to threaten the furniture with his yawns, and made up my mind to wait for you. I have sent Janet another letter, and she hasn't replied to that either. Do you suppose, Jerry, it means——"

Radford drew a long breath. It was as well to take the plunge at once and have it over with. It would be more merciful to Willard, too.

"It means," he replied, "that Janet is engaged to me. I have just come from there."

This was all. Radford couldn't say he was sorry, when every pulse beat throbbed out joy. But he put his arm across his chum's shoulder, as the fellow's head went down.

"Did she say anything about me?" Austin asked, after a silence that was eloquent.

"Yes," answered Radford, wondering just how he could soften what he had to tell.

"Well?" queried Austin, after another pause.

"She received both your letters," Radford went on. "But she had written her mind once to you on the subject, and felt that there was no need to do so again, especially as it seemed to make no impression on you. She—do you want me to tell you exactly how she feels towards you, Willard?"

"Exactly." Austin's head was still bowed upon his arms, and his tones were muffled, like the drums in a funeral march, Radford thought gruesomely.

"It is indifference. Her love is quite dead; you know, of course, how it was slain."

It was terribly hard for Radford. Austin gave no sign, beyond a spasmodic heaving of the shoulder under his old friend's hand. And there was nothing more that Radford could say. To speak of his own happiness would be refined cruelty; to bid Austin hope would be base; to talk of Janet would be to probe a wound still throbbing. So the two sat there, silent, while the night hours dragged by, neither thinking of sleep, the one because he knew that grief would banish it, the other jealous lest slumber would take from him the realization of his joy.

When the two parted after breakfast the next day, Radford had one great fear in his mind. And Austin guessed what it was.

"No, Jerry," he said, as they shook hands, "I won't go back to whisky. My taste for that is gone, but I can't stay here. I can arrange to represent the paper in Paris, I think. And the quicker I get away the better."

He did arrange it and sailed the next month, spending most of the intervening time in Rysley. Janet seldom spoke of him, but once she did ask Radford what he had said when he heard of their engagement. Then he told her of that memorable night, when, his own heart pulsating with the supreme happiness of his life, he had sat beside one suffering unspeakable sorrow.

"How dreadful for you, dear!" was all Janet said then, but once afterwards, on an occasion when the question of her sympathy for a family in misfortune came up, she referred to it again.

"I ought to be generous, Gerald, to those in trouble. You know, I imagine you fancy I was very hard, uncharitable, in one instance. Yes, I mean Willard. I confess, I do feel that way towards those who fall as he did. It's a feeling over which I have no more control than if it did not belong to me. Even when you told me of his night of agony, my only thought was of your annoyance in the matter. Ah, yes, I am cured, as I once implored you to cure me. Do you remember?"

But Radford was not likely ever to forget. Sometimes even yet, with his wedding day just under the horizon, he seems scarcely to realize that he is to be the husband of Janet Nelson.

Next to himself, the most surprised person was Mrs. Beyer.

"I forgive you now for missing Frau Muther Mann's songs," she said when he told her. "And here I lay awake nights plotting opportunities for you to be alone with Miss Bailey."

The latter's engagement to Bond came out almost simultaneously with Radford's, and the firm forthwith lost an excellent stenographer. Among the applicants for the vacant post Radford one day noticed Nellie Tilman. She did not see him, and he had a tremor lest she might be taken on. There was no indication in her dress or behavior that her heart was eating itself away because of Austin, and Radford breathed a deep sigh of thankfulness when he saw her plumed hat disappearing through the doorway.

But the cards for the wedding are now out, and the romancer, in common with the rest of the world, must no longer thrust himself upon the happy couple.

THE END.

A CURTAIN RAISER.

THE STORY OF TWO MEN AND ONE WOMAN.

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD.

"MR. KNOWLES will be finished shortly, sir," said the dresser, "for the evening. Will you wait here, sir, until he comes?"

"Very well," said Warner, sinking lazily on a lounge which filled one end of the narrow room. "Is it allowed to smoke?"

"Well, it's agin the rules of the theayter—but I'll just close the door."

"Never mind. The ventilation is better than tobacco. It's a warm night."

"Yes, sir, so it is," said the servant solemnly, and resumed his task of laying out the cocoa butter and clean towels on the washstand, and arranging his master's evening clothes.

Kent Warner looked about him curiously, but he was almost too tired to be interested. He had returned that morning to New York and civilization after eight unbroken years on a Western cattle ranch. Under these circumstances, civilization is likely to be wearying. The roar of the streets, the scurry and bustle of people, the constant lookout for familiar faces at his clubs, had worn him out. And yet his mind was not too languid to recall the last time he had seen or heard of young Knowles, and to compare it with the present situation. Phil was a senior at Yale then, and Warner had run up to New Haven to say good by.

"I don't know how long I'll be gone, young fellow," he had said, "but I want you to ride straight, and be what your dead brother might have been. I'm in his place, you know, and I'll be watching you for him, even if I am running away for a while."

"All right, brother Kent," the boy had replied, with shy earnestness, as they gripped hands. "You'll see me a judge on the bench when you get back."

There was some self reproach, after all, in these recollections. The bench! Knowles was an actor at the Comedy Theater. Kent wondered why they had not written to each other during his absence, wondered why Phil's ideals had shifted, wondered if he had betrayed his trust to look after the lad, left alone to wrestle with a world which Warner himself knew to be always looking for the under hold.

There was a pattering clamor of applause, a strain or two of music, and the dresser turned his head.

"That'll be the finish of the curtain raiser," said he. "Mr. Knowles will be here directly, sir."

Men and women were running by the open door of the dressing room amid a confused murmur of talking and laughter and swishing of skirts. In the distance a hoarse voice was giving subdued orders. Then in rushed Philip Knowles, and Kent jumped to meet him.

"I felt sure you'd be here," cried the actor. "You got my note, then? By Jove, I'm glad to see you! How are you? What are you? It's about a hundred years since you went away!"

"My son, you'll find me the same old thing. You're quit here now, aren't you? Let's go to some place where we can talk."

"I won't be a minute," said Knowles, seizing a towel. "Now then, Glennon." He rubbed his face and neck vigorously while his servant unbuttoned and unlaced and finally transformed him from a medieval troubadour to a young man of the nineteenth century—tall, well set up, and handsome.

"Where shall we put for?" asked Kent, when the change was complete. "David's?"

"That's entirely for me to say. As for David's, you venerable fossil, it's been a piano store for five years. You'll come with me to the Thespian Club."

"Never heard of it," laughed Warner; "but I'll trust you. Pull your freight. *Marchons*, as we say in Wyoming."

They made their way through devious and scantily illuminated passages to the street. When they reached the open air, Warner took a long breath.

"Ah," he said, "that's good!"

"It *is* good," assented Knowles. "I never come out of that artificial hole without thinking so. Everything is false and second hand on the stage—from your emotions down to the very air you breathe. Now, in the West, I suppose——"

"Oh, it's all genuine enough out there, especially the atmosphere during the blizzard season."

They talked lightly and in desultory fashion until they came to the club house. Both wished, probably, to ask and answer seriously, but neither dared to make a beginning. The place was quite deserted. Knowles explained this while they checked their coats and hats.

"You see, it's a late crowd," he said. "Nobody shows up until the actor people are through work. Such luck, my not being on in the principal piece! Now we can sit down and chin peacefully. What will you take? And what is the most important and interesting thing you've got to say?"

"You've already said a rather interesting thing," observed the elder man, watching the soda sparkle in the tall glasses. "That is, interesting to me. You call this acting business false and second hand, and yet——"

"And yet I went into it. Well, father confessor, we may as well have it out now as any time." He grew suddenly grave and leaned across the table, with the least suggestion of the theatrical in his poise and attitude.

"You see," he began, "in the first place, there was nobody to care whether I went on the stage, or kept a lighthouse, or studied law. I mean that I had no family, or anything like that."

"You have me, Phil," said Kent quietly. "I care, if no one else does."

"Yes, I know," continued the younger man, "but you don't understand. What I meant was that when the time came to decide how to live and what to do, I had nobody but myself to consider."

"And your old ideals—your training—your traditions?" said Warner. "Didn't you remember them? Man, didn't you remember yourself?"

"I wanted to forget these things, Kent, that's what I wanted to do. I wanted to forget them—myself included. And if you think my profession is any less——"

Warner waved his hand impatiently.

"That's not the point at all," he said. "No sensible man nowadays can see anything unsatisfactory in the career of an actor, if the actor keeps himself as clean and ambitious and industrious as he would in any other work. I'm not going to lecture. This time you speak of—when you made the decision—when was it?"

Knowles looked down and twisted a match in his fingers.

"I met a woman," said he, "and she threw me over. Everything flew to pieces. Every bit of my soul began to hurt. I took a notion that if I could pretend to have the souls of other people, it wouldn't hurt so much. And then there was the excitement and the change and the distraction and all. So I went on the stage. There!"

He leaned back again in his chair, and blew a cloud of smoke across the table. Warner was smiling rather grimly, and clinking the ice against the side of his glass.

"Well," he said slowly, "how does it work?"

"I like it pretty well," answered the other. "You're out of yourself a good deal of the time, and even now that the novelty has worn off, and it's pure business, I find myself with a lot of artificial emotions on tap that are useful sometimes, and living in moods that other people have created for me. I wanted to be a puppet and to get as far away from my own life as might be."

"But—have you——"

"Have I forgotten her?"

Warner nodded.

"Kent, I've had to give up all hope of forgetting," said the actor. "She's been away now for a long time, but I can't even bring myself to get rid of her picture, or her old letters. I worship them. She is older than I, and she made a fool of me. I believe she is hard and heartless as the devil. But I shall love her to the grave and beyond."

He drew his hand across his forehead with the same air of theatrical suggestion. The two friends were silent for some minutes; then Warner looked up suddenly.

"You know how sorry I am to hear all this," he said. "It's—it's a tough thing for a man—for any man—to go through with. But if you find that you still care for the woman, and if she won't let you be of use to her in any way, you ought to try still harder to forget her. Burn up her picture and her letters, for instance, and all that truck. What's the use of 'em?"

The young man's lips tightened.

"Oh, pshaw," went on the elder, "you needn't be afraid it's going to kill you. You're bound to wrench yourself, but, trust me, it all turns out well in the end. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll give you a job punching cattle."

"No," said the actor, with spectacular defiance, "I won't do that. I won't run away from it, whatever happens. I'm not a weak coward, I——"

He stopped short in a flutter of embarrassment. The older man was biting his lips, and the blood was jumping underneath the sunburned skin of his face.

Knowles reached across the table and touched his friend's forearm.

"Forgive me, old fellow," he stammered abjectly, "if I have pained you. I was a fool to say that. But it is eight years since you went away; I knew next to nothing of your trouble then, and have heard nothing about it since. I'm a silly fool."

Warner's discomposure was only momentary. He shook his head in mock chagrin and lighted a fresh cigar.

"That's all right, youngster," he said. "There's no harm done. Eight years ago I was a coward, I suppose. A thoughtless girl played with me, just as a heartless woman did with you. Only I couldn't face the music. I didn't go on the stage, but I went West."

"And she?"

"I don't know, Phil. I very much doubt if I care. I haven't heard or thought of her name during all this time. She'd have no more effect on me now than an Indian squaw."

"You couldn't have loved her," said Knowles, impertinently wise.

Warner smiled. "Perhaps not," he said, "but the Lord knows I thought I did. And perhaps I was to blame somewhat for the final row. Men are often their own trouble makers. However, it's long since finished. It was only like the curtain raiser in which you acted tonight. With both of us, the real drama hasn't yet commenced."

"Is the heroine selected?"

"I haven't the slightest idea. But you ought to—to ring down, I think you call it—on the first little play as soon as possible, just as I have done. I offer myself to you, my boy, as an exhibit. What man has done, that can man do. You grow sentimentally morbid in this gas lit, scented atmosphere. Get out into the open. Fresh air is what you need—physical and mental fresh air."

He spoke so heartily and with such masterful confidence that the young man envied him.

By this time the other chairs in the room had their occupants, and a lively clicking of pool balls arose from somewhere on the floor below. Most of the men who strolled by nodded to Knowles; two or three stopped to speak with him, and these he introduced to Warner before they passed on. The call bells tinkled with increasing frequency, and waiters hurried here and there with hospitable looking trays.

In a low tone Knowles gossiped about the different men as they came in. There was the greatest American manager and his particular star; there a famous poet who had been trying for three years to write a farce for them; there was a little novelist who supported himself by backing a pawnbroker's shop; there a popular composer who was proud only of his knowledge of the prize ring. Warner was amused and comfortable, glad to be in evening clothes once more, glad to have good companionship, good things to eat and drink and smoke; and he was thinking with particular satisfaction of luxuriously riding to his hotel in a hansom with rubber tires. They didn't have rubber tires in Wyoming, or hansoms either, for that matter.

A short, rather stout young man appeared in the doorway. He was smooth of face, and wore eyeglasses with black rims.

"Hello," said Philip, "there's Jim Garretson."

Kent recognized the name as that of an animal painter of more than national reputation, and was pleased when Knowles waved to him with a beckoning hand. The artist responded in kind and came towards them, exchanging greetings on the way. Warner liked his manner as they shook hands, mistaking his interested look for one of cordiality. Garretson, in fact, was thinking that Kent had just the neck and shoulders for the guide in his new picture, "The Death of the Grizzly."

The artist sat down readily enough, but protested earnestly against anything to drink.

"No, sir," he declared, adjusting his eyeglasses, "I'm carrying my allowance already. Our studio is no better than a Broadway saloon. I shall have to break off with McBain, I really shall."

"What's the latest trouble?" asked Knowles.

"Oh, he met some people just back on the Oceanic this afternoon, and they've been champagning ever since. Now they're playing roulette on our dining-room table. I don't believe I shall ever drink again. Well, waiter, you may bring me a brandy and soda."

Garretson sighed reflectively and thrust a hand into the side pocket of his dinner coat.

"Fact is, I had to run away from 'em," he continued. "The chaperon wanted some American cigarettes, and I volunteered to chase over here and get 'em. I say, will you fellows go back there with me? It's a gay lot—and I need protection." He attacked the brandy and soda with elaborate solemnity.

Philip looked inquiringly at Warner.

"I don't know," said Kent. "It's a long time since I've seen a studio crowd. Won't we be——"

"*De trop?* Not a bit of it! If we can send 'em all home, so much the better."

"This old cowboy's like a convict just out of jail," said Knowles, smiling. "All right, Garry, we'll go you. Who's in the push?"

"Oh, Carrol Dunham and his wife, and Crapo, and a girl they hooked on to in Paris. I don't remember her name. Get your things."

Kent and Philip waited in the vestibule while Garretson procured the cigarettes.

"I hope we can have a glimpse of some of his pictures," said Warner.

"Pictures!" laughed the actor. "Wait till you see Dunham and Crapo! They are the greatest paintings in New York—old masters. All ready, Jim? Off we go."

The hanging lamp in the diningroom had been pulled down so that the circle of light hardly extended beyond the edge of an oblong strip of green cloth which lay on the table. At one end of it, Carrol Dunham presided carelessly over a small roulette wheel, at the other his wife sipped *crême de menthe* and offered loud suggestions to the two other men as to the best methods of winning money from her husband. Crapo and McBain sat on opposite sides of the table, and made their bets with a sort of languid persistence which meant that the evening was wearing out. Antonia Ross was in a big easy chair, in the shadow beyond the range of the lamp light.

"I don't want to be impolite," said Mrs. Carrol Dunham, "but really, this is getting plaguy dull, you know. Antonia's fast asleep."

"I wish I were," Miss Ross replied from the darkness. "I'm tired."

"Cheer up, Tony," said Crapo. He was a tall, gaunt man, with a pointed black beard. "We'll all go out to supper presently. If this were only Paris—eh, Dun?"

Mr. Dunham grunted, and the little ball rattled in the wheel.

"Yes," Miss Ross continued, "if this were only Paris. And when one is in Paris, it is 'if this were only St. Petersburg!' and in St. Petersburg, it is 'if this——'"

"Come, come," interrupted Mrs. Dunham, looking sharply across the table. "Don't get started on that strain, Antonia. You know what comes of it."

"What do you say to a drink?" asked McBain thickly. "Pay me on the columns there, Dun. What are you trying to do?"

"Oh, pay yourself!" Dunham gave the box of chips an impatient shove with his elbow. "The bank's closed." He arose with a yawn which contorted his fat red face ludicrously. An outer door slammed, and voices were heard laughing in the hall.

"The animal man's brought somebody back with him," said McBain, reaching for the lamp and trying ineffectually to raise it. "Hope they'll liven us up a bit."

The portières were pulled aside, and Garretson entered the room with his hand on Warner's shoulder and with Knowles a little in the rear. Just then McBain succeeded in pushing up the lamp, and the reddened rays from it circled Miss Ross; she did not stir from her chair at sight of the newcomers. The artist introduced them with airy generality. Warner shook hands broadcast, and to Antonia he said, "Miss Ross and I are old friends, are we not?"

"We used to be," she replied steadily. But the eyes of both of them said more than this—bewilderment, doubt, and a vague struggle of rebellion against the destiny which had again brought them together.

Knowles saw nothing of this. To Mrs. Dunham's great delight, the actor did not appreciate Antonia's presence until he was formally notified of it.

"You know Miss Ross, I think?" said Mrs. Dunham sweetly, with an exquisite enjoyment of the situation.

"Yes," said Knowles, and they bowed.

Warner caught the expression on the young man's white face, and his wonder unpoised him. Was this thing possible? Had this same woman come into Phil's life as well as into his own? He watched her standing there, and thought how she had once been to him the measure of all gentle womanliness. And now!

Garretson had promptly uncorked some bottles of champagne, and they all drank. Crapo dropped his glass on the hardwood floor, and Miss Ross gave a little startled gasp as it fell.

"Don't be concerned, Miss Ross," McBain said. "We always use our second best crockery with a gang of this sort."

"Tony doesn't care for the glass," said Dunham. "She's afraid the fizz will be wasted, aren't you, Tony?"

"Oh, there's plenty of cham," exclaimed Garretson. "And who said supper?"

"I'm for that!" cried Mrs. Dunham

emphatically. "Where's the kitchen? I dare you to show us the kitchen. Rossy and I are the best old cooks you ever saw."

"I'll roll up your sleeves, Antonia," said Crapo. He caught her by the bare arms, and chucked her under the chin as housemaids are traditionally treated behind the footlights. Then they trooped noisily into the butler's pantry, leaving Warner and Knowles, for a moment, by themselves. Phil grasped his friend's wrist.

"That's the girl," he whispered. "The girl I was telling you of—running around with those vulgar rowdies! Great heavens!"

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Warner, without looking at him.

"Do about it? Do about what?"

"Do about her—about helping her," replied Warner, almost fiercely. "Do you realize this thing? Don't you love her?"

"Oh!" Knowles made a gesture of disgust. "Let's get out of this," he said, and scowled as he heard the revelers returning from the kitchen.

"I never knew such shameful indigence," vociferated Mrs. Dunham, bustling through the swinging door of the pantry. "I give you my word, Mr. Warner, there isn't a thing in the icebox that's fit to eat."

"But I'll do penance, I tell you," McBain said. "I'll blow you all to supper up town. What do you say?"

"Say? There's only one thing to say," Crapo chuckled. "We'll take you, and make it as expensive for you as we can. Eh, Knowles?"

"I—I'm afraid we can't join in," said Knowles. "You see, Warner and I have a lot on hand tomorrow—that is, this morning—and——"

"Suit yourself," assented Mrs. Dunham cheerfully. She had made up her mind that neither Warner nor Knowles was likely to be a jovial addition to the company. Since the opening commonplaces they had hardly spoken.

"Where are we going to, Mac?" inquired the lively matron, as Kent assisted her with her cloak. "Some good place, I hope, where the plates are hot. Now, they tell me at the hotel where Tony and Carrol and I are stopping——"

"What hotel is that?" said Warner quickly.

"The Milan. Will you look us up?" Mrs. Dunham gave him a slight stare of surprise, but did not hear his murmured reply.

Warner and Knowles strolled slowly through the empty streets to an avenue where a cab was procurable. The older man was grave and silent; he walked with his head down and held his stick behind his back, grasped tightly in both hands. Carried away by his own surprise, Knowles failed to remark the preoccupation of his friend.

"Whew!" he said. "That was a coincidence. It's like a play or a novel. Fancy finding her with that mob! Do you know, Kent, it was the biggest piece of luck in the world, our going back there with Garry!"

Warner made no answer, but the actor went on.

"Because it's shown me, quickly and easily, the sort of woman she's grown to be. It's done me more good than all your lecture at the club tonight."

"You find that you don't care so much, after all?"

"I don't see how I can care, now. Why, living with that cheap Dunham lot would spoil the best woman in the world, after a while."

Kent stopped short for the fraction of a second, then went on with a quicker step. Knowles misunderstood him.

"I don't mean anything very bad," he explained, "but—oh, well, you know——"

"Yes," said Warner, under his breath, "I know."

"And she's such a beauty," added Philip. "She has the face of an angel, in spite of all she's been through, and in spite of what's ahead of her. And that beast Crapo——"

Warner brought down his cane smartly, holding it like a club; but that may have been for the purpose of hailing a passing hansom. They drove to Phil's lodgings, whence Kent said that he preferred to walk the few blocks to his hotel. So he disappeared in the darkness.

It was nearly noon when Philip Knowles awoke, and, turning sleepily on his pillow, saw, with half opened eyes, a tiny pile of ashes on his dressing table. Then he smiled contentedly and lay quiet for a time, enjoying, with drowsy and complete satisfaction, his happy sense of relief. The ashes were all that remained of his affair with Antonia Ross. He had burned the letters and the picture before he went to bed, and destroyed them as completely as his love had been destroyed by the bearing and environment of the woman herself in Garretson's rooms. The chapter was closed. He felt like a traveler at the conclusion of a dangerous journey.

While negotiating breakfast in his

usual café, he determined to hunt up Warner and tell him of the miraculous recovery of his wounded heart. Kent would be interested. A process which had required eight years' hardship for its accomplishment in Warner's case had been effected for Knowles in a single night.

Three or four men were sitting at a table immediately behind the young actor, and the voice of one of them he recognized as Crapo's. He could hear what they were saying. As the conversation proceeded, Knowles dropped his newspaper and stared, fixedly and helplessly, at the shining carafe in front of him.

"You must be mistaken," one of the men said. "It can't be so."

"I tell you it is so," replied Crapo shrilly. "Dunham told me himself."

"Antonia Ross?"

"Yes," said Crapo, "Antonia Ross. She's known the fellow a long time. He's a Westerner. And, by George, they left the Milan together at eleven o'clock this morning, and now they're married. Married, I tell you."

"What's the chap's name?"

"Horner, or something like that. I met him last night at Garry's studio."

Knowles mechanically picked up the paper. The letters danced before his eyes.

LYING AWAKE.

BY ABIGAIL POWERS.

VARIOUS DEVICES BY WHICH VICTIMS OF INSOMNIA HAVE FOUND RELEASE FROM THEIR "WHITE NIGHTS," AND MADE THEIR PEACE WITH SLEEP.

IT is only the sleepless, the poets, and the medical journals who put its proper value upon sleep. The worn out sufferer from insomnia, declaring himself ready to sacrifice his fortune or a few years of his allotted lifetime; Shakspere, with his "sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of care," and the doctors, with their diatribes against the sleep destroying modern life, are the ones who truly appreciate it—not those who have the power of sinking calmly and promptly to rest.

Unfortunately, modern conditions are rapidly putting all the world in the appreciative frame of mind of the sleepless. Nerve specialists say that there never was a time when people needed to sleep so uninterruptedly and so long to repair the ravages of too tense and too noisy living; and that there never was a time when they were so little able to sleep as they should, because of the very conditions which make abundant rest necessary.

According to medical science, sleep follows the diminution of blood in the cerebral vessels. Wakefulness means a full flow of blood through the brain. Whatever, then, tends to withdraw the blood from the brain tends to produce sleep. In perfectly healthy persons, leading a perfectly normal life, the change is automatic. The blood ebbs away from the brain because it is time the brain had a rest. But there are not many perfectly healthy persons in these days, and the perfectly normal life is even rarer.

There is the insomnia which is an actual disease—a very baffling one, too. There is the wakefulness attendant upon worry, upon excitement, upon grief, upon overwork, upon over eating, over stimulation, and all the other "overs." There is the sleeplessness that accompanies strange surroundings, and the sleeplessness that sometimes follows upon too familiar surroundings. There is the sleeplessness due to noise—and, strange as it may seem, there has been sleeplessness due to silence.

One of the stories which the philanthropists never tire of repeating is that of the poor man who dwelt in a corner of the slums compared to which Bedlam would be considered peaceful. He was finally induced to leave his tenement and to go to a near by seaside town, where all the joys of air and sunshine and quiet were to be his. In three days he was discovered in his old haunts again, looking haggard and uncomfortable. The good people who had superintended his transportation from the city begged to know the cause of his return.

"Oh, ma'am, I couldn't stand it," he explained earnestly. "The blarsted noise of the bloomin' sea kept me awake so nights; I 'ad to come back to make my sleep up."

The chief danger with all forms of oc-

casional sleeplessness is that they are likely to become chronic, and from having an occasional "bad night" one passes to the serious pathological state where one is really a victim of insomnia, the dread and almost incurable disease which paves the way for melancholia and all sorts of mental derangements. It is therefore wise to begin the fight against sleeplessness or broken slumbers as soon as these begin, not waiting for them to become actual maladies.

THE DANGER OF DRUGS.

In the first place, the sufferer who really intends to overcome the trouble must never, in any circumstances, have recourse to drugs, unless they are prescribed by a physician who knows the patient's constitution thoroughly. The soporifics and "hypnotics," as they are called, of the pharmacopœia belong on the shelves of the drug stores, and occasionally in the prescriptions of a doctor. They have no place in the family medicine chest.

Morphine, chloral, and sulphonal are dangerous for many reasons, the chief ones being that the dose has to be constantly enlarged to produce the original result; that they all affect the heart, lungs, and stomach, and that it is impossible to foretell accurately their effect not only on different persons, but on the same person at different times. They enter, in some degree, into almost all the "quieters" and headache powders which some druggists do not scruple to sell, and which many men and women are foolish enough to buy on their own prescription.

After having decided that the soporific drugs, either the ones obtained straight from natural substances, like morphine, or the manufactured ones, like chloral and sulphonal, are never permissible except upon a doctor's order, the sufferer should see to it that the bed is not one to aggravate the complaint.

An uncomfortable bed will induce insomnia in the healthiest, serenest person. Elasticity, spring, and firmness without hardness, are the qualities necessary for a comfortable couch. This list precludes the possibility of feather beds, which, it is believed, have been abolished from most of the civilized globe except Germany. A four dollar cot may possess these qualities to almost as perfect a degree as a sixty dollar brass bedstead. Wire springs and a hair mattress—the latter of which should be not only turned over, but also turned head to foot, every day, so as to prevent the formation of lumps and hollows—are the chief necessities. The under sheet must be drawn taut. On a cot or couch bed it should be pinned with safety pins to keep it from slipping.

The covers should be warm and light. A person with good circulation seldom needs more than three blankets. Down quilts and comforters should be tabooed as germ collectors. The insomniac, however, seldom has good circulation, and it may be necessary for him to have more covering.

But, given the best beds, the most admirably ventilated sleeping rooms, the most hygienic conditions of every sort, sleeplessness refuses to be conquered. Its victim dreads bedtime, for it means, perhaps, long staring into the darkness, going over the troubles or the excitement of the day. What is to be done when there is no fault to be found with the bed or its placing, and yet the insomnia fiend is busy?

EXERCISE BEFORE BEDTIME.

The first thing is to recall the fact that the cause of wakefulness is a full flow of blood to the brain. Whatever then will serve to draw the blood from the cerebral region ought to aid in inducing drowsiness. Almost every one has a favorite method of doing this. The one which most physicians recommend is a few minutes of light gymnastic work before going to bed.

Stand erect in bath slippers and bath robe; raise the arms straight above the head, and bend from the waist until the finger tips touch the floor, without bending the knees at all. Do this ten times the first night, and increase the dose until you are able to do it fifty times.

Lie flat on your back and raise both legs, without bending the knees, until they are at right angles to the trunk. Begin by doing this five times; continue adding one or two movements a night until you reach thirty or thirty five.

Stand erect, your heels together, your hands on your hips. Bend the knees and sink towards the floor without letting the body depart from the vertical line. Do this ten times at first, and increase gradually until you can do it thirty or forty times.

All these exercises tend to draw the blood towards the center of the body, and so to diminish its quantity in the brain. They are thus very efficient aids to sleep, and they have the added advantage of imparting strength and litheness to the muscles of the back and the legs. Still more, they are recommended as powerful antidotes to the broadening and thickening process which is so common among

well fed Americans, both men and women, after early youth.

The simple arm and shoulder callisthenic movements practised with light dumbbells are also recommended. Another exercise in which some physicians have great faith consists in straightening the arms and bringing them smartly from back to front, making the palms meet, while rising on the toes with every forward movement and sinking with every backward one.

A warm bath puts many people in an excellent condition for sleep, though a very hot one is likely to prove too stimulating. If a tub bath is not desired, a warm sponge after the exercise will send most people who are not confirmed victims of sleeplessness into a delicious state of drowsiness.

Some persons find a tiny pillow filled with dried lavender flowers an excellent soporific. Others like a bag of the dried immortelles of the New England fields. Fir balsam pillows soothe many into forgetfulness of their troubles. If these are actually used to sleep upon, they should be small enough to fit into the hollow in the back of the neck. If one can accustom himself to sleep without other support for his head, the effect will be even better.

Often it is advisable for the stomach to have sufficient work for the blood to do to call it from the brain. This does not mean that a meal such as will keep the digestive apparatus busy half the night is a cure for insomnia or a preventive of it. But it does mean that a light, easily digested repast—a glass of hot milk and a cracker, a cup of hot bouillon, or a bowl of gruel—may often ward off the dreaded siege of sleeplessness, and send one to sleep comfortably, like a drowsy kitten or a well fed baby.

THE CHIEF CAUSE OF INSOMNIA.

There are cases, however, which refuse to yield to any of these simple remedies—which are, perhaps, rather preventive than curative in their scope. The medical reason for persistent insomnia, in spite of such treatment as this, is described by one physician (Dr. William A. Hammond) thus:

"Now, it happens in this stirring age of ours that men, and women too, are worked so much intellectually, or are so emotionally disturbed, that their brains have more to do than they can accomplish and yet preserve their normal balance. Mental work, whether it be simply perceptional, intellectual, emotional, or volitional, requires that an increased amount of blood shall flow to the brain; hence, during mental exertion of any kind, the cerebral vessels become distended, owing to the increased volume of blood they contain, and they remain in this condition as long as the exertion is continued. If it be too intense, or if it be persevered in for too long a period without adequate alternations of rest, the vessels lose their contractibility, and remain in a permanently enlarged state. They are, therefore, not able to contract so as to produce sleep. A state of cerebral congestion is established, and wakefulness is the result. . . . The blood vessels do not empty themselves simply because they have not the power to do so. They are like the India rubber bands we put around big packages and leave undisturbed for a long time. We try to use them again, and we find that the elasticity which they once possessed has gone."

That, being interpreted to suit the every day case, means that you, sir, cannot work until eleven in the law library, and sleep from twelve to eight; that you, madam, cannot write all day long, keeping the blood vessels in your brain at full pressure, and enjoy the long, dewy slumber of childhood afterwards. It means that you cannot even think of your love affairs or your social triumphs all day and be ready for peaceful sleep at night.

If the case of insomnia is due to a long continued strain, the best thing that can be done is to drop work as completely as may be, change the scene, and give the brain a chance to regain its elasticity by resting it. Go to the country, leaving all the instruments and possibilities of toil behind you. Of course you take your mind with you, and that will be able to keep on the same treadmill for a while; but slowly, if the strain has been a long one, gradually, and gently, the mind will respond to new influences. Delicious periods of vacuity will come; you will find yourself gazing for half an hour at a brown tree against a blue sky, unconscious of it, yet glad of it; you will suddenly discover that instead of the awful refrain of your poem, or the sentence from your essay, or the page of Blackstone, or the ceaseless monotony of the bookkeeper's voice calling off checks, you will be listening to the song of a bird. And then your cure has begun. Some night soon after that, the abused and overtaxed vessels of your brain will relax, and you will sleep naturally and deeply.

If you had been wise, you would never have allowed yourself to get into such a

condition. You would have stopped work on your great American novel at five instead of at six, and you would have taken a brisk walk before dinner. Then, instead of thinking about *Edwin* and *Angelina* all the evening, and talking to some sympathizer about the complications in which they had entangled themselves, you would have insisted upon putting them out of your mind. You would have driven them thence with sticks—theaters, flirtation, dress, athletics—anything.

The devices which have been employed by hard working people for changing the current of their thoughts, and thus giving their brains a chance to relax before permanent insomnia drove them to a sanitarium or the woods, have been many, and often amusing. The Shah of Persia doubtless has his own anxieties in these days when hereditary rulers have their enemies. At any rate, he is a sufferer from insomnia. One of the court physicians finally hit upon a happy plan for curing him. It consisted in tapping his arms and back until he fell asleep. It is a device very similar to that of the overworked society woman whose maid massages her until she falls asleep. The applied exercise in each case calls the blood to the surface of the body and away from the brain, which thus has its chance to relax. When the Shah travels nowadays he carries two "patters" in his train.

On the same principle, the efficacy of a curious eastern cure for insomnia is explained. The victims of the disease persuade their friends to flog them with bamboo canes. Their own explanation of the drowsiness following their drubbings is that the reaction of pain is languor.

LEWIS CARROLL'S RECIPE FOR SLEEP.

The late Charles L. Dodgson, better known as "Lewis Carroll," once wrote a book almost as remarkable as "Alice in Wonderland." It dealt with insomnia, and was called "Pillow Problems." It consisted of seventy two problems which Mr. Dodgson declared he had solved during wakeful nights; and he claimed that he had learned to fall asleep while solving them. They were in the nature of mental anodynes. They were the familiar "sheep counting" device translated into unfamiliar trigonometric language.

The object of his publication, Mr. Dodgson stated, was to bring comfort to those who were sleepless because they were "haunted by some worrying thought which no effort of will was able to banish." But Mr. Dodgson was a logician and a mathematician even before he was the creator of *Alice*, and many of his seventy two problems, instead of aiding the ordinary mind, would drive it to permanent insomnia if it should attempt to solve them.

Geometrical and algebraic many of them are, and though geometry and algebra are blessedly remote from the pillow haunting problems of most of the world; though they are miles removed from the questions of how bills are to be paid, and children made to study their lessons, and employers coerced into recognizing one's value—yet they are impossible as substitutes for these engrossing thoughts. They would demand a new mind and a fresh education before they could be generally used as sleep inducers.

But Mr. Dodgson did not insist upon them. He offered suggestions to those whose thoughts would not turn to cubes and triangles and groups. Let them design, he said, a country house, perfect in all details. Let them lay out a flower garden. Let them plan a series of arcades and balconies connecting different parts of the great estate they are building in Spain. Let them rearrange the pictures in a public art gallery where the present hanging offends them.

Every man, Mr. Dodgson assumed, has a certain number of abstract hobbies. Let him utilize these to court sleep. He will not become too deeply interested. As soon as the haunting, corroding care of the day has been forced to the background by the hobby, sleep comes.

Mr. Dodgson's plan was but the elaboration of good old devices recommended from time immemorial. There is the traditional herd of sheep. You close your eyes and bid them see the hillside pasture, with the drab, huddling animals. The leader starts towards the fence. The drove follows, bleating. He goes over, awkwardly, sidewise. The others are on his heels. You try to count them as they leap—one, two, three, and so on. And then—it is morning, and the rising bell rings in your ears.

Or you decide to watch a grain field. It is a field of tall oats, silvery green and faintly shadowed by a passing cloud. A little wind comes up and the field undulates. The long wave quivers through it—on and on and on. The field is endless, the little ripples are endless—and it is day before you have had a chance to stay awake with your pet anxiety.

Or you determine, when you find your mind singularly unaware of its duty to stop work, to count the stars. First, you summon to your vision a broad, pale blue

expanse of evening sky. By and by, one star glimmers whitely above the place where the sun went down. Slowly the sky darkens. One by one the stars come out; you trace the dipper, see the milky way; you count and count the shining specks; you lose count—and then you fall asleep.

If versification is a mere hobby with you, and not your passion, you may try making verses—not any verses at all, but certain definite ones. You say, "I will now make a poem with the rhythm and rhymes of 'Lady Clara Vere de Vere.'" Then you try to recall Lady Clara. You get the rhymes: town, renown; smiled, beguiled; retired, desired. You count the meter out with the aid of a good right forefinger; you decide on your subject, and before your first line is written you are probably asleep.

DREAMS THAT BRING SLEEP.

One man, when he wishes to escape the thought of the cares that infest the day, plans excursions. "Tomorrow morning," he says, "I will be in Paris—or Cairo. My friend X, or my friend Mrs. Y, happens to be there, too. How shall we spend the day?" Then he decides at what hour he will call for X or Mrs. Y, where they will go in the forenoon, what parks and shops and galleries and boulevards they will visit, where they will lunch, what they will eat and drink—and he seldom has to plan the afternoon, for he often rudely falls asleep while he sits with his friend at the restaurant table.

A woman whose income is easily contained within four figures, puts herself to sleep with what she calls "the fifty million game." She "plays" that she has fifty millions, and determines to order her life on the fifty million basis, beginning the next morning. Her private car or her yacht are barely fitted out when they bear her away to sleep.

One man who lives in a flat retires to his palace whenever he suspects that insomnia is about to call on him. His palace has a courtyard with a beautiful fountain, and the three sides of the palace opening upon it have many balconies. Sometimes the owner of this valuable estate changes the design of his fountain, transforming it from a set of dragons in green to a set of naiads in pink stone. Sometimes he bids a huntsman wind a horn, and lovely ladies in fair, bright, floating robes glide on to the balconies, one by one. He usually falls asleep before the last window has yielded up the occupant of its room.

One practical man finds that to leave his own house, with its inevitable associations of his work and worries, and to sleep for a night or two in a hotel, will break up a growing habit of sleeplessness. Another person has discovered that to change his usual sleeping position will ward off a wakeful night. When such a night seems imminent, he turns over, lies on his stomach, and falls peacefully into oblivion.

The great cure and the great preventive, it will be seen from all the foregoing, is change—change of actual scene, change of attitude, change of occupation and of thought. If one has an imagination and will consent to use it for a few minutes each night, after having already taken the physical precautions for relieving the brain from the day's pressure, there is no reason why one should not successfully combat a disposition to insomnia before it develops into an actual disease.

AN EASTER FANCY.

In church on Easter morning
  The lilies in a row
Uplifted buds of beauty
  And cups of fragrant snow.
Between the organ's shadow
  And the altar's purple gloom,
I heard them speaking softly
  In the language of perfume.

"We are the souls of maidens
  Who died in early youth,
Translated by the Saviour
  In blossoms white as truth.
Out of the dust and darkness,
  He called us and we came,
In joyous resurrection,
  To glorify His name!"

Minna Irving.

TO THE SHORN LAMBS.

THE STORY OF TWO SOLDIERS, A LOST CHILD, AND A BLIZZARD.

BY HARRY C. CARR.

THE major grunted for the orderly.

"My compliments to the adjutant, and I want him," he said briefly to the trooper who stood before him, saluting.

The major felt the need of consolation. In the heat of anger he had sent out a detachment of men in the face of a blizzard to hunt down a deserter. Trooper Dorcas, of C Troop, had not only deserted the night before, but had taken with him the one horse that the major's daughter liked to ride. Furthermore, the frequency of desertions had recently occasioned official remarks, not from, but to, the major.

The major was sorry now that he had sent the men; he was particularly sorry that Coleman, late of West Point, was in command. Coleman was a tiresome boy afflicted with opinions, and the major and the mess had felt the need of a vacation from his society.

When the orderly arrived, the adjutant was helping his wife in the preparation of the evening meal. A servant in her right mind could not have been bribed to come to this post. He removed the long checked kitchen apron, and cautioned Mrs. Adjutant about the gravy. Then he crunched through the snow across the parade ground to the headquarters office.

"Blizzard coming, think?" asked the major, hoping the adjutant would predict balmy spring weather from the threatening snow clouds.

"Yep," said the adjutant, looking out over the brown stables to the plains beyond.

"What you think about those men?"

"Bad," said the adjutant.

The major looked at the office barometer and sighed. It was falling; it had been falling all afternoon.

"S'pose Coleman will have sense enough to come back?" The major felt that he was again asking the adjutant to make an impossible prediction.

The adjutant replied that he didn't think it likely. You see, the adjutant did not have a high opinion of Mr. Coleman.

"He might take the corporal's advice," suggested the major timidly.

The adjutant gave a snort of derision, and went back to his gravy. As usual, the major turned to Sergeant Hooley in the hour of need. He and Michael Hooley had learned soldiering when the major was a "shavetail" and Mike a daredevil trumpeter.

It was decreed that Mike should carry orders to Coleman—orders that would bring the detachment back to the fort. The next morning, Mike swung his leg over a big troop horse that kicked up in the biting air of the morning, and as the trumpeter of the guard was coming out on the parade to sound first call for reveille, they started.

Lieutenant Coleman, late of West Point, was not so much of a fool as the adjutant affected to believe—no more of a fool, in fact, than the adjutant had been at his age. He asked the advice of the corporal, and, better still, took it; wherefore, only a few hours after Hooley's departure, the little detachment jogged into the post. They were very cold, and Coleman was very humble, his education having begun. They had skirted the forest back, and Hooley, by keeping to the old coach road, had missed them.

The first of the storm caught Mike and his gray troop horse a few miles out from the fort and drove him along before it until early afternoon, when the sky cleared a little and he could see about him. Straight ahead, on the coach road, was another horseman, miles away, but clear and distinct against the snow. The gray troop horse pricked up his ears and broke into an easy canter. Presently the horseman ahead increased his speed, too. As Hooley half suspected, the man ahead was Dorcas, the deserter.

The stolen cavalry horse had been traded at a ranch down the country for an outfit not quite so suggestive of Uncle Sam. The bronco seemed pretty nearly used up. Under the spur he would stumble into a tired, heavy lope for a little way, only to drop back into a cow trot again. The forest for which they were pressing was miles ahead, and the horseman behind was gaining.

As they rode, the storm dropped a curtain of snow between them, and Dorcas wheeled suddenly aside into a hollow

where a stream trickled in springtime. Dismounting, the deserter drew his revolver and crouched behind the pony, which he intended to use as a bulwark if it came to a fight. His fingers were so numb that he could scarcely hold the pistol, and the butt froze to his glove.

It was an anxious wait down there in the hollow. He could not see the road, and the minutes seemed very long. He had decided that his pursuer must have had time to pass when, from behind him, came the sound of the snow crust breaking, and his pony whickered. Dorcas turned like a flash, and, scarcely looking to see what was his target, shot over his shoulder.

A thin, mangy pony, shivering with cold, was breaking through the drifts, his scant tail streaming in the wind. On his back was the tiny figure of a child wrapped hugely in furs, so that nothing but her eyes was visible. Her little feet were muffled in bundles of rags, which Dorcas could see at a glance were bound crazily to a surcingle. The child was literally tied to the pony's back.

As Dorcas looked, the pony stumbled and went staggering weakly to his knees, while the snow beneath him became stained with crimson. The pistol bullet had struck the little beast squarely in the breast. As the pony sank slowly to the snow, the trooper sprang forward, and tried with numb fingers to untie the knots from the child's feet lest she should be crushed. But the knots would not come undone, for his fingers were useless from the cold. The pony swayed on his knees, choking with blood. Dorcas kicked and yelled at him as he worked, and the dying horse tried in vain to struggle to his feet.

Then suddenly the surcingle burst and the tiny rider shot into the air under the impetus of a powerful tug from above. Hooley, who had come up unobserved, was sitting calmly on his troop horse with the little bundle suspended in mid air from one powerful fist. He regarded Dorcas with a curious grin.

The deserter had dropped his revolver, and it lay freezing to the snow back by his pony. He did not move from his tracks, but stood erect and looked at the sergeant with cool defiance.

Hooley put the child gently on the ground.

"Not wearing uniform today, I see," he said grimly, as he surveyed the fringed cowboy "chaps."

At the sound of his voice the forlorn little figure between them tottered stiffly through the snow, and leaned against the stalwart shoulder of the gray troop horse, who ducked his powerful head and rubbed his nose gently on the bundle of fur. The tiny shoulders were shaking convulsively, and the two men could hear the muffled sobbing of a child.

Hooley looked very uncomfortable, and squirmed in his saddle. Dorcas did not move, and the wounded pony sank down on his side with a moan. The child kept on crying miserably.

"Why don't you do something fer—it?" Hooley said irritably.

"Why don't you do something yourself?" retorted Dorcas, not knowing what to do, but yearning towards the sobbing little creature.

"Don't you talk back to me. Come over here and take this kid—and—and—comfort it or something. Step out, now!" Hooley blustered, as if he were at squad drill. To an outsider it would seem that Dorcas, as a hundred dollar fugitive from justice, was entitled to a certain consideration; but that is not the cavalry way. Dorcas jumped to obey.

The child cuddled confidently in the trooper's strong young arms, and Dorcas blushed with pleasure. The sobbing almost ceased, and blue eyes stared up at him, wide open. The two soldiers almost stopped breathing. It was so wonderful.

"I wonder if 'tis a little girl," said Dorcas in a hoarse whisper to the non-commissioned officer. Hooley peeked in at the bundle critically, as if to get official information—not, however, for distribution among the rank and file. He looked wise, but made no reply.

"What you say we put back her little hood and see what she looks like?" suggested Dorcas with great daring.

"Well," grumbled Hooley in assent, eager and excited, but trying hard not to show it.

Dorcas very tenderly, but with fingers that trembled, forced the fur hood back and drew down the muffler that covered the lower part of the baby's face.

"Gosh!" he ejaculated. Never in his whole life had he seen anything so beautiful. It was a sweet little face that turned up to them, surmounted by hair of golden brown.

"What's your name?" asked Dorcas timidly.

"Nora," answered the child, smiling faintly.

"Did she say Nora?" asked Hooley, not presuming to address her directly.

Dorcas nodded, important at being the medium through which the oracle communicated.

"Are ye Irish, miss?" Hooley lowered his voice as if he were in a church. "Ask the lady if she's Irish," he said to Dorcas.

"Are you Irish, dear?" whispered Dorcas obediently.

"My name is Nora, an' I'm four years old, but I don't know what Irish is," said the child.

"It's a good Irish name, anyhow," said Hooley, addressing the snow drifts and the poor pony, which by now had died. "Perhaps," he added, "her father and mother, or one of them, was Irish."

"I'm cold," whimpered the child, shivering in Dorcas' arms.

"Dorcas, the young lady's cold," Hooley said severely. Dorcas hurriedly readjusted the hood and waited for orders.

"What'll we do with her?" he said, after a pause.

"Huh!" snorted Hooley in deep sarcasm. What Hooley meant was: "I, Sergeant Michael Hooley, United States cavalry, have recovered my equipoise, and hereby assume full command of this expedition. No suggestions considered." Dorcas understood.

Hooley made Dorcas get on the back of the gray troop horse, and handed up the baby into his arms. With a sniff of contempt, he took the bridle rein of the tired bronco, and they started back through the snow drifts, following the tracks of Nora's horse. Hooley plunged along vigorously, his great trooper boots cutting through the snow crust at every stride.

A wild look came into Dorcas' face for a moment. One plunge of the spurs, and, barring the chance of being killed by Hooley's revolver—and Hooley was too numb to shoot straight—he would be dashing across the plains towards the forest; then to the seaboard and freedom! It was the easiest thing in the world to do; but the fur bundle snuggled up a little in his arms, and somehow he didn't.

For a long time they waded through the snow in silence. Finally Hooley said:

"How'd you come to skin out?" Hooley referred to the informal severing of official relations between the cavalry branch of the United States army and William Dorcas, trooper.

"I guess I was just feelin' that way," Dorcas said dully. And his eyes told the rest of the story.

Every soldier has felt it—the desperate stagnation of it all; the everlasting reveille and stables and guard mount and troop drill, with reveille and stables and guard mount and troop drill the next day, and the next day, and the next, and always. It seems that way only sometimes. Hooley knew the feeling, too; for he had felt it.

"H'm!" he grunted, and stalked forward again for a few minutes without speaking.

"Well, next time you get to feelin' that way," he said at last, "don't swap the best horse in the post for a measly scrub like this to relieve your feelings."

Dorcas made no comment, and the subject of his desertion was never mentioned between them again.

The rest of the short winter afternoon they followed the weaving pony tracks, often losing the trail and being forced to retrace their steps in the search. The sleet was beginning to drive heavily, and the sun was going down dimly, when Hooley stopped again. He was riding the bronco, which seemed refreshed and rested now.

"I guess the young lady just dropped from somewheres," he said despairingly; "the trail's gone now."

"'Twould be kind of bad to be ketched out tonight in the storm," suggested Dorcas, glancing down at the sleepy bundle in his arms.

Hooley hesitated, and looked anxiously over the snow waste.

"She must belong to somebody around here, and they'll be looking for her." But he suddenly wheeled the bronco about on his hind legs. "Come on," he said. "We'd best get back to the post road quick before nightfall."

Down in a hollow, where buffalo once wallowed, they came upon an uncommonly big snow drift. The bronco shied at it with a snort of terror and bolted, but Hooley dragged him back on his haunches with the cruel spade bit. The gray troop horse stopped short and would not pass by. He fidgeted and danced under the spur, but turned aside and pawed the ground.

Hooley dismounted and struck the drift cautiously with a heavy quirt. The snow fell, exposing the wheel of a wagon. On the side away from the wind the sergeant rapidly brushed more of the snow away, until the soldiers could see that the horses had shied at an old fashioned white topped prairie schooner.

"That's my papa's wagon," volunteered Nora with chattering teeth, as she raised herself in Dorcas' arms.

"Your papa's wagon," repeated Hooley, turning on her. "Well, then, where's——" The rest of the sentence was a heliograph signal from his eyes to Dorcas.

"He tied me on Nellie's back, and I

cried, and papa cried, too, an' then Nellie ran off. I was ridin' Nellie an awfully long time, and got dreadful cold, an' I'm dreadful cold now. 'N' I want papa."

Miss Nora tried to struggle out of her bundles, but Dorcas held her fast. "I want my papa!" she said forlornly.

"Dorcas," said Hooley quickly, "I think you and Miss Nora had best go for a little horseback riding, while I look through this wagon."

Dorcas rode away on the gray, cuddling the child in his arms with soothing words. Hooley climbed into the wagon. They found him tramping up and down in the snow when they came back.

"No use looking around any further," he faltered. "I guess the little girl came from here all right."

"I want my papa," came in a quaver from the bundle.

"Your papa ain't here jus' now, dearie," said Hooley. "He has gone away somewheres—quite a long journey, an' he won't be back for quite a long time." And the rest was heliographed to Dorcas.

"I want papa!" sobbed Nora desolately and without logic.

Hooley threw himself into the cow saddle, and looked back over his shoulder at the prairie schooner.

"I wish we could do something kind of religious," he said. "We ought to do something."

"The ground's too hard to dig," observed Dorcas practically.

"Yes," said Hooley, "that's so."

"Might burn the whole business. I s'pose there's hay inside."

Hooley nodded.

"Yes, hay and an old prospector's outfit; but burning's no good. Let's leave it to the snow."

And so they did—left it to the snow.

The little caravan—the two troopers and the girl—pressed on as fast as their horses could stumble through the snow, but they had barely gained the divide above the wagon when the storm burst upon them with pitiless fury. In a moment the horsemen could scarcely see each other through the mad drive of a blizzard, and their voices were torn and whirled in the wind until communication became practically impossible.

The horses of their own accord stopped and lowered their heads before the blast. The bronco, with the instinct of his wild fathers, groped his way through the storm and huddled close against the troop horse.

"Pass me the end of the picket rope. You'll find it on my saddle. We'll lose each other," yelled Hooley as his leg rubbed against the military saddle. His voice came in distorted fragments to the deserter.

"Can't — get — froze," came back through the blizzard.

Hooley felt for the leather riata which usually hangs by the side of the pommel of a Mexican saddle. It was a mass of ice. He tried to work it loose, but his fingers were feeble as a child's from numbness.

"Can you undo one of your bridle reins?" he roared at Dorcas.

Dorcas put the baby in his left arm and leaned in his saddle over the shoulder of the gray, his gauntlet slipping along the icy rein to the bridle.

"It's no use," he said despairingly; "my fingers won't work."

Hooley, ever quick with devices, tore at his revolver holster until the catch gave. There was a malignant flash of powder in the blackness and the bridle dropped, shot in two. The bronco jumped with a sharp start, but the soldier horse hardly moved. Dorcas passed the loose end over, and Hooley bent the strap about the pommel of the cow saddle. At least, they could not now become separated.

The baby girl was terribly frightened at the storm and in actual pain from the cold. Dorcas could feel her trembling and sobbing in his arms. He opened his overcoat, and tried to put a corner of it over her. The blizzard struck him full in the chest and cut like a knife, but he only bowed his head and waited for orders.

"We got—get back—wagon," he heard Hooley shout, and the bronco wheeled about stiffly under the spur; the troop horse followed eagerly with the lead rein slack.

To fight their way back through the storm seemed to take hours. At last the wagon loomed up again, a big snow drift before them. It made a slight break from the wind, and, pressing in close to the lee side, the soldiers were sheltered a little from the storm.

Hooley dismounted stiffly, and kicked a way through the snow to get under the wagon. Neither suggested getting inside it, because of that which lay limply across the seat.

Beneath the wagon the air was still. The blizzard had piled up huge drifts against the wagon box, and for some reason, at first unaccountable, only a little snow had blown in under the wagon. During the long hours of the night that followed Hooley uncovered out of the snow the hoof of a horse, whose dead body, he surmised, must lie to windward of the

wagon, checking the drift. One of the poor nags of the prospector had carried little Nora to rescue, and one had stayed behind to shield her from the blizzard snow.

With infinite trouble, Hooley loosened the cinches, and threw both saddles under the wagon. He glanced pityingly at his old companion of so many campaigns, and then at the saddle blanket which by a chance might save the brute's life. Then he tossed it under the wagon, and left the horses to shift for themselves in the storm. All night long the miserable beasts huddled close to the wagon, stamping and crowding.

Hooley spread his heavy saddle blanket over the snow for a carpet, and the three people drew close together in a corner away from the wind. They sat with their backs to a wheel, the baby between the two soldiers, who had wrapped themselves Indian fashion in their blankets.

Nora's face was blue with cold, and she had cried until she was exhausted. By and by she fell into a troubled sleep, and the soldiers spoke together in low tones while the storm roared and howled about the wagon and the horses neighed outside.

Hooley managed to light a pipe, and Dorcas leaned over the baby and lighted from Hooley. For a long time they smoked in dead silence. A stormy night in the open was no such novelty to either, and the soldiers bore its miseries stoically.

Drowsing off into a troubled sleep, Nora had fallen over against Hooley, and her little fingers as she slept were fastened on his soldier blouse. The sergeant had opened his coat to throw a corner over her head. The old soldier's arm dropped bashfully about her tiny shoulders, and he held her close. Dorcas was watching them jealously.

The storm seemed to have been shrieking around the wagon for hours when Hooley raised the corner of his great coat for a tender look at what lay snuggled within its folds. Dorcas saw the old sergeant start; saw his face turn ashy gray with terror.

"Good God," groaned Hooley, "she's freezing to death!"

He turned back the coat, and Dorcas could see the marks of the frost on the baby's tender flesh. It would not have been difficult for the soldiers to have kept warm under the wagon, but the baby had been chilled through, and lacked the vitality to heat her tiny limbs.

The deserter picked up a handful of snow, and began to rub her cheeks and her little snub nose. Nora woke crying with pain, and tried to brush his hands away. Dorcas stopped abashed.

"Go ahead; do it some more!" said Hooley grimly, holding the child's hands. Dorcas began again, but Nora writhed and cried out with gasping screams.

"Don't let him," she pleaded, clinging to Hooley. "Oh, please, please don't let him! Please don't!"

She was almost convulsive with fright and in torture from the pain.

Dorcas threw down the snow and crawled back into his blankets, almost sobbing himself.

"Go on; come again," said Hooley between his clinched teeth. But Dorcas hung his head and muttered to himself.

"Come on," repeated Hooley sharply.

"I'm not going to do it."

"You come over here, and be mighty quick about it," snarled the sergeant.

"No, I won't," said Dorcas sullenly.

Hooley started up angrily. "I order you; do you hear?"

"Go ahead and order, but I ain't going to do it." It takes a desperate pass for a regular to say that.

"I'll have you in the guard house, sir," said Hooley, biting the words out savagely. He did not at the time see the humor of his threat. No more did Dorcas. He gathered his blankets about him, muttering something to the effect that it wouldn't be the first time, and turned his back on the pitiful scene that followed.

Hooley was mentioned once with honor in general orders for a dash through the Indian country with dispatches. He did that without thinking much about it—as a matter of course; but time and again during the fearful ordeal this night he almost balked at his duty.

"Oh, my God, I can't go on!" he said once, as the baby clung to his hands begging him to stop. The poor old trooper looked appealingly across the darkness at Dorcas; but the deserter suddenly burst out weeping with the very pity of it, and Hooley could see his great shoulders heaving with the deep man sobs. Hooley accepted the answer, and scooped up another handful of snow.

By and by it was done, thoroughly done; and covering the soft baby face with a scarf from his own face, Hooley sank back weak and nerveless. The girl, tired out and exhausted from the pain, let her bonny head drop into the hollow of Hooley's arm. She was only a baby, too wretched to think at all; but to Hooley it seemed like sweet forgiveness, and he was humbly grateful.

Presently his voice went out to Dorcas in the darkness, dull and despairing. "Dorcas," it said, "she's going to sleep. If she goes to sleep this night, she'll not wake up."

"Shake her," said Dorcas eagerly.

"I've been shakin' her. God help me, I've been almost beatin' her, but it's no use. She won't hardly open her eyes any more."

Dorcas gave his pipe a few short puffs. "Here," he said, "drop a live coal on her."

The sergeant shuddered.

"You're a brute," he said vacantly.

"It'll wake her," replied Dorcas simply.

"You do it," pleaded the big sergeant abjectly. "Please do. I did the other." His heavy, big voice, which had sent terror wriggling down the spine of many a hapless recruit, was quavering, and he held the deserter's coat, clinging like a child.

"I ain't man enough to do it," said Dorcas, shrinking back.

"I'll give you five dollars if you will. I'll give it to you right now," said Hooley, coaxing desperately.

"No, I won't."

"Aw, come on. I'll give you a hundred dollars." Hooley was piling up whole months of saved up pay.

"Go to thunder! It ain't money I want," retorted Dorcas indignantly.

"Well, won't you do it? Please, Dorcas!" Imagine this from gruff old Hooley!

"Hooley," said the trooper solemnly, "I'd rather shoot myself, and that's just what I'm going to do before I do that."

Hooley dropped back despairingly. "Give me your pipe," he said.

* * * *

"It's no more use," said Hooley at last, when she merely stirred and whimpered under the burning. He was utterly without hope now.

Dorcas shook off his blankets and started forward on his hands and knees. Hooley looked at him inquiringly.

"I'm going to the fort for help," said the deserter shortly.

"Man, you'll never live through the storm."

Dorcas only held out his hand in farewell.

"You're a brave man, Dorcas," said Hooley, as their hands gripped hard.

"Tell the major I'm sorry I skinned out;" and Dorcas broke through the snow drift into the storm.

But it seemed as if God tempered the blizzard that night to the galloping trooper, and the wind had died away when Dorcas, at the end of his terrible ride, fell fainting from Hooley's gray in front of the guard house at the fort. They do things quickly in the cavalry, and in only a little while the major and the doctor were clinging to the seats of an army ambulance which careened madly as the four mules sped out along the old post road to Hooley and Nora.

The baby girl came through the storm uninjured, but the blunt old army doctor shook his head anxiously at the major when they lifted Hooley into the ambulance. They found him under the wagon, guarding the big fur roll out of which blue baby eyes peeped. He had taken off his overcoat and wrapped it round Nora, leaving himself exposed to the most terrible night of the winter.

The doctor gave a sharp order to the driver, who lashed the mules at every jump back to the post. He was a resolute Westerner, this doctor, and he frightened death away from the bedside of Michael Hooley. In a week the old sergeant was able to be propped up with pillows in the hospital, where he lay next cot to Dorcas.

Lucky dog, that Dorcas! They wound him up in red tape and then unwound him again. There was a court martial, and findings with a recommendation, and finally an act of mercy on the part of a mighty person; so Dorcas came off none the worse for his desertion after all.

"The adjutant's lady is here to see you two fellers," the hospital steward announced briefly one day, "an' she's got the kid."

Every day thereafter they came to the hospital together, the adjutant's wife and little Miss Nora. Nora sat on the edge of Hooley's hospital cot, and the sergeant told her how he got the deep white knife scar on his neck; and explained to the adjutant's wife what to do when the cook book says eggs and there are no eggs on the reservation.

* * * *

The belle of Washington last winter—the most beautiful bud of many seasons—was an army girl who boasted proudly that she had been raised in a cavalry post. The papers said that she was the adopted daughter of a distinguished cavalry officer brought in on staff duty. People with nothing better to do used to criticise her and call her eccentric, because she always wore her hair down on her neck when fashion decreed that it shouldn't be there. They did not know that she was hiding a row of little scars burned in by live coals from a soldier's pipe.

A MINISTER'S TRIALS.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GRAVES.

SOME OF THE DIFFICULTIES, DISAPPOINTMENTS, AND DEFEATS THAT FALL TO THE LOT OF THE AVERAGE CLERGYMAN, AND THAT MAKE HIS LIFE ANYTHING BUT ONE OF EASE.

IT has always been something of a trouble to me that so many of my friends, both regenerate and unregenerate, should imagine and really believe that the life of a minister is a comfortable sort of life—a life that is not crossed by the world's perplexities, nor shadowed by worldly cares. They tell me that people put on their best looks and best manners and best tempers when I meet them; that they receive me in their best parlors, and treat me so respectfully and generously that I can't help having a comfortable time of it. I know that my friends are well meaning and honest when they say all this; but in deciding whether this or that person's life is bright and peaceful, a good deal depends upon the point of view—and my friends have, fortunately for themselves, never tried the ministry.

WHEN REVERENDS WERE REVERENCED.

There was a time—so I learn from books, my own experience, however, teaching otherwise—when the minister was held in universal respect. Some indeed called it reverence or awe; but whatever be the name, the fact is there—so I read—that at his approach the children would hush their quarrels and even stop their playing, and appear sober, well behaved young Christians. The mothers, too, when they saw him coming, would hastily put the house in order, dust the Bible, place it in such a position as suggested frequent and fond use, and be ready to receive him with a very proper and pious countenance. The fathers, too, would suddenly remember their church standing and at once become very careful of their English, dropping altogether that monosyllabic form of speech used for the purpose of expressing a feeling too strong to be expressed in "Christian" language. Even the evil doers would hasten to cover up their wickedness if they saw the minister coming in their direction.

I do not say that this is true, but it is what I read, and what some of my gray haired friends tell me. I can only say that if it is true, things have greatly changed. The minister, today, is treated with no more reverence than any other person, and many who give him the outward forms of respect inwardly despise him. Theoretically he may be God's messenger, but practically he is one of the very ordinary individuals of the world. There may be exceptions; I am speaking generally.

I suppose it is well nigh impossible for any minister to look back without wishing that those times of ministerial authority would return. Even ministers have something of a liking for authority. Unless I am much mistaken, it was a source of greater satisfaction than any of "the means of grace" to have children hush their disputes and play at your approach, and to be received into the home as a person of something more than human qualities. Judging from the grandiloquent manner with which they sent people to simmer forever in hell or sing forever in heaven, the old time ministers relished it. But all this has passed, so let us turn over the page and forget it, as is the way with readers in general.

THE MINISTER'S "EASY" LIFE.

I began by saying that most of my friends seem to take it for granted that a minister has an easier and less troublesome time than any one else. I was pertinently reminded of this the other day when I stopped in to visit a neighbor—not a parishioner, for he goes "nowhere" to church, a church which from all reports is pretty well attended by the men folk, at least. In the course of our chat he remarked that he thought preachers had a pretty easy time of it; for about all that they have to do is to read and visit, and on Sunday get up and speak their piece, and that ends it. My neighbor is one of those delightfully frank people who always say what they think—a good fault, no doubt, but one attended by little comfort to the other party.

Seated in my study that evening, I was

looking over some parish matters that had been sorely vexing me—my friend will excuse the word "vexing," for that is the mildest word I can think of in this connection. As I was looking over these matters I fell to wondering why so many people imagine that the minister's life is a life of pleasantness, and that all his paths are paths of peace. My neighbor views my daily existence from the outside. He sees the smiles that greet me, the marks of favor that I receive, and he thinks how delightful it must all be. He knows nothing of the thousand and one difficulties, disappointments, and petty annoyances which come in the course of a day; the family troubles, the neighborhood quarrels, which are brought to the minister to be righted, the personal jealousies and dislikes to be smoothed over. He does not see all these things; they are the secrets of my comfortable life.

On my side, I may think that my friend has a much smoother life than he really has, because his business worries, and the petty rivalries and meannesses of the people he deals with, are unknown to me. But he doesn't hesitate to tell me of his trials, because, perhaps, he thinks that it is my "pleasure" to listen to the doleful tales which he and others have to tell. What comfort he thinks I can find in this I cannot understand. In return, it is only fair that he should now play the part of the patient and willing listener while I recite some of my woes.

DEFEATS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

In relating the troubles that afflict me, I must ask my friends to look sober and sympathetic, as ministers are supposed to do, and not to smile at them and think them unreal because they seem unusual. As one man's life differs from another, his troubles differ also. What are troubles, but the turning of our hopes into disappointments, the defeat of our ambitions, the failure of our schemes, the thwarting of our desires? If my aims and wishes differ from the aims and wishes of my friends, my troubles differ also.

Now, if a minister is worth his salt, he has ambitions and plans, he wants everything he does or tries to do to be a success. He wants his sermon to be good and the service to be perfect. It is a trouble to him if his sermon falls flat, or if the music is out of harmony with the sermon, or the singing out of tune with the meaning of the words sung.

I don't think there is any trouble that is so besetting, and that comes in so many different forms, as this of music. I don't want to overrate my troubles nor underrate those of my friend, but I don't believe he can find any one thing in his experience that causes half so much care and anxiety as this matter of music does to the minister. In my own experience the troubles from this source alone can be numbered by the hundreds; and from what I hear from fellow ministers my experience is the rule rather than the exception.

Some years ago I was called to minister to a parish in a Western State. It was my first parish, and God bless the people for bearing with my greenness and conceit! I knew much more then than I do now. The parish had seen better days, and as I look back upon it I confess that the outlook was as bleak as the bleakest of March mornings. There was a small congregation, a fairly good cabinet organ, a poor hymn book, and no choir. Now, a service without a choir is worse than a sermon without a collection; so before another Sunday, with the aid of the faithful two or three to be found in every church, we got together a "mixed" choir.

THE TRIALS OF CHOIR MANAGEMENT.

It was a very mixed choir, so far as voices and personal likes and dislikes go. Although it happened, I say, that there was no excess of Christian feeling between the members of the choir, they were, nevertheless, very courteous and willing—at least, to begin with. And though it sometimes happened that each singer "quavered and semi quavered away" to suit his or her voice and fancy, we got along tolerably well. But who can know the heart aches and headaches and worries I have had in trying to keep not harmony, but the peace? I never could understand it, but these people never came together without one or more having a great desire to quarrel with the others—over nothing, so far as I could see—and I have observed that this is frequently true in other choirs.

How often I have labored with them to forget or ignore their own dislikes or the offenses of others! I remember being informed—late in the week, of course—that if so and so played the organ on Sunday the choir would refuse to sing. I also learned that if so and so did not play the organ, several members would leave the church. And then the alto would complain because the soprano was doing more solo work than she was, and the tenor would up and vow that he wouldn't sing

another note if the people didn't consider him just as good a vocalist as the bass. Oh, the joys of a minister's life!

One evening I happened in at the church at the time of rehearsal, and found the chairs pushed back and the choir dancing away as merrily as could be. Now, I have nothing against dancing at the proper time and place, but I knew that such a use of the church building would be severely criticised. To prevent trouble for the choir, rather than for any one else, I suggested that it would be better to reserve their dancing for some more suitable occasion. The young people resented my suggestion as an unjust interference with their rights. They looked all manner of threats at me, and I went home troubled with the prospect of having spoiled the music for Sunday.

I have often gone to church on Sunday morning and found the choir and organist missing. Five minutes before the service, I have been obliged to scurry around and pick out an unwilling organist and a singer or two from the audience. You can imagine what music we would have at such times, in spite of the volunteers' praiseworthy efforts.

It is an unfortunate fact that the members of the average choir seem to be possessed with the spirit of misbehavior. When they stand up to sing, they nod at this person in the audience and grin at the other. Occasionally they burst out laughing in the midst of their singing. Speak to them, and they are angry at your impertinence. When the sermon begins, they squat down behind the curtains, and from the various sounds of restlessness that reach my ears they must carry out quite a hilarious program. There are whisperings, and the turning of leaves, and poorly suppressed giggles. I have known them to go out into a back room during the sermon and enjoy a quiet smoke.

CURIOUS BLUNDERS IN CHURCH MUSIC.

Many of the minister's troubles, I know, may seem quite humorous to any one who is not a minister. Humor, after all, depends so much upon the point of view. In this matter of music, many of the things which are a trouble to me now used to seem funny before I became a minister. I have heard my mother tell of a wedding she attended. The bridal couple were late, and to allay the growing impatience of the people the minister suggested that the choir should sing something. And so, with an eye to the fitness of things, which is very marked in some choirs, they struck up that familiar hymn of Charles Wesley's—with a tune to match the words:

> Come on, my partners in distress,
> My comrades through the wilderness.

At this point the belated couple entered the doors. What a capital wedding march!

It happened once, at a wedding at which I had the honor of officiating, that at the close of the ceremony the choir, selecting the most appropriate thing they knew, suddenly broke out with the song, "Oh, What Shall the Harvest Be?" Imagine yourself conducting the service on such an occasion.

Perhaps the minister is to blame for being so sensitive; but it is mortifying to have the choir pop their heads over the choir railing the moment you have sat down from your sermon, and strike up an anthem or song every word of which flatly contradicts your sermon from beginning to end. One Sunday I had spoken of the life of Jesus as revealing the possibilities for goodness which lie inherent in every soul. I had thrown all the emphasis I could upon the fact, or what I conceived to be the fact, that we are so built, and the world is so ordered, that we can, if we will, win this large measure of saintliness. Imagine, if you can, the shock and chill that I experienced when the choir, either through the stupidity in which choirs excel, or perhaps with an eye to correcting any heresy I may have uttered, broke out with:

> Oh, to be nothing, nothing!

Such direct opposition between sermon and hymn must certainly be confusing to the congregation—that is, if they can understand the words the choir sings, which is not always the case. A friend of mine once tried to neutralize this confusion by advising his hearers not to take their theology from the choir.

PECULIARITIES OF ANTHEMS.

This brings me to say a word about the anthem. The anthem is the choir's own exclusive field, I suppose, and generally they make the most of it. I have often wondered at the way in which a sentence is made to double and redouble upon itself till there is neither beginning, end, nor middle; and, as for the meaning, you lose that in trying to keep your eye on one end of the sentence. Perhaps the following, which I take from the experiences of a brother minister, much older than myself, will illustrate my point. "The

choir," he says, was engaged upon the eighteenth Psalm:

> And snatched me from the furious rage
> Of threatening waves that proudly swelled.

The words "and snatched me from" were repeated severally by the altos, the tenors, and the bass voices; then all together sang the words two or three times over. In like manner did they toss and tumble over "the furious rage," apparently enjoying the whirligig scurrying of their fugues like so many kittens chasing their own tails; till at length, after they had torn and worried that single line even to the exhaustion of the most powerful lungs; after a very red faced bass had become perceptibly apoplectic about the eyes, and a tall, thin man with a long nose —which was his principal vocal organ, and which sang tenor—was getting out of wind; they all, clarionet, bassoon, violoncello, the red faced man, the tall tenor, and the rest, rushed pell mell into the 'threatening waves that proudly swelled.'"

And those pauses in the anthem, when the singers, I suppose, are getting their wind and straightening their robes and ties and collars, which may have got out of gear in the previous bout—how deluding and treacherous those pauses are, when the choir is behind you! The organ continues playing, and as the volume of sound gradually diminishes you conclude that when the instrument stops altogether the performance is over. Thereupon you rise to read or pray or preach, but as you frame your lips for the first words those imps of darkness behind you burst forth in full chorus.

I am not the only one who has had the unpleasant experience of rising in the midst of an anthem, taking the pause for the end, as this incident from a fellow sufferer's note book proves. "Having occasion, a few days ago," writes this gentleman, "to officiate in my clerical capacity in a neighboring pulpit, and being about (as I considered the singing of the first or morning psalm to be concluded) to proceed, in all due solemnity, to prayer, and having actually advanced with the second sentence of my address to Heaven, I was not a little surprised to find that the music had only been suspended for a moment, and that, from the distant corner of the gallery, it was now bursting down upon the body of the church in full swell and tide, overpowering every feeble note of opposition I was enabled to make. It was not till after the same concluding line had been hung and halved and quartered several times over into jerks and jets and twirliewhirlies of the most astonishing character, that I could obtain an audience."

THE OLD FUGUED HYMNS.

In my boyhood days, people used to complain of the curious effects which the old custom of "fuguing" used to produce. Our hymn books today contain hardly one of those old tunes, and the rising generation knows little of them. Mrs. Howes' description of a fugue is worth quoting:

> But the glory of his (the chorister's) art consisted in the execution of those good old billowy compositions called fuguing tunes, when the four parts that compose the choir take up the song, and go racing round, one after the other, each singing a different set of words; till at length, by some inexplicable magic, they all come together again, and go sailing out into a rolling sea of harmony. I remember the wonder with which I used to look from side to side when tenor, treble, counter, and bass were thus roaring and foaming; it verily seemed as if the psalm were going to pieces among the breakers; and the delighted astonishment when I found that each particular verse *did* emerge whole and uninjured from the storm.

Some of these old tunes were indeed a "sea of harmony," and I long for them to this day. "Antioch" and "Miles Lane" are about the only ones left to us of that early and vigorous race of tunes in which the old time choir would on special occasions try to outdo themselves, to the undoing of the hymn or psalm, and the chagrin of the minister.

Imagine the sensations of the minister, and the effect upon the audience, when the choir started to sing to an old fugue tune the hymn in which the line to be repeated is "my poor polluted soul"; or the one where the fuguing line is "And my great captain calls me hence." The line is divided squarely in halves, even though the division comes in the middle of a word—"my poor pol," or "and my great cap." The tenor leads off with "my poor pol," and while he prolongs his final syllable the others exclaim in order, "my poor pol!" And after they have lamented over "pol" long enough to make one think they have some dreadful news to utter, they start out again and finish up "my poor polluted soul." They have the same experience with "my great cap." It is something to smile at, to be sure, but it was uncomfortable to be in the pulpit under such circumstances.

That particular trouble is practically extinct, but the passing of the fugue does not mean the passing of the same lack of foresight and perception which made the old fuguing ridiculous. At a funeral, for

instance, a hymn suited to the occasion is given out, and it is sung to a tune gay enough for a music hall. These musical misfits are troublesome and annoying in the extreme.

And how often a whole anthem or solo is spoiled by the singer obtruding his personality upon you while singing! Take a sample case. The anthem to be sung—and it is very sweet and expressive in its music—is "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The real beauty of the anthem is in the thought which the words hold, and the music is written truly and sweetly to express that thought. The choir do quite well until they reach "yet I say unto you." Here the soprano has a solo. She is dressed in all the frills and flounces of the latest style, topped off with a roof garden and aviary, so that her appearance jars with the words she sings. Her manner is worse, for as she sings "yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these," she shakes her frills and feathers and straightens herself up with an air of self importance which practically shouts at you, "Well, if Solomon wasn't dressed as well as one of these lilies, I want you to understand that I am!"

There are many such things in the every day annals of the average congregation. I have mentioned only a few, which try a minister's soul more bitterly than most people have any idea of.

THE FOOL'S PHILOSOPHY.

"My heart is sad, good Sir Nonsense;
  Come, make me merry," quoth the king,
"And thou shalt have for recompense
  A kingly gift—this jeweled ring.
What secret talisman, O fool,
  Ay makes thee gay and wont to sing?
What is the philosophic school
  That makes thee wiser than thy king?"

"Oh, richer than the flashing gems
  That glitter in thy kingly crown;
Yea, rarer than the diadems
  Of kings and doges of renown—
Of greater splendor, brighter sheen,
  Than any jewel thou canst bring,
Is one, my liege, thou ne'er hast seen,
  And I possess that gem, O king!

"The reason I can laugh, O king,
  And e'en provoke thy royal mirth,
I will reveal—yet keep thy ring,
  I have a gem of greater worth.
This head which wears the cap and bells
  Once wore a prince's coronet;
Yet in thy jester's soul there dwells
  No slightest vestige of regret.

"No wish for power disturbs my brain,
  No wish to don the robe of state:
And wish or word or deed were vain,
  If aimed to stay the hand of fate.
My reign had been a tyrant's rule;
  'Twas born in strife, in warring spent.
Oh, sire, my philosophic school—
  Experience; my gem—content."

E. Percivale Baker.

THE WEDDING PROBLEM.

BY MARIAN WEST.

HOW THREE SISTERS TRIED TO SOLVE IT, WITH RESULTS THAT SEEM TO SHOW THAT THE BEST PLAN IS A COMPROMISE BETWEEN THE CONVENTIONAL FASHIONABLE FUNCTION AND AN ULTRA QUIET HOME AFFAIR.

THERE was a girl who was going to be married. The man was everything desirable, and she was very happy in the prospect. But when she looked at the long list of her friends, and the smallness of her house, and the extreme flatness of her purse, out of which her tiny trousseau had already been squeezed, her heart almost failed her. And after she had lain awake two nights trying to decide that claret cup would do instead of champagne, her temper quite gave out.

"For pity's sake, Tom, let's elope," she exclaimed. "Mother and the girls can meet us at the church by accident, and we'll save the money for a trip of our own instead of for a caterer and a florist and a stupid old wedding gown. I shall look abominable in white satin, any way."

"But there are my parents and things," he objected; "and how could we ever square it with the aunts and cousins? We don't want to start with both families down on us."

"I don't see why they should care," she said irritably.

"But you know they would," he concluded.

She was silenced without being reconciled. But she did her duty, and the florist and the caterer came, and the forty three relatives were packed in with the ninety seven friends, and when she stood up to say, "I will," she was so tired that she would with equal pleasure have said, "I won't." The spectators all agreed that white was not her color.

THE SECOND SISTER'S WEDDING.

Now, this girl had a younger sister, a very wise and independent young woman —yet not too wise and independent, as is proved by the fact that, shortly afterwards, she also became engaged. Her fiancé was not well off, but he was everything else, and they happily hunted up their flat and appropriated everything in their respective homes that was not nailed down, after the manner of prudent young persons getting up for themselves.

"But oh, the wedding! You poor things!" sighed the married sister. "My head ached for a solid month after ours. I'll come over and help you all I can. You want to allow just twice what you think it will cost, it all mounts up so. I know some little Hungarian musicians I can get you rather cheap. They really don't play badly, and nobody listens, any way. Shall I attend to it?"

"We'll see," said the younger sister wisely.

The next time the married sister came in, she found the younger sitting beside a pile of notes, writing busily.

"You may stamp those, if you like," she said, without looking up.

"You don't mean to say you're not going to have engraved invitations?" was the exclamation. "You won't save enough to pay for the trouble, really. You know, I've been through it all, and I know. I could have got them engraved for you——"

The younger handed over the note she had just blotted.

"Read that," she said, and drew a fresh sheet towards her. The note ran:

DEAR AUNT MIRIAM:

Grant and I are going to be married on the 15th, very quietly, with just our mothers and sisters to help us through. We expect to be settled in our flat by November, and we want all our people to come and see us there on the first or second Thursday afternoon of the month, at five o'clock. Tell Uncle William and Dick that business will be no excuse, as they can drop in on their way up town. It will give us very real pleasure to see you in our own home.

Affectionately your niece——

The older sister laid the note down with a little gasp.

"I don't know what to think," she said finally. "It will certainly be—easier. You don't suppose they'll mind?"

"I don't care if they do," was the serene answer; and another note was folded and addressed. "I'm asking the relatives for the first and second Thursdays, and the others for the third and fourth, so

that we won't be too crowded. I shan't have much besides tea. It will be just a chance to see the flat and give us their blessing—and if they are too proud for that, their affection isn't worth keeping."

The sister sighed again. "You always did have more courage than I," she admitted.

The wise young woman kept to her plan so courageously that there were only seven witnesses to the ceremony, and seating them at luncheon afterwards was merely a matter of extra leaves in the table. But there was one thing for which even her wisdom had not prepared her. This was simply the fact that a wedding without the stimulus of outsiders, the gaiety of those not vitally concerned, is a distinctly doleful occasion.

The two mothers blinked solemnly at intervals, lifting their handkerchiefs to their lips, and there were no duties to divert them, no cheerful noise to crowd out their own thoughts. Over the younger element lay a certain cold flatness. They knew one another so well that the sense of a party was painfully lacking, and marriage, stripped of music and feasting, loomed up in solemn dreariness, weighing their spirits to earth.

"Not much to choose between that and a funeral," decided the youngest sister of all, as she tried to throw a slipper after the departing carriage, but gave up the idea as frivolous and incongruous. The little flat was ready in due time, and the Thursday afternoons were pleasantly successful, but the wedding day itself was seldom referred to in the family.

THE THIRD SISTER'S PLAN.

The third sister was less wise, perhaps, but somewhat more independent; in spite of which she, too, in time, promised her hand in marriage. Her two sisters flew to her with advice about the wedding, but she shut her ears to their experience.

"I know what I want," she said, "and I'm going to have it." So she made a critical survey of a certain church, then invited every one she knew to come there on a certain afternoon and see her married.

"But the decorations! My child, you don't realize what they will cost," exclaimed her eldest sister, staring at the engraved card.

"Not a cent," said the youngest tranquilly. "The light through those stained windows is as lovely as any flowers could be, and my gown will be better worth seeing than any number of palms in tubs. It's going to be my one extravagance."

"But a wedding gown is so little use afterwards," was the protest. "I know my white satin——"

"White satin! I should say not. It's going to be the loveliest pale gray broadcloth, with"—and a torrent of details followed. "It's a gown I've wanted and needed for years. I'm just marrying so that I can have it," was the triumphant conclusion.

So she went very simply up the aisle in her cloth gown, and no one noticed or cared about the lack of decorations. After the ceremony, a comfortable number, just right for the little house, followed her home.

She had invited one out of each family of relatives—"I love you all, but the house is so little!" she had explained—and so reduced their number to twelve; three old family friends were added, to appease her mother, and then twenty of her own friends, men and girls, pleasant to look at and good to be with, the little crowd she would have chosen had this been a dance instead of a wedding.

Sandwiches, punch, and ices—it had not needed a caterer for these, only a woman or two in to help. There were no decorations, beyond the roses that had been sent her. And if there had been music, most assuredly it would not have been heard.

The bride drove away in the sunset, leaning out to laugh back at them all. Then she turned to her husband.

"That was the nicest party I ever went to," she said. "I never knew before that one could have a good time at one's own wedding!"

What he said was thoroughly commonplace and not to the point.

A WEDDING SONG.

Let the toast be gaily quaffed,
Raise the potion high,
Drop good wishes in the draft,
Drain the chalice dry;
Hang the walls with branch and vine,
Rifle glen and glade;
Roses, do your best to shine,
Lilies, lend your aid!

Clarence Urmy.